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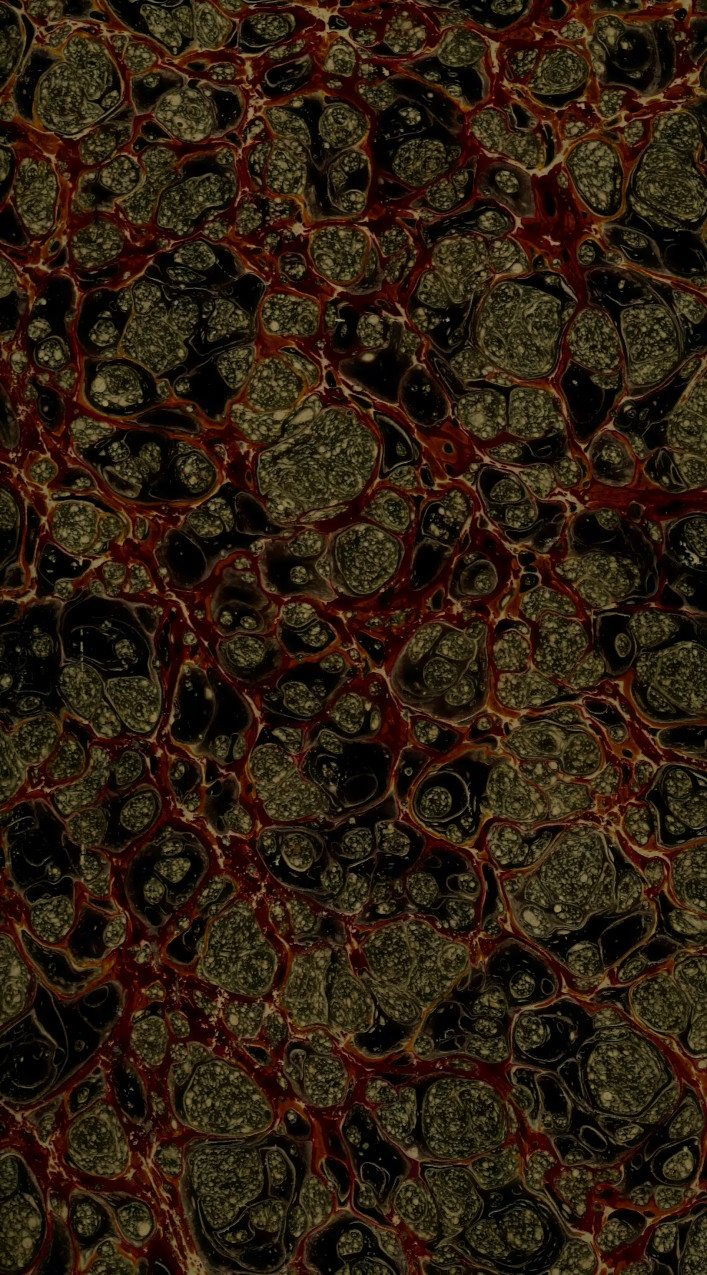

MRS. ROYALL'S

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# PENNSYLVANIA,

OR

# TRAVELS CONTINUED

## *IN THE UNITED STATES.*

(Newport)

By MRS. ANNE ROYALL,

*Author of "Sketches of History, Life, and Manners in the United States," and the "Tennesseean."*

IN TWO VOLUMES: VOL. I.

WASHINGTON:
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.
1829.

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DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, *to wit:*

SEAL.

BE IT REMEMBERED, That, on the Ninth day of March in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty-nine, and of the Independence of the United States of America the fifty-third, Mrs. ANNE ROYALL, of the said district, has deposited in the office of the Clerk of the District Court for the District of Columbia, the Title of a book, the right whereof she claims as author, in the words following, to wit:

"Mrs. Royall's Pennsylvania, or Travels continued in the United States, in two volumes," By Mrs. Anne Royall, author of Sketches of History, Life and Manners in the United States, &c. &c.

In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, entitled "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of *Maps, Charts,* and *Books,* to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned;" and, also, to the act entitled, "An act supplementary to an act entitled, "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of *Maps, Charts,* and *Books,* to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned," and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

*In testimony whereof,* I have hereunto set my hand, and affixed the public seal of my office, the day and year aforesaid.

EDMUND I. LEE,

*Clerk of the District Court for the District of Columbia.*

# PENNSYLVANIA.

That the chain of my tour may not be broken, I commence my third series of travels precisely where I left off in the third volume of the Black book, and as usual, without preface or apology.

This tour is altogether confined to *Pennsylvania*, with the exception of a few calls on the road from Washington to Philadelphia; and as the public seem unwilling to lose an inch of ground I pass over, or a single incident, I will be excused for a few brief remarks on the way.

I had intended, after finishing my tour through Pennsylvania, to return to Washington, publish my third volume of the Black book, and resume my travels in the spring, through North and South Carolina, Georgia, New Orleans, &c. and publish the whole together. But the Pennsylvanians are so selfish, or in other words, so partial to me that they would hear of no such thing: "they could not wait, give us our own state by itself Mrs. R. we have never had a traveller amongst us that has done us justice—give us our state by itself, we want it out soon: we must have it directly." I have, therefore, resolved to gratify these noble people, and shall introduce nothing more than a few incidents, as already observed, merely to keep up the chain.

Thinking my close confinement retarded my recovery from my lameness, so often mentioned, and that the pain and debility in my arm and shoulder was affected from the same cause, I resolved to take a tour through Pennsylvania, merely for amusement, without the least idea of being pleased, either with the country or the people; the most absurd conclusion, when applied to me, that

was ever drawn from any premise, as I had universally been disappointed in the whole of the Atlantic states. through which I had travelled.

A few days, therefore, after the publication of my 2d volume of the Black book, on the 19th Sept. 1828, I set out in the stage for Baltimore.

## JOURNEY TO BALTIMORE.

The day was fine, but going over the same ground, I had so often travelled, I derived very little amusement, and still less from my fellow travellers. Only three, a young gawky woman, and a young man from Winchester, Va. of middling acquirements; he was upon the whole, tolerable company, after dragging him into conversation apparently against his will. Finding his residence was in Winchester, Virginia, I inquired "how they liked my Black book, in Winchester?" He replied, "not very well," "then you must be a priest-ridden people there." "Yes, unfortunately, they had too much of it." "Have they Sunday schools and missionaries there?" This I might have set down as a fact, as they overspread the land. "Yes," he replied, "and cart-loads of tracts." He further stated that the Brigadier General I met with in Charleston, near Harper's ferry, mentioned in my Black book, was highly displeased with the notice I took of him at that place—very good—it may be the means of mending his manners, as he certainly was the greatest gawk I ever met with.

The females, one was an awkward, stout, young woman, with chambermaid dress, and scarcely that; the other was a little girl, very probable her relative. She had quite an easy time of it, as she was ignorant, even of the name of missionary.

I stopped as customary at Waterloo, but, without any intention of dining, as I disliked the tavernkeeper; he having conducted himself very improperly the last time I stopped at his house, but he met me with a smile, and apologized, which, and the singing of a number of musical birds, which were suspended in cages from the beams

of the porticoes, restored him to favor, and I went in and dined.

A little before sun set, we arrived in Baltimore, where I was met by my friend Beltzhoover, at whose house I stopped.

It being Sunday, and the shops shut up, I retired to rest, being much fatigued by the journey.

I have remarked elsewhere, that Baltimore is the most illiterate, proud and ignorant city, excepting Richmond, in the Union, nor was I backward in exposing them. I was provoked beyond measure with them, that they suffered me to seek my bread amongst strangers, and gave them such a lecture that the first volume of the Black book went off very fast, at least Mr. Coale paid me for all I sent, and still my friends there kept writing "why dont you send more books? none in the store, every one, strangers and citizens are inquiring for the book. They are not advertised—why do you not instruct your bookseller to advertise?" And I kept sending—I had in the beginning presented a volume to my friend Munroe, that is, I rolled a volume up neatly, directed it to him, with a note inside, requesting him to advertise the work for sale, and had not the smallest apprehension but he had received the book.

As I am always upon the watch for missionaries and booksellers, alike my bitter foes, I called on several of my acquaintances, as I walked down Market street next morning to see my bookseller, Mr. Coale. None of them had seen the book! excepting a few brought from Washington by travellers; though anxious to see it—nor had they seen it advertised!!

I stepped on to the store and found the clerks greatly dismayed at my sudden appearance. My first volume they said was gone, excepting one copy, and the second was not yet bound! I had sent several copies of the latter, in sheets, to Mr. Coale, and found they were not in the store—"they were just finished and would soon be brought in."

Upon looking about, I found the volume directed in *May* to Mr. Monroe, with the letter which of course he

had never received!!! meantime the 2d volume was brought in and laid on the counter, and I directed the clerks to advertise them forthwith. Like gallows thieves they stood and looked at each other, and after some time, said, "you must speak to Mr. Coale about that." I sent for C. "Oh, they would sell fast enough without advertising, he would take the books and pay me for them, say 20 copies." I saw that he was another domestic traitor, and that it was useless to stem the tide of British gold. It is generally supposed that he never sold a copy either of the first or second volume (excepting one to Mr. Duponso, which Mr. D. got while I was there,) for which he was doubtless well paid. I left the books on the counter and stepped out to see Mr. Monroe, and apprise him of Mr. C's. conduct respecting the book. Mr. Munroe looked rather cold at me, for what reason I neither then nor since learned; there was none on my part I am very sure. Returning to Mr. C's. to take some of the books to another bookseller, I found not one on the counter!!! The moment my back was turned they were all carefully taken off. I ordered them back again, but as I afterwards discovered they were again taken off; and these are the traitors we nourish in our bosoms, protected by our laws, and sustained with food and raiment, and this is the return they make! It is impossible America can stand long at this rate, when the British have effectually gained one of the most important points of their object, which is, doubtless, to enslave us by means of crushing literature in America. For bribed this man certainly is, by somebody, and I would suspect the missionaries (as they are aiming at the same thing) but he does not, from the books on his counter, seem to favor missionaries, but on the contrary, his books and his conduct affords a melancholy proof of British influence—nor does his next door neighbor, Mr. Robinson, any longer evince a liberal spirit. I found however, a very liberal gentlemanly bookseller at last, in Mr. Fielding Lucas, and placed my books with him, who advertised them immediately. I am truly sorry I did not meet with Mr. Lucas at first, instead of Mr. Coale, it would have been

much in my way, but wisdom is only gained by experience.

I had found Messrs. Cushing and Jewett very generous some time back, but they had joined the missionary ranks and there is an end of them. In fact Mr. Skinner, the post master, led me into the error of engaging Mr. Coale, as he recommended him in the warmest terms. Both these gentlemen are much altered since my first acquaintance with them, and both appear to be going the same road, I hope they may have a pleasant journey, and land safe on the other side of the *styx*.

Mr. S. when I first became acquainted with him, was a kind, obliging, friendly man, but lately he has become the most pompous blockhead in the world, and quite above his business. It is laughable to see his lordly strides, and stiff princely bends, which have doubtless swallowed up the former.

Before I leave this part of the city, I must do Mr. Coale an act of Justice. Every one who reads, recollects the sharp reproof I gave the ladies of Baltimore, for their ignorance and pride, all out of pure love to be sure. None but a fool would suppose that I had any other object than their happiness and welfare in view. I was told, (and it was evident without being told) that the females never read—"yes, they read story-books and dream-books, &c. &c. But some, the finest dressed ladies could not read at all, that they expended so much in finery they could not afford either to purchase books or take them from the library." This information I made public, but Mr. Coale was not the person from whom I received it. It appears they fell on Mr. Coale, when the Black book came out, and nearly massacred him upon suspicion; this was just, in one sense, and unjust, in another. It was just inasmuch as Mr. C. was not enough their friend to participate in *any* measure to promote their happiness—and unjust, as respects his agency in furnishing the information. If the ladies of Baltimore wish to know who gave me the information, and much more than I published, I can inform them—"it was the enlightened portion of the single young men of the city, who like myself, de-

plore the ignorance of the sex. Mr. C. did say, and so did his clerks, that the females did *not* buy books. So, it appears that these ladies defeated their object completely, for instead of admiration, they inspired disgust and contempt from fine dressing.

But it seems the book had some effect, as they ripped off one of the flounces from their dress. This I was told, for not a single lady of the flounce family appeared in the streets, while I remained in Baltimore.* How much more amiable would these women appear in the eyes of the wise part of the other sex, if instead of this shameful extravagance they would organize themselves into societies to hunt up the poor and relieve them—hunt up the distressed widow, the orphan, and the friendless stranger. In all my travels in the U. States, I have never seen, or heard of societies for the express purpose of affording direct relief to the suffering stranger, and no species of human distress calls more loudly for a society of this nature. I learned this from experience, as I came near perishing myself, in the city of *Philadelphia*, with all its boasted charitable societies. Of all cities or towns I ever was in, it is the most unfeeling, inhospitable and uncharitable towards strangers in distress, and nothing saved my own life in this city but the humanity of three yankees, which I have mentioned elsewhere. Messrs. Alderman *Badger*, *Perkins*, and *Neal*, whose names can never be repeated too often.

Near Mr. Coale's bookstore I found Gen. P. Edes, (a revolutionary soldier) in the office of the Emerald, his son being the proprietor of the paper. One of my printers in Washington, who had formerly lived with Gen. Edes, finding I was particular to notice incidents relating to the revolutionary war, informed me that Gen. E. was a Bostonian, and had now in his possession the *bowl* in which the

*As I returned from my late tour through Pennsylvania, I arrived in Baltimore about sunset, and walking down Market street to take my friends by the hand, I met shoals of ladies walking on the pavement, all dressed as extravagantly as ever. All going in the same direction, and I thought were going to church. Upon inquiry of a young gentleman whom I met in Mr. Lucas's bookstore, where they were going. "Only to show themselves," was the reply.

*punch* was made presented as a treat to the Mohicans (as they were called) who threw the tea overbord, at Boston, at the commencement of the war. It may be supposed, therefore, I lost little time in paying my respects to Gen. Edes, all impatient to see the sacred relic. The General happily, was in the office; a small, elderly, sprightly man, with all the hospitality of his native town beaming in his countenance. He invited me to sit down, and to my inquiries respecting the bowl, he replied "that he was a boy at the time the tea was thrown overboard, and made the punch himself, at the request of his father, in whose house it was drank by the men who assembled there after emptying the boxes of tea, and whom, from their Indian dress, were called Mohicans. He said the bowl was at his house, and invited me to call at two o'clock, at which time he would be at home."

I attended accordingly, when I was met by the General and his wife, also an intelligent Boston lady. The interesting bowl was soon produced. It is a large flowered bowl, red and white, cracked in several places, but so carefully mended it is water-tight. It would hold about two gallons-- the largest bowl I ever saw. The General has several rare and valuable articles of antiquity worthy the attention of the curious; his mind and his house are a perfect museum and richly merit a call from the traveller, and yet so often as I had been in Baltimore, his name was never mentioned.

It was in the office of the Emerald, I saw the critique on the second volume of my Black book, and all I remember of it was, that "it was evident I did not understand the language I wrote in." This might be said of a great many, but when applied to me, it is false, as I pretend to no language, but the language of *truth*, and it makes no difference in what language it is told, it will stand forever.*

Stepping into a fancy store, on my return from Gen. Edes, I was not only gratified, but astonished, at the richness and brilliancy of the wares; and amongst other

*The Emerald is Edited by a *Jackdaw*, also, a great curiosity.

things, a small wooden musical box, that by mechanical invention produced the name of any capital town you called for. It was scarcely three inches in extent, and about an inch in thickness. The name of the proprietor was W. G. Cook, Esq. No. eighty, Market street. He was a young genteel man, of very interesting manners and handsome person.

I did not call on my friend of silk memory, nor did I see his brother rogue, the paper man, probably he was out peddling rotten paper or tracts.

I did not fail, however, to call on Mr. Davis, in the same street, a very worthy man, and an old acquaintance. Messrs. W. E. Coale, Hammond, Carey and Barnum. Mr. Barnum I had never seen before; he is the son of Barnum of the tavern, and a very gentlemanly amiable man—I was quite charmed with his manners. His kind and friendly reception I shall never forget, his conduct toward me, particularly, was doubly laudable and highly creditable to him. He had recently married a lady of wealth and accomplishments, and was doing a good business in the mercantile line— success to him and such as he is. Messrs. Coale and Carey, were new acquaintances, also very gentlemanly men; the milk of human kindness was clearly marked in every feature of their faces. I must, in justice to the citizens of my own state, acknowledge, that where they are gentlemen, they are not behind those of any other state. Mr. Benj. Hammond, a young and very amiable man, is an old acquaintance and *friend.*

Had it been in my power no consideration would have withheld me from paying my respects to Dr. S. Baker, of *Prat* st. but oppressed with pain, heat and want of time, with *deep-felt* grief I turned my back on him and went down to Smith's wharf to pay my respects to Captain *Mason* and my amiable friend Mr. *Parish*, the most feeling and humane man in Baltimore, where my troubles would have soon come to an end had it not been for him. But for his timely aid I should never have been able, in all probability, to have left Baltimore in my first tour through the Atlantic country, and though I have since seen many

a friendly face, Mr. Parish loses nothing by the comparison. Mr. *Curry*, of Hanover-street, and Mrs. Curry were transcendently kind. These men are masons. Mr. Luzby and several of the lodges assisted me greatly, and purchased the silk so often mentioned, part of which was taken from me by force by a brute in human shape. After this let missionaries talk of converting the heathen. To make amends for this barbarity the amiable Mrs. Curry went out herself and begged of every mason she met in the streets to replace the silk. She made the dress, and afforded me food and shelter while I staid in Baltimore. Let the missionaries go and do likewise. Gen. McDonald was also kind, and sent me gratis to Frenchtown. This he has often done since, much to his honor. He is a revolutionary soldier, and a gentleman of great kindness and hospitality.

But Captain *Mason*, of the schooner Dandy—I had ardently wished to see this excellent man. In shipping my books for the different ports, Mr. Worthington received a small bundle directed to Mr. Ritchie, of the Richmond Enquirer. As they were merely intended for a few particular friends, I did not choose to trust them to the booksellers, of whom I had had a surfeit. One copy was presented to Mr. Ritchie. and the rest subject to his wisdom and prudence in having them conveyed to my friends. I had apprized Mr. Ritchie of the matter by letter, and all Capt. Mason knew was that they were books, and to be handed to Mr. R. when he arrived at Richmond. Mr. Ritchie, who doubtless had never received the letter, refused to receive the bundle. Most men would have returned the books to the agent, Mr. Worthington, and many would have kept them for their own amusement and emolument, (as some did;) but Captain Mason, to his eternal honor, sold the books in Richmond, and precisely at the selling price, (he must certainly be indued with supernatural wisdom) and though we had never laid eyes on each other, enclosed me the full amount without keeping one cent for his trouble. This act of unequalled kindness, to say nothing of the polite and gentlemanly letter with which he accompanied the noble deed is one

which will perpetuate his name. Mr. Parish sent out for him, and in a few minutes I had the pleasure of saluting him. Capt. M. is rather a small man, of very engaging appearance and pleasant manners, and never was I more gratified with an interview.

It was too great a walk to Dr. Glendi's, though I called on his successor, Rev. Breckenridge. But alas! he was no longer the amiable man nature had formed him. I did not believe the combined army of missionaries with Dr. E. at their head could have changed this once amiable man; but changed he was into a gloomy clown. As soon as he saw who it was, "Oh! I am engaged," and turned off short, leaving me standing in the floor. Now a savage would have invited me to sit down at least. Even the last trace of the manners of a gentleman was obliterated in this man. It is surprising they do not even attempt to convert me *hopefully*—the vile hypocrites.

Returning to Mr. C's bookstore I found Mr. C. Williams inquiring for my book, which was again removed from the counter. From there I returned to the tavern and rested the balance of the day.

Next morning I called on my friends at the Atheneum, also the lawyers, who have their offices in the lower story of the building. I found but few of my friends in, and they were so poor they were unable to patronize me. Amongst the gentlemen in the Atheneum I had the pleasure of seeing the son of the great Pinkney. He was accompanied with a friend of his, quite a genteel young man; but (alas, for the degeneracy of my country,) Mr. P. hung his head and turned his back upon me. He was a small, light, dark-skinned man, without any trait of genius or a spark of politeness. As usual there was no body excepting these two, the Librarian, Mr. Waters, and a famished portrait-painter, whose poverty prevented his leaving the place. He was an amiable looking man, and apparently a proficient in the science, to judge from the specimens I saw in his gallery.

I advised him to quit Baltimore, where doubtless he must starve for want of encouragement. From the Atheneum I went down to see the lawyers. Poor fellows, they re-

ceived me kindly, but that was all. One of them, however, a Virginia lawyer, said he had never heard of Mrs. R. or the Black book! If he makes his bread it will be amongst the wonders. I asked why he came to Baltimore, the last place in the world for lawyers. Latrobe was delving away as poor as ever, though I was pleased to hear he was soon to be married to a very amiable young lady (not a missionary, as I had enjoined it upon him to live a batchelor rather than marry a missionary woman.)

I have mentioned Latrobe before but did not do him justice. He certainly has the best eye in human head. There are two gentleman (brothers) next room to Mr. L. very gentlemanly men, amongst the first attornies in the place. I am always pleased with these two men—the only lawyers, excepting C. Williams and one more, who ever had money enough to buy a book.

Passing round the corner of Fayette-street, at an alley, I saw my friend, the Marylander, whom I had seen at Messrs Way & Gideon's, at Washington City. He was standing in a door precisely at the corner, and I stopped to speak to him. He took me by the hand and assisted me in (seeing I was lame,) and invited me to sit down on a bench, and sitting down also, we exchanged a few inquiries respecting each other's health. The house, or pen rather, was a police office, and it so happened that his honor, one A. W—t, was holding court. But of all figures for a Magistrate such another was never seen. He was old, ugly, wrinkled, ill-shaped, ill-natured and ignorant; and, take him altogether, the most abominable representative of a man that could be picked out of the world. But pride and insolence were his prominent characteristics, nor would I waste time with him but to shew the discrimination of the Governor of the state, by whom, I am informed, he was appointed. I would just as soon have appointed an old Tom-cat.

His honor's dignity being roused by the conversation of myself and friend, he exclaimed aloud, "The court is sitting—officer take notice of that woman." Now I do not mention the circumstance from any other motive than

to shew the gross ignorance of the people. From a total neglect of education they have dwindled down into a set of ignoramuses unable any longer to govern themselves. Here is an evidence. Every body knows this man. Like the President of the bank,* he would not be employed as a shoe black in any state except Maryland. He is appointed by the Governor, (so they told me.) Who appoints the Governor? The people. A wise Governor, I observed. But it is in the source from which he was taken the wisdom lies. They did the best they could, as they could find no better. These are the people who put their all on their backs, have as much sattin wrapped round them as would swaddle an elephant. These are the people who do not read. If it were not for the protection of the Federal Government, this state is already gone. Neither school, academy nor college in the whole state worth the name, excepting one at Emmetsburg, and perhaps, (though I doubt it very much) at Annapolis. They have something they call schools and colleges in Baltimore, but they are only known by name. I called in at a school kept by one of the Teagues—the most abominable sink of ignorance and impudence in the world. The most of the children, however, do not go to school at all, but stand about in the street and stores with their mouths open, staring at strangers. Others run their fingers in their mouth and look strangers out of countenance.

While I was standing in Mr. Coale's bookstore the previous day, a little well-dressed, broad-collared, handsome boy, of about twelve years of age, came in, and walking up close in front of me, stood and gazed at me with his finger plunged in his mouth—no matter which way I moved, this child would move too, standing so close up to me with his finger in his mouth, was so much in my way that I was unable to attend to my business. I coaxed him and shamed him, by turns, to keep out of my way, but all in vain. Had the clerks been any better they would have resorted to some means to have kept him

*President Teague is dead. His teagueship was so mortified that he took a trip out of the country.

time I took a view of the city from the State House. But this by no means took in a perfect view, as it contains many handsome squares in rear of the building, and some of the finest buildings and gardens in the city.

The State House stands on an elevated site. The land descending back forms a beautiful plain of rich alluvia extending to a hamdsome stream which forms its boundary. This ground is covered with buildings and squares, adorned with flourishing trees. St. John's College is situated back here. It is a large elegant building, three stories high, on a beautiful green. This college, which is seldom mentioned by geographers, is very flourishing, and besides the usual studies, the students are instructed in military tactics. A grammar school is also attached to the college. The faculty consists of

*Wm. Rafferty, D. D.* Principal and Professor of Natural Philosophy and Chemistry.

*Edward Sparkes, M. D.* Professor of Ancient Languages.

*Col. Thomas Sudler*, Professor of Mathematics, Civil Engineering and Military Tactics.

*Charles T. Flusser, Esq.* Professor of Modern Languages.

*Rev. John Decker, A. M.* Professor of Grammar.

All the students, by a rule of college, must conform to a uniform dress, which is military. It contains a philosophical apparatus and a valuable library. Some of the oldest books in the United States, are found in this College.

I saw none of the faculty but Rev. Wm. Rafferty, who, as his name bespeaks, is an Irish gentleman. He is a stout, fine-looking man and appears to be a man of science. He is easy and affable, and has every appearance of a gentleman. Nor did I see any of the academic students, though a number of the grammar boys were playing on the green, the rest having retired.

I regret that the President neglected to furnish me with the number of students, which I am very sure I requested of him, though perhaps he did not understand me. I lament this the more as this institution is not suf-

ficiently known, nor am I able to state the amount of its funds. I merely received a pamphlet, and conceiving it contained every thing I wished to obtain, I did not then examine it. But upon recourse to it I find nothing in it but the names of the faculty and the rules.

Next day I entered the State House, which I have already said is one of the most superb, (if not altogether) in the United States. The interior of the dome is richly ornamented with stucco, and the whole is finished in a style of unequalled beauty. The arms of the State are kept in the State House, 25,00 stand—also the State Library, containing 15,000 volumes, principally law books, and said to be rare and valuable.

After viewing the armory, library, and other parts of the building, I was shewn into the legislative hall, a very splendid room.

It will be recollected that Congress was sitting at Annapolis at the close of the revolutionary war, and it was in this hall Gen. Washington delivered up his commission. The very spot where he stood when he addressed Congress was pointed out to me, and I saw the chair in which he sat previously to delivering the address. The same chair was placed on the spot which it occupied at that time, and I sat in it some minutes. It was in front of the Speaker's (Hancock) chair, pretty far back—nearly at the bar of the house. After sitting some minutes in the chair, he arose and delivered the address so much admired.

Most of the chairs used by congress at that time are still preserved in the State House.

Besides the State house and Academy, there is a house for the Governor—and the same house occupied by the English Governor before the revolution is still standing, sound and entire.

It may be supposed I did not forget to pay my respects to Mrs. Bland, the lady of Judge Bland, whose name I had forgotten. This is the lady with whose manners I was so forcibly struck on my first visit to Annapolis. Mrs. B. I was sorry to hear, had been indispos-

away. After some time a gentleman came in, and I pointed out the conduct of the boy, who still had his finger stuck in his mouth. I observed that parents who suffered their children to run at large in this manner, instead of keeping them at school, were culpable; and whom should the gentleman be but the child's father, the great H——. He appeared no way concerned, but took the child in his arms and hugged him. Thus parents alone are to blame for all the crimes, vices and misdemeanors committed in the world. This child was the worst behaved of any I met with in Baltimore, and they are the worst of any children, excepting those of Capital Hill, of Washington,

From the magistrate's I continued my walk down Fayette-street, and being much fatigued from my lameness, I stepped into a respectable looking office, to rest, and who should I find there but one of the great Latimore family. One would think he was not suffered, when young, to run about with his finger in his mouth gazing at strangers. Here I was in a little heaven—besides Mr. Latimore I found my friend Rev. Mr. Cox, of Hallowell, Me. a very genteel, friendly man, a methodist preacher and a brother-in-law to my friend, Mr. Lombard, of Hallowell. This was really a treat, as I had an opportunity of inquiring about my friends. There was also present a very respectable lawyer by the name of Bell. All of them drew round me—quite pleased, no doubt, to see my authorship. Nor was I less pleased to find that all were not starers in Baltimore.

James B. Latimore, Esq. is nothing more than a Notary public, quite a young looking man, of middle size and open, fine noble countenance, mild blue eye, and a perfect gentleman in his manners.

Mr. Bell is also a very excellent man and handsome appearance. He is likewise a man of young appearance with a good face, fine person, blue eye and auburn hair.

As I returned to my boarding house I called now and then at the shops to pick up something new, and amongst others, stepped into a bookstore nearly opposite to Beltzhoover's. The moment I entered the store, (H. & G.) I

discovered they were missionaries. They were very ignorant and impertinent, as all these religious people are. Several young men of the corps, likewise, came in. Meantime I laid my cambrick pocket handkerchief on a chair, and was handling some of the books in the store, as I am always governed by facts. But the ruffians became so insolent that I turned round to pick up my handkerchief to leave the store, and behold, it was gone—stolen for the Lord's treasury, doubtless. I accused them on the spot, but all to no purpose, though one of them did say he saw it. Thus I have been robbed three times in Baltimore, if we include the paper, which was worse than robbery, as it ruined the work.* In all my travels I have never lost a pinsworth except in Baltimore, for the honor of my native state.

Some of my particular friends observed to me, during this visit, that "I ought to let Baltimore rest" "Oh, Mrs. R. do let us off this time!" No, never, until it shews some appearance of reformation. I am not pleased to find it a bye word and a laughing stock. And, to crown the whole, a stately fortification of the missionaries erects its bold front in the centre of the city and the gaudy females pouring into it. I saw very few men.

There is a stately palace on the opposite corner from Barnum's tavern. I have made several attempts to see the master of the house or the interior at least, but all in vain. It is inhabited, no doubt, by some upstart sprung from the ashes. Of this I was confirmed this day, the only time I had ever seen a white face about the house. As I walked by the door I saw several men and women peeping out at me through a window, pointing and sneering.

have often lingered at the door after attempting in vain to get in to admire a beautiful specimen of sculpture in fine Italian marble, in the shape of a dog. The dog is lying down upon the edge of the platform in front of the door with its head and neck erect, looking into the street,

*At this very time I sent a box of books to the waggon office, to be conveyed to Messrs. Johnson and Stockton, and they have never been heard of since.

and represents a most astonishing resemblance to life. But sculpture, fine houses and fine equipages can not make *Jack* a gentleman; he will still be Jack in the fable. These people ought to travel—they ought to go to Boston, where (if they were capable of learning) they would then know how to respect strangers.

On this visit I became acquainted with Richard B. McGruder, Esq, whose politeness deserves to be noticed; he lives in St. Pauls Lane, and a most gentlemanly man; he is married to a daughter of Gen. Stricker's. Mr Mc. is of middling size and age, with a handsome round face, and keen piercing eye; his manners are of the first order. But my time was too much engaged to spend more than a few minutes in his company.

But "there was the McKims, did you never see the McKims. Mrs. R. you do not see our first people—they are the first gentlemen in the city. There is Messrs. John McKim, Samuel McKim, and Isaac McKim." I was glad to hear of so many Macks, and posts away to see the McKims; they lived down town somewhere, I believe near the theatre. Keeping clear of Wood and Warren, the Henglish players (you may judge of the taste of Baltimore by patronizing such wild beasts) I soon found one of the McKims, the greatest boor in the city. I never asked whether it was Sam, John or Jim, as I suppose no body wants to know. I suspect the next time I visit Baltimore to find him President of the United States' bank, or governor, or in some high office, as I see they have figured high in their country. Previous to meeting with him, however, I ought to have mentioned calling at the house of (I think) Isaac McKim, Esqr. he was out. Next day I met him in the street, where he saluted me very politely, and expressed some regret at his absence when I called. He *was* a very gentlemanly man, nor could he be enough praised. But what astonishes me is the want of discrimination in people who have had every advantage. And want of independence and candor. I would as soon say seriously that black was white, as to call a man clever who was not.

Hearing that one of the Peales had a museum in Baltimore, and not far from the neighborhood of the McK's. Lame as I was, and always willing to assist my neighbors, I searched out the museum, with the view of giving it a puff, as I had never heard of a museum in Baltimore. But as a friend to Mr. Peale, I would advise him for the sake of his reputation to give up the museum in Baltimore and go to selling cakes, or place some one in charge of it who has his interest more at heart. I found the most abominable woman, keeper, that could be picked out of a work house. When I told her my name and my business, she said "I could go in by paying 25 cents." I endeavored to convince her that it was her interest to let me in, but I might just as soon have convinced a mastiff, and quit the place instantly.

Mr. J. J. Cohen of the lottery office, is all that remains worthy of notice, excepting Mr. Bool, a bookseller, both gentlemen of much cleverness.

As it had been sometime since I saw my friends, Niles of the Register, and Roberts, of the Marylander, about to take my departure, I could not leave the place without taking them by the hand. I was unfortunate in my visit to Niles's, a very excellent plain Quaker looking man. He is a small, middle aged man, with a pale, round handsome face, and the most simple in his manners and appearance, of any man in a thousand.

I was more fortunate at Mr. Roberts's, and we had a perfect jubilee, I had not seen him in two years, and from the various and unaccountable changes common to mankind, I was not sure of finding Roberts the same warm friend, but he was unaltered, he is a man of extremely pleasant manners, very sociable, warm and sincere in his friendship, and every way engaging. There was another very gentlemanly editor in Gay street, but I do not recollect either his name or that of his paper.

I spent the last night in Baltimore, at Brower's tavern, in South street, sign of the rail road, and here I met with a French gentleman, with whose family I had become acquainted many years back, in the western part of Virginia, their name was *Leport* and every one may remem-

ber the tragical end of this man's uncle, who was robbed and cruelly murdered in the western country, sometime about the year 1792, his sister the mother of the gentleman now in Baltimore, and two beautiful and accomplished daughters, resided some time in my neighborhood, after they arrived from France. This one now introduced to the public, I did not see at that time. They had fled from the Guillotine in France, leaving a princely fortune behind them, being unable to bring any part of it away. They had, however, in company with many others, made a large purchase of lands in this country previous to their leaving France, but when they came to see the land, it was not worth one cent! thus they were treated in our hospitable America. Their uncle, their only prop, murdered, and defrauded of their money by some of our citizens whom I knew personally. Who raised in the ashes, soon set up large equipages, and built fine houses out of the money filched from these unfortunate people. May the man who would be guilty of so black a crime, never thrive nor prosper.*

The charms of the young ladies, however, soon procured for them wealthy and accomplished husbands, and I never heard of the family since, till I met with Mons. Leport in Baltimore, though he resides somewhere in the western states.

If he is not again cheated, he has made an ample fortune by a new discovery. It is he that has invented the spinning of wire with twine, out of which almost every thing can be made, and more durable than of any other substance. For instance, chairs, sideboards, bed bottoms, &c. &c. But the invention is admirable for mail bags, which cannot be cut with a knife or any edge tool. I saw several very handsome chairs which, to all appearance, would last for ever—No person in the world could tell them from rushbottom chairs. They were neatly varnished, and looked very handsome. He is a man advanced in years, tall and spare, plainly clad, and very deaf, but has a most fertile genius, he is now engaged in

*It was amusing to see the trouble of the dancing masters, endeavoring to take the rust off the children of those cheats.

preparing several other specimens of invention, for public inspection; but I am fearful he will fall a prey to some designing man.

My Pennsylvanians will excuse me for stepping down the bay a few minutes, to Annapolis, I shall be absent but a day, and then proceed to their state.

I took a different boat from the one I sailed in, mentioned in the Black book, but the captain and the passengers were very little better; I am sure the captain (who I saw) was worse, and the greatest ruffian that ever commanded a boat, and many of the passengers were but little behind him—they were ignorant, bold, impudent men.

We had, however, a very amiable female on board, accompanied by her husband and children. From the simplicity of her dress, and her highly polished manners, I at first took her to be a Boston lady, she resembled the Boston ladies in every thing; but she was from the Eastern shore of Maryland, and I have since seen several persons from the Eastern shore, who were highly accomplished; as different from the rest of Maryland as though they belonged to a different species. This lady particularly, (who was one of the wealthiest in the state) was entirely divested of ribbon, flounces, and frippery; and her conversation was enlightened and polished in the highest degree.

There is but one tavern in Annapolis, though there are several boarding houses. As I walked along to the tavern, some of the ruffians to whom I had given the set down in the boat, walked very swiftly by me, and before I reached the tavern (as I walked very slow) I met them returning to the boat, which was bound lower down the bay.

When I arrived at the tavern, the owner met me at the door, with a bow. I asked him "if he was the proprietor of the tavern," he replied he was. "I shall want a room, sir, for to-day, can you furnish me—"no, he could not." I was no way discouraged at this, as I had more friends in the place than he had, by a long ways. I discovered at once, that the men from the boat had put

him up to this. See the want of education again, had this man been a man of education, he must at once have discovered the difference between myself and the rabble from the boat. How those low bred people hang together, they have no ambition, let the brute take his deserts—no one ever deserved it more.

A porter had brought my trunk from the landing, and was standing by me, with the trunk in his hand. I asked him if "his highness would be so condescending as to let the trunk sit in the passage a few minutes and I would send for it." "Oh to be sure madam," and the trunk was set down.

I had corresponded with a very amiable man in Annapolis without ever having seen him, and had received from him many acts of kindness, and I was dying to pay my respects to him, and see the face of a man who could have done so much for a stranger. This was Mr. M'Nier of the Carroltonian. Knowing I could depend upon his kindness for every thing, I felt little concerned at the dolt-headed tavern keeper. Nor would I honor him so far as to inquire of him for my friend, but leaving his house (which sets a little back) I stepped across the street and was just about to enter the store, when hearing something behind me, I turned round, and what should it be but a little ugly negro boy bringing my trunk after me! I had seen so much of the baseness of mankind that I felt no way disappointed, and directed the boy to set it down. This was worse than the first offence—the first showed merely that he was a knave, but this act proved him one. Now this was a disgrace to the city, and ought to disgrace the man forever.*

*During the present summer, an agent of mine took some of my books to Annapolis, and went to this Mr. Tavernkeeper the first man. He said "he neither purchased, subscribed nor read a book." Every one might know he never read. He next went to an Episcopalian clergyman. He said "he would read the book if it were made a present to him. It is a pity I do not know his name. The Episcopalian preachers had convened to elect a bishop, and came within one of electing parson Johns, of Fredericktown; this proves what an enlightened body of men they must have been I would just as soon have elected a baboon. All this proves that Maryland is degenerating rapidly.

I stepped into the store and enquired for one M'Nier, and requested the favor of the man to take care of the trunk. He very politely sent a boy with me to my friend's, and said, "he would attend to the trunk with great pleasure." Can these two men be made of the same materials? I should think not. Mr. M'Nier was not in at the moment, but he soon appeared. From his letters to me I had conceived an exalted opinion of Mr. M'N. not to say the most cordial friendship, nor was I at all disappointed, excepting that he far exceeded the most extravagant conception. Our meeting was similar to that of a brother and sister after a long separation; we were both so overjoyed that we had scarcely the power of speech—nor have I ever seen a human being whose sentiments and feelings were so exactly in unison with my own. Wherever and whenever this happens *there* is Heaven.

Mr M'Nier is rather a small but well-made, handsome, young-looking man, with a round full face and two of the most innocent black eyes in the world. Like all generous men, he is in humble circumstances, but he has the heart of a prince.

After a few minutes conversation which took place in his office, he went up stairs and dressed himself in order to attend me whithersoever I wished to go, but first inviting me up stairs, introduced me to Mrs. M'Nier, a very amiable and interesting woman.

In the course of our conversation I detailed the adventure of the tavern keeper and the trunk, and requested Mr. M'N. in the first place to have me a room prepared, somewhere in the town, as I wished to be upon a certainty on that head, and then we would walk over the town. It is useless to add that I had much difficulty to decline an invitation to spend my time at his house, a thing I never do since I have been able to pay my way. He soon had a room fitted up at Mrs. Gambril's, and after sending my trunk to my room, attended me through the city.

It will be recollected that I once made a hasty visit to Annapolis, but had only a few minutes to spend, in which

ed. She looked thinner, and was by no means so talkative or gay.

Hearing Mrs. Murray lived in Annapolis, I called to see her. Mrs. Murray is the mother of Mrs. Secretary Rush and Mrs. Gen. Mason, of Mason's Island, in the District of Columbia. It appears I had met with this lady, some time back, at Gen. Mason's and recollected her well when she reminded me of the circumstance. Mrs. M. was reposing on a bed in her chamber, and sent for me to come up. Now one of the mushroom families would have sent an impudent negro bully to tell you "They were not at home," and hold the door fast, lest you might come in. As respects myself this trouble is useless, as I would never visit any man or woman who was so low. But I was ushered into madam Murray's chamber without delay. She would not even let me wait till she arose from her bed. Does this not prove, in the clearest terms, that society is degenerating. This female was simply clad, in a plain morning wrapper, but it was her mind that was adorned. She appeared, and evidently was, one of the most accomplished females of the age. The result is that her daughters tread in her footsteps, *their* daughters after *them*, and so on. These are the pearls of great price, and it is from such mothers our statesmen and patriots have sprung, but from whence are they to spring henceforth? Look at the long list of she and he missionaries in the State of Maryland—look at the Christian Almanack, of Baltimore, and then tell me whence? From tracts I suspect. Look at the children. I fancy Mrs. Murray did not let her children follow strangers about with their fingers stuck in their mouths. Mrs. M. was only fatigued, she said, from the duties of the morning, and was merely resting.

I ought to have mentioned that as I was walking up the street from Judge Bland's, a negro girl came running to me from a store on the opposite side of the street, and said there were several ladies in that store who wished to see me. As I came to *see*, I wanted to *see* them too, and walked over. There were four or five gay dressed ladies in the store, besides the proprietor, who was a

very plain dressed, good-looking woman, and after introducing me to the other ladies, gave me a chair, and invited me to sit down. The steamboat had arrived that morning from Baltimore, and several of these ladies had just arrived.

The proprietor of the store asked me several commonplace questions, such as "how was I pleased with Annapolis, and how long was I going to stay?" &c. I told her I was much pleased with Annapolis, except the tavern-keeper, who was one of the greatest brutes I have met with." "Oh no!" said the lady of the store, "*we* think he is a very clever man—this is his wife," pointing to one of the females who was dressed in great *snuff*, (as we say in the west) I replied, I was sorry her husband was not in her place. Had she been a woman of feeling or sense, I would have apologized, but she was quite a silly blockhead—this followed of course, as none but a blockhead would have married such a savage.

She apologized, in her way, for the conduct of her husband, and said "had she been present, I should have been better treated," (the dear soul,) I question that very much. She invited me to come and take tea with her that evening—"several ladies would be there who wished to become acquainted with me," and all that. I understood the whole of it, and turning off short, repaired to my room.

Mrs. Gambril, a very accommodating lady, soon had me a nice cup of tea, and after taking refreshment I took a walk to the *fort*, for though I never heard of it before, it appears there is a military post belonging to the United States, kept at Annapolis, and Lieut. Col. J. B. Walbach is the commandant of Fort *Severn*.

I was told there were several *genteel* officers there, and I expected to be highly pleased with the folks of the Fort. No such thing, they all scampered off *genteelly* and left Colonel Walbach to do the honors of the post unsupported. Our people are surely the worst judges of courage and bravery in the world. Nothing more evident, or they would not put men in who would run from an old woman. The ganders, (but a gander is brave) how

could I hurt them? They ought every one to be broke for cowardice.

Fort Severn is beautifully situated upon a slightly elevated plain, but I saw nothing more worthy of notice, excepting the commandant and his family, one of the most interesting I had met with in the state of Maryland, or indeed any other state. But Col. W. did not spring from the Bladensburg *race*.

I was so charmed with the man that I insisted upon knowing his history the first thing.

Col. Walbach is a native of Alsace, Upper Rhine, held commissions in the armies of France from 1781 to 1792, when, after the incarceration of Louis XVI (10th August) he quitted that service. He arrived in the United States in 1797, and in the year following received under the recommendation of Gen. G. Washington, a commission in the army of the United States, in which he has continued to serve to this day, Sept. 27, 1828.

Col. Walbach, therefore, is an elderly man, but quite of young appearance. He is not very tall, but his face, his eye, his countenance, still retain all the fire of youth His large fine eye and arched brow are singularly beautiful. His manners, of course, I need not mention, as his opportunities must have been ample, both in this country and in Europe.

The Colonel is married to an American lady, I believe of Pennsylvania, a most charming female. But the most interesting part of the family is yet to come—his daughters; unlike the Baltimore ladies, they were dressed in the plainest manner, without a single ribbon, ruffle, bow, or flounce. They were handsome and accomplished; in the first place, their plain white robes, their snow white round, richly worked capes, done by their own hands, their own hair neatly puffed round the face; I think they were the most interesting moving creatures—their easy swimming step was enough to charm a misanthrope, while they breathed the softest language.

I was led to enquire of the Colonel "in what part of the United States he had educated his daughters?" (I saw but two.) He said "in New England," and that "from

the time they became old enough to reason, he had ceased to exercise any control over them whatever, and acted in no other relation to them but that of a friend, leaving them entirely to the guidance of their own reason." They played well, and were skilful with the needle. One of them was just finishing a richly wrought handkerchief to present to her mother on her (mother's) birth day, which, I think, was the next ensuing. The parents and children were very, and mutually, affectionate.

The Colonel invited me to stay and dine, but my engagements would not allow me.

The doctor attached to the post, came in while I was there, and though introduced by the Col. he paid me no sort of attention. Upon taking leave, the young ladies accompanied me to the door, and while we lingered upon the door sill, several young ladies from the city; some of whom were those ladies who had arrived that morning, from Baltimore, were approaching to pay the ladies of the post a visit; I walked on in the contrary direction while the Miss Walbacks remained standing in the door till they came up. The visitors stopped a few minutes to speak to me, and made several inquiries on the subject of my visit to the fort.—"How did I like the ladies? &c &c. "Very well," I replied, "no one could help liking such agreeable females." "Ah, did I think them amiable?"—"yes, I think they excell in good taste, and sense." The Baltimore ladies, as usual, were bebowed and bespattered with ribbons, lace, silks and sattins. I told them to look at the dress of those ladies, and draw a comparison. I merely wished to rouse their attention, as doubtless they never were told in their lives, but that "the more ribbons the more lady." Now, any man of sense, about to choose a wife, whether would he choose a bunch of ribbons, or a sweet tempered, unaffected female, with beauty and good sense, without ribbons?" As we looked toward the house, I observed to my Baltimore ladies "I was glad they were on terms of friendship with those yankee ladies, as it might be the means of correcting their taste. "Look at them, said I, "do you see any frippery about them?"

By the time I reached Mrs. Gambrils, I was tired down, and retired, intending to take the morning steam boat (Sunday) to Baltimore. In the meantime my friend, Mr. McNier, was always in attendance, and bringing in those gentlemen who wished to pay their respects—of these, I only recollect Messrs. Jas. Shaw, Wm. Mechen, R. J. Jones and D. Ridley. These gentlemen were very kind and friendly, and endeavored to make my time as comfortably as possible—indeed I might never be alone; my greatest difficulty is too much company. But still it is very gratifying to receive those acts of kindness; nor does any people in the Union understand what belongs to the appelation of gentleman or friend, better than the people of Annapolis. I should doubtless have contracted many friendships but for the shortness of my visit.

Next day I took my departure, attended to the boat by Mr McNier, and who do you think was my captain? even the same who brought me to Annapolis about a year since; he was apprized of my book too, but he took it all kind and was really a genteel man, though I do not yet remember the name of his *fine* boat. My friend brought him down, and we laughed enough at the *Sunday* Annapolis trip. This captain must be one of those *heathens* thus to violate the *holy Sabbath*. I told him the black-coats would proscribe him; he laughed very hearty, and is really a very clever man, and showed not the least resentment at my remarks in the Black book.

My friend McNier stayed with me till the last moment. It gave us much pain to part, but part we must, and joining our hands in silence, he turned off in great emotion, and walked up the steps and I "ne'er shall see his like again." In this place I must remark what I ought to have done in another, that I hope the public will bestow its patronage upon Mrs. Gambril instead of the Bear of the tavern, as she keeps a good house, is *very* accommodating, and her charges low.

It had rained in the forenoon, but we had been under way but a short time before the sun broke out and shone beautifully. We had but two or three passengers on board, and the captain (very attentive in deed) sat with

me at the stern of the boat, where we had an extensive view of the bay and the shipping, with which it was overspread. I had no idea that the port of Baltimore owned so much shipping. It put me in mind of New York. The captain had a little son, the most sensible and best informed youth I have ever seen in Maryland—I was quite charmed with his conversation and manners; nor could I help congratulating the father upon the happiness of having such a son. I do not know that I was ever better pleased than with this trip.

Being accustomed to an early cup of tea, long before the usual hour, the captain (I am sorry I know neither his name nor that of the boat) had it ordered for me directly, and I think I was attended by four servants, besides the steward (his son.)

Just as we drew near Baltimore, the sky was suddenly darkened by a dismal black cloud, and now and then we had a sharp clap of thunder and wind, but we made shift to land safe and I hastened in the first hack I met to Browers. Now ye who are fond of laughter prepare.

Early next morning, I called at Mr. Coale's bookstore, and the first news they had to tell, was, "that Betsey Chace had lay in wait for me the two days I was absent, to whip me! you all remember that I bestowed a page or two upon my sister authoress, in the Black book, and amongst other things, in describing her person, I said she was a *masculine* woman. When the volume came out she flew to Coale's, and would have torn his eyes out for telling me tales; Coale, I believe, luckily got out of her way, and then she wreaked her vengeance upon the boys, for telling me the *truth*, (the first time ever they did, I dare say) about the subscription paper, and lastly my poor self. "I, me, a masculine woman, am I a masculine? Masculine woman. I'll masculine her, just let me catch her—look at me, am I masculine? I hope she'll come—I'll give her Betsey Chace, I'll chace her."

This intelligence was rather alarming, particularly, as from my lameness, but for which I could have outran her. This alarm was still increased by other information respecting this Amazon—fury. Her nephew-in-law

was in the store at the time, and when I asked "if it were possible she (a lady) could be such a virago?—she cannot be in earnest," I remarked. The gentleman surprised me by relating a battle fought once in the street, between B. C. and his wife. B. C. being displeased with her Neice about something, met with her in the street; fell upon her and almost beat her to death. Many others confirmed his assertion, and the man was quite serious, when I suddenly interrupted them by inquiring "whether she was any where near?" they did not know, but doubtless, she would be down about ten o'clock. It is needless to add that I called for a hack and jumping into it went as fast as the horses could carry me.

Having some arrangements to make with my friend, Dr. Price, near Beltzhoover's, I hastened thither, and despatching as quick as possible, I drove to the wharf and took my passage immediately for Philadelphia, and though it was some time before the boat sailed, I stuck snugly in the cabin for fear of B. C.

Apropos, having mentioned Dr. Price; he is an old acquaintance with whom I am in old arrears, and a most amiable man, as generous as a prince; he prepared some liniment for my ancle and shoulder, which in the end proved very servicable, and doubtless cost him a great deal, but he would not receive one cent for it; so that I have some goodness (with all the bad) to boast of in my native state. Dr. Price has, however, sick or well been one of my warmest friends, and is held in high esteem in Baltimore.

In the afternoon we left the wharf for Philadelphia. When I was sure by the sound of the wheels, we were under way, I came forth from my hiding place, but you may suppose I looked with searching care through the croud on deck, before I ventured to take a seat—seeing no masculine woman, I concluded I was safe. There was a large party on board, mostly of the lower order of people; a few of middling, and none that could be called genteel but one man who sat by himself.

It soon appeared I was known to them, and they were all upon their guard; speaking in whispers, pointing and

casting side looks at me. One gentleman did venture to address me by name—he was accompanied by a gay dressed female, not of very favorable appearance, which disgusted me so much that I declined the conversation.

Mrs. Register N. of Washington, was one of the passengers, a great fat, round faced, ignorant, tory looking woman, whose tongue ran like a clapper, without sense or reason. She was a great missionary, priest-loving woman, and all her talk was about the "spread of the gospel," and Preachers and pious people.

From the time I went on deck, however, I was chiefly engrossed by the appearance of a poor sailor who stood on the larboard leaning on the balustrade of the boat, watching the shore with great earnestness; he was a mere shadow low and shrunken, and seemed, from his paleness, to be a convalessant, or rather a ghost; his clothes could hardly be called such, though his famished body might be said to be covered; he wore an old blue bonnet on his head, and seemed to be a foreigner, and a sailor, poor, sick, and friendless; he paid no regard to the persons on board, who, in their turn, avoided him as they would a pestilence—what, christians! had this man been covered with gold lace, those hypocrites would have worshipped him.

As the boat glided along, being yet within the precincts of the city, and not far from the shore, we passed some vessels, upon which several sailors were seen walking to and fro upon the decks, and others in groups, sitting down on the shore; when the boat came opposite to these the poor man pulled off his bonnet and speaking as loud as his feebleness would admit, hailed the sailors, in a foreign dialect, and waved his bonnet; but I was sorry to find that those to whom the salute was addressed did not return it—doubtless they did not hear. He was much hurt at his failure, and sighed deeply, still keeping his eye on the dear objects which seemed to engross his whole soul. He appeared insensible to every object in the world beside.

I felt so deeply for his forlorn situation, it was with the greatest difficulty I kept from shedding tears. After

waiting some time to see if any of the *Barbarians* on board would set the example of administering comfort to this woe-worn sailor, I walked up to him; but what was I to do? engrossed by his heart rending sorrows—his back towards me, as he still supported himself on the balustrade—and unable to make him understand me—I, also leaning on the rail, indeavored to catch his eye—but all in vain, he never dreamed that we were any thing but beastly monsters, and he was right. At length I touched his sleeve gently, which caused him to start wildly.—I slipped (in fact I did it openly, with a view of emulating others) a trifle in his hand, to pay for his supper, and asked him if he could speak English—his bonnet was off and a bow succeeded bow, he shook his head in answer to my question, which proved he did not understand my language, though the tear which stood in his eye proved he understood the act. I thought he would never cease bowing, and seemed to regard me with great astonishment. I walked back, and resumed my seat, and the poor sailor quit the side of the boat, and walking to a remote corner, seated himself, and never took his eye off of me till dark, when I went down to the cabin.

Seeing that he was still unnoticed excepting by cold looks, I took occasion to mention his distressed appearance to several passengers, and endeavored to enlist their sympathy in his behalf. But I might as well have plead pity to a wolf. They all sneaked off and kept out of my sight. Are these people christians? Are they even common heathens? for the heathens have hearts. This is the effect of modern priest-craft. This is the effect of tracts and bible societies and the whole abomination of wickedness. I will venture to say that not one of those flint-hearted miscreants ever missed going to church on *Sabbath*. But, in these times, it appears the nearer the church the further from Heaven, and the more church the more wickedness.

I did not expect any of the females to relieve the poor stranger, as they would have thought themselves disgraced by approaching within arms length of the unfortunate man—nor could they spare a cent from their loving

priests. But I *did* think there was not that brute on earth, in shape of man, that could have hardened his heart against the sufferings of this fellow man. But this day convinced me I was mistaken May such monsters meet their reward. I did ask several of the females—not that I expected to get relief from them, but that I might be a witness against them at the great day. *Query.*—Had a man missionary asked them for money to spread the gospel, would he not have succeeded?

All this time Mrs. Register N. was holding forth about tracts and spreading the gospel, and had a basket and reticule stuffed with tracts, and kept handing them out to her sister hypocrites—the vile monsters.

Now let us for a moment imagine ourselves in this poor man's place, viz: in a foreign land, amongst people whose language we did not understand, sick, friendless, and pennyless. It is too appalling to think of. I must say I never saw so many barbarians in my life.

Those hypocritical missionaries need not cross the ocean to look for the heathen. But (the monsters) *their* heathen is MONEY!

When about to go down, I walked up to the sick man, and bidding him good-bye, I asked him by signs, if any person on board had given him any thing. He said "No, no!" After supper, when retiring to our cabin, I called for pen and ink and committed the foregoing remarks to writing. Meantime I was tormented by the eternal clack of Mrs. Register N. Of all women she has the nimblest tongue. But old N——, I had a good deal of amusement with him. As soon as he found I was on board, he slunk out of sight, but unfortunately we happened to sit immediately opposite each other at the supper-table. He hung down his head and never offered to help me to any thing before him, though I saluted him in my best style.

It was distressing to any American, not lost to shame, to see this old English man and woman, dressed in their fine costly clothes—she with her great fat sides wrapped in her rich sattins and superfine cloth cloak upon cloak, and her broad red English face, the avails of that money

which belonged to honest merit, and for which many a man's widow who had served his country was then in want and poverty. This abominable old hog has long devoured and rioted in that wealth which would have relieved the distress of many a poor widow and orphan, and yet they could not bestow a few cents upon the poor friendless sailor! Are such men to be patronized in preference to our own people? This is a fine picture of our wise government!

How many years this man has been in office I know not, but well I know he ought to give place to some poor American.

When Mrs. N. discovered who I was she stopped talking—so loud I mean, for you might as well have attempted to stop the Falls of Niagara, as to stop her tongue. But of all fools I think she was the greatest. Getting as far from me as she could, (the only wise thing she ever did,) she bored some poor woman about tracts and missionaries until she made every one sick.

"A poor creature came to my house one day [wolf's house] and asked me to give him something. I saw he was a poor creature that looked dissipated like, and may be he would not put it to a good use, and I thought, if I was to give him money he would perhaps go and spend it, and you know that would be doing him rather an injury than a benefit, so I asked him if he did not think so, and if he did not, at times, indulge too much? I tried to bring him on by degrees. At last the poor creature acknowledged he had been a very wicked man, but had never met with any one to advise him or counsel him, but he had of late resolved to amend, for drinking would be his ruin. When I found he had good pious feelings, I went to my drawer and brought him—" here I could not hear the name of the tract, (for tract it was,) the drunkard doubtless, "I handed it to him, and you never saw how thankful the creature was. I told him to read it over carefully, and I had no doubt but it would open his eyes to his past life, and hoped he would become pious and good, and that the next time I saw him he would be a reformed man." Had she said she went to the cupboard

and cut him a luncheon of bread and meat, I should have listened to her with some sort of patience. "Well, I cant say how long it was, after this, but who does I meet one day, but this same man, and the poor creature said he would thank me till the day of his death, that he had become a reformed man, and should always be thankful for the good pious tract, and the good advice I had given him, and the poor creature I believe was become intirely reformed and pious; so after this, when ever any of these poor creatures come, I always give them a few of these pious tracts; these are some of them I have here"—[takes out a few tracts] they are very pious—[shows them to the woman] see all about some wicked person that was reformed by some good people. I shall always have a good opinion of tracts."

I could refrain no longer. "If we may judge by your charity to the poor man on deck this afternoon, one would suppose, maddam, you were yourself converted by tracts, we need go no further than yourself to see the effect of tract piety. If you are so pious, and so great, and so good a christian, why did you not give the poor sick stranger something to buy him victuals and clothes? Those tracts, I presume, never cost you a cent, and have about as much piety in them as yourself, you abominable hypocrite." She made me no reply, but figgeted about and said she would lie down, but she had become so beastly big on government pap that she could not get into the birth. Weep Columbia, at this time, even as late as Sept 30th. 1828, I was without a cloak!!!

It was quite late, midnight doubtless, when we arrived at

NEWCASTLE,

where I stopped for the night. I had picked up a pretty clever beau in the coach, (which we took at Frenchtown) and he paid all possible attention. He called for a light; ordered a porter—waited on me to the tavern—knocked up the folks, and after seeing me safely lodged in the tavern, made his bow. At this house I found the best servant I ever met with in any country. He was actual-

ly superior to any thing that could be imagined. He was a colored youth, not quite grown, and the only person awake in the house; he bowed very politely, and upon asking him for a room, he picked up the candle and walked before me to the chamber. He then bowed, and said, "this is your room madam." I desired him to bring my trunks and a glass of water, this was done promptly and cheerfully; I then desired him to have me a cup of coffee early in the morning, and locked the door. Accordingly I found the coffee ready on the table, next morning, with a nice relish, long before any of the family were moving.

I had often passed through Newcastle, but this was the first time I ever stopped in Delaware; and as it was all in the way, and I wished to call at Wilmington, where I had a little business, about books of course, I stopped here with a view of taking the stage to Wilmington, as there was no other alternative. Wilmington, I was told, was but five miles from Newcastle, and from there I could go at any time by the steamboat to Philadelphia. Having fatigued myself a great deal at Annapolis and Baltimore, and the inviting situation of my tavern at Newcastle, commanding one of the finest views on the river, large, lofty, cool and comfortable—I spent the day in Newcastle.

It is a pretty town on the Delaware river, though little of it is seen from the river or the road. But upon walking back from both, you find some very handsome houses, squares and streets. It contains two churches, a court-house, jail, an academy, a very handsome market-house, and about 150 houses. It is 33 miles below Philadelphia, and stands on a gentle elevation which commands a charming view of the Delaware, above and below the town.

It is a perfect treat to sit in the upper story of the tavern, and see the steamboats arrive and depart twice a day, loaded with passengers, from forty to an hundred, and how often at night I cannot say. Also the stages coming from Frenchtown, eight to ten, heavy laden with passengers—these get out of the stages directly under

the window and walk to the wharf. Some dozen porters wheeling the baggage to the wharf to proceed on in the steamboat. Others again, are wheeling the baggage, trunks piled on trunks, bandboxes and valices from the wharf to take the same stages back to Frenchtown.

These are hardly out of sight till here comes the other steamboat foaming down the river from Philadelphia, and the stages again meeting them from Baltimore. The stages receive the passengers from the boat, and the boat receives the passengers from the stages, and each set off again, turning back to back.

The novelty of the passengers, their different figures, dress, age, country and movements, are very amusing; and such droves, it appears to be an army in full march—every one walks as fast as if his life were forfeited if he did not get first to the stage, or first to the boat. But their figures and phizes—here a little nimble Frenchman trips like a partridge and carrys his valice under his arm, for safety—another (American) follows, with his valice in his hand, which his looks show he is unwilling to trust in the hands of the porters. There you see a great broad red-faced Irish woman, waddling along, puffing and blowing, perhaps an old chest, as cumbersome as herself, fastens her eye to the barrow, and never was a boat yet, but there was a broad, red faced Scotchman on board, and a pock-marked Paddy.

But I like all these very well, there is something amusing in them, and I wish we had not a great deal worse people—the Don Dismals, the Grey coats,* always make a considerable part of the passengers, whether going or coming—the grim monsters. all look black as anger.

This variety continually before the eye, and the shipping passing up and down the river, renders Newcastle a very interesting stopping place.

A revenue cutter lies at Newcastle, and also adds to the life and gaiety of the place, by continually boarding the vessels in-bound, with foreign freight.

*I see they have thrown off the black coats and are uniformly dressed in grey, but they are still the same.

I called at the academy, and on a few of the citizens, some of whom were very genteel and sociable—a few of them called on me, and helped to pass off the time. The principal of the academy is a very amiable young man, assisted by an Irish gentleman. The pupils were amongst the best behaved, modest and inteiligent youths I have met with in my travels, and the teachers seem to deserve a liberal encouragement. It strikes me their names (I lost their card) are Messrs. Hood and Jaquett. Messrs. Mactieth and Gray, attorneys, were the only people besides, I could say were gentlemen. There was a great lawyer pointed out to me, as something I never saw, and so it appeared, for I have never seen him yet. This was Mr. James *Rodgers*, the first man in the place—he lives in quite a stylish house, and I was charmed with his son, whom I had met with before. He opened the door and led me into a fine piana-forte room—I sat by a window which overhung a beautiful garden, and every thing promised favorably of the great lawyer. Mrs. R. came down, was introduced by her son, and was very pleasant and agreeable. I wished to see Mr. R. Mrs. R. went to let him know—she returned and said he would wait on me as soon as he dressed. Thus all went on very well; I sat with the more patience as I expected to sell him a copy of my work, and he would be proud of my patronage, as I certainly would of his. I sat some time chatting with Mrs. R. and paid her some compliments on her mode of educating her children. She was truly an interesting woman, young and handsome. But I thought Mr. R. was a long time dressing, and observed to Mrs. R. I could not wait. I still, however, as I was scarce of money, waited a little longer. In the meantime Mr. R. discovered my object, at least the one which weighed most with him, which was the book—and after keeping me waiting so long, sent word down by Mrs. R. that "he was engaged." Now I would say he is neither a good lawyer, a good gentleman, or a good any thing. So I shall get the amount of the book in spite of him. Messrs. T. Rogers, G. Read, J. A. Black and Dr. J. Cooper, were great things too—but I would not give a fig for the

whole of them, and I hold no fruit in less estimation. The tavern-keeper and his wife were amongst, if not the cleverest people I saw in the place, but though I patronized him, his heart would not expand large enough to buy a book. I was most pleased, however, with the teachers and the young lawyer, Gray.

I have given the history of Newcastle, and indeed the whole state of Delaware in the Sketches and Black book.

### WILMINGTON.

Early next morning I took the stage to Wilmington, and had a beautiful ride up the Delaware. The road passes over a handsome plain of fertile land in high cultivation, with endless hedges, which please the eye by their regular symmetry, and gave a charm to the prospect unequalled by any thing I had witnessed of farming. I find these hedges in no state but Delaware.

Before we enter Wilmington, we pass through an avenue of willow trees one mile and an half in length, as straight and exact as a line could be drawn. This was beautiful in the extreme. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the approach to Wilmington.

I stopped at Smith's; the driver wanted me to stop at Porter's, which I repented afterwards, as S. was a vulgar unobliging man. His wife, daughters, and servants however, were very kind, and in some measure atoned for his vulgarity.

Shortly after taking my room, I asked him for a pen and ink. "I thought you yankees carried pen and ink with you." The p—y, I have not the honor of being a yankee, but I would not give some yankees I know, for the whole of Wilmington, with one or two exceptions; one of the meanest places I ever set my foot in. I cannot tell how the Hon. Mr. McLane, and one or two others, reconcile it to themselves to live in such a vulgar hole. It is settled by Quakers and black coats, who, though they hate each other, are well matched. Being alike ignorant, unsociable, and parsimonious. Excepting Hon. McLane, I found but 3 men that I should dignify with

the name of gentleman, and I ransacked the whole town, which has a population of nearly 6000 people. There are doctors *Asque* and *Jaques*, also Mr. Wales, all genteel men, and seemed to be men of breeding and information. How they enjoy themselves amongst such a parcel of boors, I should like to know.

I had sent 10 copies of my book to Messrs. Porter and Son, but had I sent ten brickbats it would have answered the same purpose, and I question whether two-thirds of them could tell the one from the other. Is it any wonder such people are enslaved by priests and bigotry? I would just as soon, and rather, be a cow or a horse, particularly if I belonged to a German, who would feed me well, as to be one of these people—they are no more than so many stocks and stones; or as man-machines.* Fine sport for the "good sound Presbyterians." They are sure of Wilmington. There will be great skirmishing amongst these *Holy* Willies to see which will have choice of the *silver silkworms*—the young Quaker virgins, doubtless, "they will preserve 2 or 3000 of these young damsels alive in the great struggle for their own use, and a few for the King, Dr. Ely, who have never known man,"—there is a text of scripture for them; they must love to hear extracts from the holy bible.

And richly do such poor ignoramuses deserve such a fate. Grey coats as thick as yellow jackets in Wilmington, and how can it be otherwise where learning is totally neglected? There is a female academy in Wilmington, kept by Quakers; but it is a mere pecuniary concern, as very few of their own people are taught in it.

I called at the academy and found very few pupils in, and these were principally from the south. The teachers, like all these Quakers, looked like so many machines; and from what I saw it is doubtless going to decay. The building is large and commodious, but its large halls were empty—a monument of the ignorance of these Quakers, who, wherever they rule, education is regula-

*These must be the people where J. R Paulding found the model of his man-machines.

ted as they are, only guided by the spirit, which I would suppose, from this place and Philadelphia, has long lost the reins. Mr. Williamson, the Post Master, is a very liberal, intelligent man, and trembles for fear of the grey coats; he was much pleased with my book, and bought several for his circulating library.

Messrs. Porter and Son, are said to be blue skins, and I was told I ought not to have put my books in their store; where else could I place them? All the booksellers in Wilmington, to its eternal disgrace, are blue skins, or grey coats, which you please.

But I do not blame the Porters, they were very clever; advertised the books, and did all they could, but it is the people, the midnight ignorance of the place; their system of education has ever been fundamentally wrong, or rather has never existed.

I am always tempted to pursue this subject, as it is the cause of our present calamity, and all our wo. Nothing can save our country, but a speedy, general, and regular system of education, throughout the United States. Thousands of dollars, nay, millions have been expended to this end in the United States, which has been thrown away for want of a judicious system. A thousand times worse than thrown away! for those vipers, having got hold of it, are forming it into weapons to prevent the dispersion of knowledge. HIGH SCHOOLS is our only chance left of escaping the destruction that awaits us. A fourth part of the money now vested in our colleges, distributed regularly over our country in high schools might yet save us. The legislators of every state ought to attend to this, as early as possible, and every college ought to be demolished, or a law enacted to turn out every clergyman from every college, and replace them by laymen. I do not say good laymen, because the worst laymen you could find, would be preferable to the clergy, a set of men that always have aimed to hold mankind in slavery and ignorance. The history of all times proves this—Look at the present state of Europe. See how those vipers reign, look at their revenue—even one man, the arch bishop of London, has more than the whole expense of our

government. Look at the abject slavery of the people; see their ignorance, their indigence and sufferings. Look at them as they land on our shores—all the work of those priests; and see what *our* priests have done in a much shorter time, and see what they are preparing to do.

But it appears to be fate, mankind seems to court slavery. Nothing can open their eyes but the halter or the rack.

It reminds me of Demosthenes and the Athenians, where he tells them that if Alexander were *dead*, their apathy and supineness would raise up another Alexander. It is the fault of the people, who, if we had no priests of our own, (and God knows there is no lack of them) their supineness would invite shoals of foreign Priests. The people invite slavery, and almost persuades me that one part of the world was made to serve the other, in spite of all the theories of republics, to which facts give the lie; and the great rock upon which liberty is always lost, is the ignorance of the common people.

Wilmington is a handsome regular town, and shows well, whether approached from the water or the land. It is on Christiana creek, 2 miles west from the Delaware, half a mile from the Brandywine; 28 miles South of Philadelphia, and stands on elevated ground, or rather an inclined plain. It contains an academy, an alms house, two market houses, an hospital, six houses for public worship, considerable shipping, and has 5,300 inhabitants. The tide floats up the shipping on Christiana to Wilmington.

Wilmington is the residence of Hon. L. McLane, Senator in congress. I called at his house, and was sorry to find him confined by indisposition. I was, however, much gratified by the visit, which led to an acquaintance with Mrs. McLane, a most charming female, and highly polished in her manners—She resembles the yankee ladies very much, in the plainness of her manners and equipage, and has the finest behaved children. Heaven knows how they learned it in Wilmington.

Master McLane, a youth about 12 or 13 years of age, rendered me more acts of service and politeness than all the people of Wilmington together. I was charmed with the boy. If I am not mistaken, he is to be another statesman.

A son (also a small boy) of bookseller Porter's was very kind and attentive to me.

Doctor McLane I was told was a very excellent man, but he was absent.

But there was Lieut. *Nicholson* and the Consul, *Gen.* Thos. Rodney, the greatest hogs in the place, and one Lattimer, not a whit behind them.

## BRANDYWINE.

The celebrated Brandywine, with its numerous mills, runs about half a mile from Wilmington—no carriage or hack to be had—though extremely lame, I walked to the mills, fully a mile from my quarters. I was in great pain during my walk, and had to stop often to rest.

An elderly Quaker gentleman of great wealth, lives near the Brandywine, and I called to see if he would patronize me. No, like the rest of the sect, though they were all pleased with the boldness of my attack on the missionaries, they are willing to accept the benefit without bearing any part of the expense—what illiberal men. He was too old to read, and suffered me to go empty from his door.

He did, however, tell me who to inquire for at the mills for information. "Mr. Pool" was the man, a proprietor of the mills.

The Brandywine is rather a small stream, and rocky, as high up as the bridge, where the mills end; above that, so far as I could see it was smooth, and its banks beautifully shaded with willows, which drop their rich foliage into the water, and is by it reflected with magic beauty. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the view from the bridge; it is the most enchanting place for a stroll perhaps in the U. S.

Nothing but a broken limb could have restrained me from straying on the enchanting banks of the Brandywine.

I was unable to spend much time in viewing the beauty of the scenery, which, besides the stream, the mills, and shipping, takes in a handsome, well built village, over the Brandywine; stepping therefore into one of the mills, I was equally pleased with the novelty of the machinery, and was some time in the mill before Mr. Pool made his appearance. He was much surprised to find a female in the mill; hut finding my object in visiting the place, very assiduously waited on me through all the rooms and stores, a most terrifying task indeed, after so long a walk with my lame ancle—but I went through the whole building before I offered to rest.

There are thirteen of those flour mills, and the machinery of all is so constructed that the wheat is taken out of the vessels, lifted to the fourth story, cleaned, ground, cooled, bolted, packed into barrels and returned into the vessels without manuel labor.

These 13 mills grind 15,000 bushels of grain in twenty-four hours. The machinery of the mills was invented by Oliver Evans, a most surprising effort of the human mind! A minute description of the machinery of one mill alone, would fill a stout volume. They are all built on the same plan.

I was so worn down with pain and fatigue, by the time I had gone through the mills (being all alike, I looked at but one) that it was with the greatest difficulty I crawled over the bridge, to the village, to seek some sort of conveyance back to Wilmington, being unable to return on foot. I stepped into the first store I came to and sat down on a chair without being invited, to rest and try to get some information on the subject of a carriage, either public or private.

Had the proprietor, Pool, been any thing but a brute, he would have procured me a conveyance himself, but he had neither the politeness (a Quaker) to offer his services or to purchase a book. The more I see of these Quakers the more I am disgusted with them.

The man of the store seemed to have very little sympathy for my situation, though I appealed to him in the strongest language. I told him I had the money to pay for a conveyance, and asked him to engage one of several boys I saw about the store, to go up to the tavern in the village, (as I had understood there was one there) to see if a horse and saddle, or any sort of carriage could be furnished to carry me to Wilmington. "He had nothing to do with the boys, there they were, I might hire them myself." I called them severally to me, and asked first one and then another, half a dozen at least, but they stood with their mouths open as though they did not understand the language I addressed them in. They were stupidity itself, and appeared as ignorant as though they had never seen a human being before. "Can you, sir," said I to the man, "abandon a fellow-creature, a stranger, and in distress, and particularly as I have the means of rewarding you for your pains." "He had his own business to attend to, he could not leave the store." I did not think of that, but it strikes me he might have contrived some way to have relieved a fellow creature. This man must have been a hopeful convert. Brute is too mild a name to give such a wretch; and these are the people who spread the gospel. But they never had any to spread other than this fellow spread just now.

I left the store and limped along in the hope of finding some human being made of flesh, instead of iron. I had walked but a few steps before I passed a door which was opened by a pretty little sprightly girl, who appeared to be a servant about 12 years of age; she seemed to be going upon an errand, and I inquired of her "if she were going as far as the tavern?" she said she was going to the tavern. I requested her to tell the tavern-keeper a stranger wished to see him, and I would pay her; I told her I would be at the house, the same she came out of; and upon asking the name of the proprietor, she told me it was "Dr. Thomson." She tripped away, and I knocked at the door, which was opened by the doctor himself; he was as polite and gentlemanly as

the others had been vulgar and unfeeling. I apologized for the intrusion, and told him the whole story, and beheld in a moment's time, I was at home with doctor Thomson, the most pleasing and seasonable acquaintance I ever made in my life; and I have often asked myself since, what would have become of me had I not met with this generous, amiable man? it was a fair flight from purgatory to heaven.

It appeared that he had sent the little girl to the tavern to request the ostler to bring his horse and chaise, (which he kept there) being bound sowewhere in the neighborhood, to visit a patient. But the chaise and driver was now at my service. Who would not be the doctor? And who would be the savage beasts that refused me assistance? Now I contend that such people, the latter, are fit for nothing but slaves, and poor slaves they would make. Dr. T. is a Virginian, for the honor of our old dominion. He is a young man, though married, a tall fine figure, fair handsome face, with a mild clear blue eye, and his countenance, the most strikingly fine of any of the human family. Success to him, my best wishes and prayers are his.

I was told there were a vast number of manufactories higher up the Brandywine, but in my situation, it was impossible to see them; and were it not for the general good, and the information of others, I must say such people are unworthy of patronage. There seems to be a meanness in such conduct, of which I thought human nature incapable.

Delaware is celebrated for its fine wheat, producing, it is said, the best wheat in the Union. A doctor Brintel of Milford, Del. from one stalk of wheat, which grew in his garden, gathered 5400 grains! This can be attested (I was told) by several witnesses.

I took my departure one cold morning (3d day) in the steam boat for Philadelphia, and the vulgar landlord suffered me to walk to the boat, unattended by himself or any one else, though he did condescend to get me a porter.

The steamboat passes down Christiana creek to the Delaware. The stream is apparently deep, and is very handsome, particularly the view which takes in a wide circuit of country. But the morning was so sharp that I could not stay on deck, and went down to the cabin. But imagine my surprise to find the boat strewed with the grey coat tracts, and a stupid Quaker woman sitting reading them! I asked her what information she expected to derive from such trash? "She did not know—she supposed one book was as good as another;" and so it is for a fool; and why people wish to look in a book at all for Christian information is astonishing, when it is simply "to do [instead of read] to all others as we would wish to be done by." I reproved my Quaker friend pretty sharply for her ignorance, and though doubtless as well informed as the rest of the sect, she was barbarously ignorant. "Why, madam do you not know that these people who publish these tracts hung hundreds of you Quakers, run red hot irons through your tongues, branded you in the face and whipped you at the public whipping post? These are the same people! Have you never heard of it? Have you never heard that Calvin, their leader, burnt a man for three days?" "Yes, she had.' Why do you read their stuff? They are publishing these things with a view of getting into power again, to go to hanging." "Well," she said, "it was right to suffer for Christ's sake." This, I presume, is the policy of nine tenths of the Quakers, and probably the other tenth.

There were several volumes of this trash on board bound in costly shewy covers, to take the vacant eye.

The captain of the boat was a coarse ignorant man, though unencumbered alike with bigotry and learning. But he ought to be arrested for treason for suffering these thieves to steal these things on board. There was about a dozen people on board—one or two only could be called genteel. A very genteel young man had just been married, and so lax are the manners of our females, and such their mode of dressing, that I at first took up an unfavorable opinon of the lady. The rest had nothing more than common in *these* boats. One *ruffian* must always go on

board for good luck, it appears—and what should he do, but seeing (what was very true) that I was *somebody* more than common, came up and addressed himself to me with great impudence. I called the captain, and told him to keep the man aft. The captain opened first his mouth and then his eyes, transfixed to the deck in astonishment! Never heard of such a thing before as keeping ladies and gentlemen apart. Their ladies were very fond of that gentleman—he was a favorite. An elderly gentleman on board, who did not wish to see his country degraded, took me under his protection, and drove the fellow aft.

It was still early in the day when we landed at Arch street, and such was the press of strangers in the city, that it was difficult to find lodgings. I stopped for the moment at Mrs. Burns's, 14, Arch street, until I could look about, being impatient to see my friends, Messrs. Walsh and Physick, the Careys, &c. I merely threw in my trunks, and hastened to see my bookseller, Mr. Grigg, first. He had been very successful in sales, particularly the 1st vol. of the Black book, but the 2d vol. did not go off so well. I enquired the reason, Mr. G. said he knew no other reason, except there was nothing in it about Philadelphia. Good, they shall not have that to say in this book. He said, "the people would take up the volume and turn the leaves over, and throw it down in a huff, saying, humph, there is nothing about Philadelphia in this."

I next called to see my friend Leval, he and all the French gentlemen, generally, were well pleased with the books, because I gave it to the Henglish—the English and Messrs. Walsh, Lea, Carey & Lea, on the contrary were cut to the core, but had to chew the bit. I stepped into Messrs. Careys, and after exulting in my victory over them and their ally, I asked Henry "how many copies of the Black book he wanted?" "Not any, he believed." "Why? they are very popular, Mr. Grigg has sold obout 100, why could you not do the same?" He did not know, they would not sell in their store." The traitor, I was pleased to find that the good sense of the Philadelphians had at length prevailed, and the store al-

most entirely deserted: may all such tories meet with the same fate.

The old long-headed M. came out of his den, and happily in time to get a part of the castigation; but the moment he appeared H. took to flight; but Mr. M—— stood as firm as an oak, and looked as innocent as though he were not at the bottom of the plot. I charged him upon the spot, with treachery, *propense* and treachery in fact. "He'd be —— if he was guilty" "I know better, no other head could form such a plot; those milksops, your S—s, could no more lay such a plot than they could have discovered gravity or any other modern discovery." "He'd be ——if his s—s had not as much sense as other people." I leave that point to be decided by their *Peers*.

Like two Paddies, when warmed with gin, words went high between myself and my friend Mat. but my motive was merely to prolong the conversation, till perchance, Mr. W. would come in, as he is always poking about C. & L. the sputtering of the old fox gave me very little concern. "I'm sure you used to like us Mrs. R. and did I not buy your books and befriend you?" "Very true, but you would not sell them in the store, you traitor." Well you might give me a little of the British gold, as hush money, or rather sugar plum. But my dear M. friend or brother, he that is a foe to my country is a foe to me, and you, with all your Walshes, and all your British treachery, and British books, shall go down, and as for W. if he puts his head in here, I'll flay him alive, for his treatment of sundry American books and writers." I dare say I might have stood there till the day of judgment and he would never have showed his face; but poor L. happened to pop in, in the height of it, but I was rather too partial to him, and he always disarms me with his serene smiles.

Whilst I was in the height of the engagement, judge Porter, (as I afterwards learned) of Reading came in, and as I turned round to speak to Mr. L. he whispered to Mr. C. and inquired, "who I was?" as my ears are pretty acute, I heard him, and told, him "if it would gratify him, it was Mrs. R. and quitting the store Mr. C. said "my first work

was a very valuable work, but I had never written any thing since worth reading." Oh Mat. what a thumper! now this is the effect of British gold, the entire subversion of truth—but he goes to the Priest and confesses.

This was once, doubtless, an honest man, but British gold has changed him into an enemy to his country's best interest. But I hope every patriotic man will discountenance him and his brother chip, W.

Having seen several advertisements of Mr. Small's, a bookseller of Philadelphia—I called to see him; being about to write a tour through the state, I wished to gain all the information possible in Philadelphia, as well as elsewhere, and though I mentioned Philadelphia at large, in my Sketches, there were many things overlooked, from my peculiar situation at the time. I found Mr. Small quite a fine man, and a liberal bookseller, and took him under my wing, so long as he behaves well; but the moment he accepts the bribe, I will turn him a drift. He has a large and splendid establishment, and from his efforts and ability to please, deserves a liberal patronage, and doubtless, he must succeed. I never catch W. there, which is a good sign; nor does he exercise any influence over any bookstore, but that which is exclusively English, I mean, C. L. C.

But Mrs. R. (said a friend, who looked over my shoulder, as I wrote the last sentence) how are you to know when your *pet* booksellers receive a bribe. How am I to know day from night? how am I to know a thief from an honest man? Those foreign and domestic traitors have the gallows painted in their faces, and convinced of this, not one of them can look me in the face. They remind me of an anecdote, I once heard of a parson, who wished to ascertain how many, or whether any virtuous women were in his congregation. He had provided himself with a few pebbles, and after preaching away some time upon the purity and holiness of the christian religion, and particularly the female virtues, as a faithful pastor ought to do, he began to point out the fatal rock and quick-sands upon which so many female barques are wrecked—and though many of those slips are hid from the world, the

All-seeing *eye* is upon them. He said that "even in his congregation, over which he had watched with the affection and deligence of a father, there were some suspicions. Two ladies in particular, were pointed out to him by name—ladies whom he deemed as virtuous as angels. I do not wish to name the ladies in this public assembly, but I will point them out as plain as though I named them. I will fling a pebble at each of them, as I see they are present now—(flinging) that is one," when to his astonished senses, every lady in the church dodged her head to avoid the stone!!! he was struck dumb with amazement (they must have been missionary ladies.) So these fellows always dodge whenever they see me.

But there are other and more obvious marks of the treachery of those tories. In looking on their counter, you never find an American work, unless it is something of no value, that they are sure no body will buy. You never find American works advertised in their papers. You never find a popular American author near their stores or their persons. On the contrary you find the counters and circular tables strewed with British trash, the sweepings of old London bookstores guilded over on the outside, afresh, "good enough for those self governinging, self conceited Americans, they know no better:" so it unfortunately appears. When you see them scowl upon a popular American writer, turn their back on them and run, you are then sure they have received the bribe. And since it happens in point, I understand a young man in Philadelphia, I believe nothing more than a poor clerk in some counting house, I do not know his name, as his modesty is equal to his genius, restrained him from publishing with his name, which is known only to a few friends. But this young man, scarcely nineteen years of age, has lately written a beautiful poem, which I am informed has never been excelled by any American writer. At great expense, he got out the poem and sent a copy to Mr. Walsh, which he treated with silent contempt. I do not hold with hanging, nor can we ever be said to be civilized while we cooly and deliberately take the life of a fellow man, even of the blackest murderer. In taking

his life, we are only imitating his crime, and are no better. But if I were one of those who advocate hanging I would string W. the first man, and all such traitors should share his fate; this is directly aiming at the root of our tree of liberty, as nothing can preserve our liberty, but learning and knowledge: enlightened people cannot be enslaved, and an ignorant nation cannot remain free, for this plain reason, they cannot govern themselves, and must fall a prey to the first invader. And yet, so often as I have endeavored to rouse the people to a sense of their danger, and awaken in them a sense of their true interest, their apathy seems to invite those foes, and rivet the chains of ignorance on our benighted land—see how we have fallen back in the last half century! Where is the Franklin, the Hervey, the Rittenhouse, and all the host of wisdom and learning fled? All have disappeared. Where are the enlightened and instructing publicatons which used to enliven our winter evenings? All have disappeared before British and religious traitors. Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania sinking down into barbarism; a few glimmering stars are yet lingering in the horizon; when they have set, we will then be in total darkness. I am astonished at the young men of Philadelphia, particularly when they look back at their long noble race of great men and find themselves a century at least in the rear.

I called a few minutes at the university, this is the third time I have called at this place, a den of ignoramuses, about as enlightened as the inmates of the state prison. Seeing a number of young men standing on the steps and in the doorway, I asked them "if they were the students," they replied "they were." I asked one of them (they were all men grown and well dressed) to show me the principal. Instead of saying "to be sure; or with pleasure madam," he walks to a door, which was on the jar, and drolled out in an ox-driver's tone, M i-s-t-e-r D-i-c-k h-e-r-e i-s a *w-o-m-a-n* w-a-n-t-s- t-o s-e-e y-o-u. I observed to Mr. Dick, as he made his appearance I was sorry to give him trouble; I had seen enough, and had no further business with him. Such another rabble of

ignorance and awkward gawks could not be collected under the sun—down right clowns—coarse, and the picture of stupidity. What is the cause of this? Every time I visit this university (the greatest burlesque on the word in the world) I find it ten times more ignorant than before. The best thing the citizens could do for their youth, would be to clap a coal to it and burn it down—it is no comparison, worse than Columbia college in New York, and that is sunk into nothing. It is not as good as an old field school. I ask again what is the cause of this? These British and religious traitors are the cause, and every Philadelphian who has a sense of shame left, must blush to see his once noble city degraded to the dust. A den of British tories, domestic traitors, missionaries, Sunday school union, (sedition union I mean) Sunday mail, tract, bible, and an hundred other, all devouring societies. In the very heart of the city, see what an immense fortification those Dr. Ely's men have erected, since yesterday I may say, in front of the public buildings. How stupidly blind the Philadelphians must be, not to see the drift of those people in erecting their fortified castles near the public buildings—this I find is their uniform practice.

They had a very good church in *Washington City*, but since the church and state conspiracy, before any one was aware of it, up rears a splendid building, close to the City Hall!! What is this for? That there is design in it is evident. The first sight I had of this great building in Washington, jammed up against the City Hall, the blood rolled back to my heart—I trembled from head to foot and saw at a glance through the plan, which is finally, after "the great struggle" is over, to maintain their power by getting possession of all the public buildings.* See, in all our great towns this is the case. Why

*These fellows, during my late tour through Pennsylvania, taking the advantage of my absence from Washington, erected another great palace in rear of the City Hall, near the lofty buildings of the Post Office, and so expeditious were they that the building was completed and one Danforth, a "good sound Presbyterian," was preaching in it when I returned. So goes the money that was to spread the gospel —here went several thousand dollars in less than or about three months. The ground, I am told, was given to them by Gen. Van

have not our wise heads attended to this? If this is not to tend to some evil, (good I am sure it never will,) what is the meaning of it? "Oh! no danger—they can never establish their religion—nonsense! they would every one be shot down before they could be drawn up in battle." This language is no longer tenable. See what they *have* done and *are* doing, and tremble for your liberty.

One would think that this wide spreading evil would induce natives at least to quit the British ranks, and unite for the common safety; for, as they now stand, both are alike dangerous. For this reason I say not one of those British traitors ought to be patronized. "American works will not sell." The miscreants never tried. But it is not too late; the virtuous young and all classes of men ought to form societies, enter into resolutions and form corresponding committees and have, (not the Sunday School Union but) a free press and free discussion on the subject of public safety.

I happened to be passing through Arch near North 3d st. and seeing Bibles and Christian faith outside of a door, (the only place it is now found,) I stepped in to stir up the fire. It was not a very large building, but it was well stuffed with tracts—a moderate wagon load.

I found a pale venomous looking young man behind the counter—he shrunk before the glance of independence, and of course did not attempt either to sell or bestow tracts. "Well Mr. Sunday School Union, lying in wait to catch the unwary—where are your coadjutors? I presume you have assistants, as you would not be able to distribute the hundredth part of the tracts here." He was silent, but looked like the gallows—precisely like

Ness. I hope he will be the first that falls by their hands for his ill-judged liberality. This Danforth was sent on to take hold of the Columbian Register. He is said to be a very handsome man, and draws vast crowds of women after him. See the deep laid plot!!! Now why was this church built at all, and why so near the other, which is a large building, three stories high, and would hold every Presbyterian that will ever be in Washington? I hope Congress and the State Legislatures will take the matter under serious consideration, for though they cannot meddle with religion, they can meddle with conspiracy. In Wilmington it was the same thing, a great palace just finished close to the town hall.

Hecock of Burlington; (they all look alike.) Upon casting round I saw two openings, rather wider than common doors, at the further end of the building. One could be entered from the inside of the counter, the other on the outside, viz, in a straight line from where I stood. I walked back to the hiding place, and as I had expected, there sat two of the thieves as still as mice. "Ah! you robbers, have I found you, consulting what widow or poor silly woman you can gull next. Look at the money you have robbed from the poor and ignorant, and for what purpose. I hope to see the day when you will have to work [if I were a Christian I would have said hung] for your bread instead of eating the bread of the industrious poor." They were sitting side by side at a table squeezed up in a corner, and seemed to be busy making calculations.* They were young, stout, coarse fellows, as black as midnight. They hung down their heads and were silent—conscious guilt sealed their mouths. "And you call this religion, piety, spreading the gospel, living here in idleness upon the earnings of cooks, servant girls and chambermaids, little children, Hindoo Gods, &c. &c.† One of them raising his eye slowly from the table, picked up a tract at the same time and handed it to me without speaking a word. I took it out of his hand, and after looking at it, threw it down on the table, and asked him for a few cents instead of the tracts. "Give me *one* cent, sir, it will buy me a

*Ever since their attack upon me in Burlington their mouths are sealed.

†One of these old father Loveladies (they all love the sex, no matter how old) whom they called Father Smith, and all the ladies in the Atlantic country know Father *Smith*, with the big red nose. He used to visit the women from house to house with Hindoo Gods and pictures representing human hearts with heads on them: First the sinner's heart, in which were exhibited, as he said, seven deadly sins, represented by a peacock, a toad, a terrapin, a snake, a goat, &c. with the devil in the midst, with a pitchfork in his hand, and the angel knocking at the door Next was a converted sinner's heart, with the door open, the Holy Ghost entering in and the devil pitching out the toad with his fork and kicking out the terrapin with his foot, and all the others following Then an old Christian's heart, with Father, Son and Holy Ghost sitting in the middle of it, with several other representations too ridiculous to mention

cake." But he was like the priest who gave his blessing to a poor man after refusing him a farthing. "Stop," said the poor man, "if your blessing was worth a farthing I presume you would not be so ready to bestow it."

Leaving the tract store, I walked to the Hospital, taking my friends Mr. Perkins and Alderman Badger in the way. I never forget to pay my respects to these men who relieved me in the trying hour. They were proud to see me, and well they might—an everlasting monument of their humanity.

Mr. Badger, being from the town of *Windham* in Connecticut, laughed enough at the battle of the frogs, described in 2d volume of the Black book, which he confirmed. Mr. Badger has been deeply afflicted since I first saw him, in the death of an amiable wife. He has a daughter lately married—the smallest woman but one I ever saw. She was a very handsome woman, but I lament to say she was a gloomy fanatic. This is the fault of her father in not having her properly educated. Mr. B. is himself of no sect, and quite free from bigotry and its attendant evils. He is one of the best officers in the city.

The Hospital of Philadelphia is the only institution that has stood its ground against the ravages of religious rapine and Presbyterian influence. How long it may be able to resist these all devouring monsters, armed as they are with numbers, power and money, no human being can tell.

My eye hailed with rapture its lofty sycamores and pendant willows which mingle their white arms, as it were, in each other's bosoms, and form a towering rampart in front of the Hospital The lofty rows of orange trees, the neat circular gravel walks, the luxuriant hedges of box-wood, with every rare shrub, plant and flower. I stood transfixed in extacy. Near me stood the immortal Penn in bronze, which I have mentioned before.

I have mentioned this hospital at large in my *Sketches*, to which I refer my readers. I am now convinced that if I were to write an hundred books of travels, none would yield the same satisfaction. Every thing described in

the Sketches being a first sight, has a great advantage over all my other travels; and as a corrected edition of them will shortly appear, I will be excused for omitting the same information or repeating the same things mentioned in them.

After seeing the most of the United States I return to no spot with more pleasure than the Hospital of Philadelphia. Take it on every ground, it is unrivalled. The large trees referred to above do not choke the prospect as in most cases where they grow; they stand on the street outside of the wall, between which and the buildings there is a beautiful plat of ground most exquisitely touched with the hand of taste. Great orange trees hanging with fruit, and arranged in handsome circles. These grow in large wooden vessels, filled with earth, and are removed to the green-house in winter. The trees mentioned are so tall and luxuriant, that notwithstanding their remoteness from the buildings they form to them a complete protection from the sun.

After drinking deep of the pleasure arising from this Elysium, upon raising my eye I saw a man walking toward me, whom I at once recollected to have seen several times on my visits to the Hospital, where he has been confined many years. His name is Scott, a cousin of the Scott who married the widow of Governor Hancock, the patriot of Boston. He is afflicted with a slight derangement, which can hardly be discerned by strangers at first sight. He always salutes me by name, and converses quite rational, though he has rather a wild look. He is always pleased with me because I am friendly to the Bostonians, and no man can give a more succinct account of its history than he can. He was chewing a piece of a green bough, part of which hung out of his mouth, and after shaking hands we walked into the Hospital together. I had two of my second volume of Black book in my hand, and the poor creature snatched one of them, and turning the leaves eagerly till he came to Boston, he began to devour it.

His derangement, however, was more perceptible this time than at any other I had seen him. Every opportuni-

ty he had of not being overherad he told me they treated him very ill in the Hospital—"Ah! madam, if you knew what I suffered." This I could not believe, as I always find him at liberty amusing himself in the library or in the walks. I was pleased to find my friend the librarian still in the library, and the same modest blush on his cheek. I have mentioned this young man in all my books, and have, in many respects, never found his equal. This was the first time he was unable to purchase my book. I saw one or two of the managers—cold-looking Quakers who, though they were pleased with the Black book, were too flint bound to purchase. May the thongs of the missionaries teach them a lesson on the subject.

Besides these, I was tormented by an empty dandy, called "the resident Physician," the greatest fop—fool I would say—in the city. This shrimp is not more than twenty years of age, about *six* in sense and about the same in height. He squinted and screwed his mouth first on one side and then the other. The impertinent gander —he was a perfect pest. I suspect he is one of Dr. Cox's pupils. From this period we may date the decline of the Hospital, the only remaining monument of Philadelphia.

Having seen and admired the speech of Hon. Hare Powell in the Senate of the Pennsylvania Legislature, I had a great curiosity to see this renowned bulwark of our civil and religious liberty. He lives near Ninth in Spruce street, in a perfect palace. Mr. P. happened not to be in, and Mrs. P. being confined by indisposition, I amused myself in conversing with the children, the finest by far I had seen in the city. I could not help carressing the little rogues for the sake of their father, and conceived a favorable omen of the father from the polished manners of the children. One, a boy, particularly, about ten years old, was very promising and entertained me with all the gallantry of a courtier. Mr. Powell soon arrived and confirmed the favorable opinion I had conceived of him. He is tall and stout, six feet fully in height, with an erect lofty figure. He is under middle age, though grey—his face is fair and oval, with a roman nose

and a keen full dark grey eye. His countenance is open, manly and sensible, and his manners such as we might expect from a man of his fearless independence. Nothing like flattery or bombast in his language or manner, though his voice is smooth and flowing. He is very unlike the mass of Philadelphians, being more affable and free in his conversation.

It is well known that Mr. Powell has immortalized his name, and not only his name but the noble state which he represents, in his opposition to clerical tyranny. He was the first to oppose the chartering of the Sunday School Union, and was followed by Dr. Burden, another champion of our freedom. These gentlemen, together with those who voted down the charter, deserve well of their country, and their speeches will be referred to with pleasure by after ages. Mr. Powell is a man of extensive wealth, and is famed for his improvement of horned cattle—he is said to have the finest breed of cattle in the state, and bestows much of his attention to the subject.

On my return, I called on a gentleman, for the first time, who had often been mentioned to me by my friends. This was Counsellor David Paul Brown, of Washington Square, another acquisition to my collection of erudite men, which are rare or hard to be seen in Philadelphia. Mr. Brown lives in a splendid mansion, in which wealth and taste are alike diffused. He is in the prime of life, of middling size, handsome person and elegant manners. But such is my misfortune that I have to sacrifice the pleasures of society, ease, and most of the comforts of life. A few minutes, therefore, was all I had to devote to the interview with this amiable man. If the appellation of gentleman be confined to personal appearance and address, Mr. B. well merits the epithet.

Pursuing my walk I called in to salute a gentleman by the name of J. L. Baker, a broker and an artist. He occupies an humble shop near the State Prison, in Walnut street.

Some years back I was (from excessive fatigue) overtaken by a faintness near this shop, and stepped into it as the nearest door at hand, to recover, when this gentleman

rendered me every assistance in his power, and from that to the present day I never fail to call and acknowledge the deep obligation I am proud to own I am under to this worthy man.

I stepped into the state prison next, which, with all the public institutions I have, as before observed, noticed at large in my Sketches. One D——, the keeper, was quite a mean man, and his assistant, an old pock-marked Scotchman, said he was only an understrapper. He was, however, much the cleverest of the two. I ought to have mentioned my interview with the highly extolled H——l, but if he is either a gentlman or a man of talents he greatly belies his looks. I should say he was a swinish, dull man, something like a chip in porridge.

As I had a little more time than usual, I made a general call on my old friends, and likewise added to the list of acquaintances The following day I called on Mr. Sanderson of the *Coffee House* in South Second-street. This gentleman I have known for some time, and reckon him amongst my particular favorites. Mr. S. is certainly amongst the best of men, whether as a gentleman, friend, or citizen. He has a very handsome and extensive establishment, called the Coffee House—himself kind and accommodating. His rooms are large, neat and airy, and accommodated with reading rooms and every means of comfort and convenience. He is the only publican, I should say, worthy of patronage in Philadelphia, which contains the most abominable taverns and boarding houses of any town in the Atlantic country. Most of the taverns are filled with insolent Irish Teagues or negroes, which last are much less insolent than the former.

One Saint kept the only tavern in the place, except one, that you could enter with safety to life and limb; but he is either removed from his old stand or become as bandoned as the others. I called in as I was passing by on the first evening of my arrival, and being spent with fatigue, I stepped in to take a cup of tea, when I found the house filled with insolent Irish ruffians, who would doubtless have broken my neck had it not been for a friend, (who happened to be sitting near) who lived in New-York. The

Washington Hotel is the only decent or safe house I know in Philadelphia, unless you go high up Market-street, which is too far for those who wish to transact business. Philadelphia, as well as New-York, is deluged with these Teagues, though they have a greater number of rivals in Philadelphia. I mean the negroes. They are sworn enemies to each other, being rivals for the same servile offices. It is amusing to see them assembled at the wood wharf, where you may see a dozen engaged in battle at a time, and perhaps twenty such fights in a day. The negroes of Philadelphia are also drunken, lazy and vicious. This is surprising, when they have the "good sound Presbyterian Dr. Ely, the Sunday School Union and the pious tracts, and ten thousand pious men and women to distribute them. It cannot be for want of tracts these people are so wicked, as the streets are paved with them, besides piles as large as haystacks in their great fortifications.

But to go on with my friends. Mr. Chauncey, a Yankey and celebrated counsellor at law fell in my way next. I have long been acquainted with Mr. Chauncey, a relation of Com. Chauncey, of N. York. Mr. C. holds the first rank, both in the Philadelphia bar and out of it. He is a middle-aged, good figure, and one of the most pleasing and indefatigable lawyers in Philadelphia. One surly McK——n, (if I am not mistaken) fell in my way next, also a member of the bar, the lag end of it beyond doubt.

Proceeding on to St. Joseph's church to see my friend Rev. Keily, late of Washington City, I could not resist the temptation to call upon my dear friend and patron W. I found his children much altered in their looks and manners: They no longer presented that openness of countenance or ingenuousness of manners which distinguished them on my first visit. They hung their heads and looked condemned, and "Pa" was engaged, of course, "he was not at home." As I came out of the house, however, in passing a door which stood a-jar, I saw his long narrow back, covered with a thread-bare

rusty black coat. May he never wear a better till he learns to respect the genius of his country.

Mr. Keily was not in, but I met with a most amiable man, Rev. John J. Hughs. These Roman Catholic Priests are all well educated, genteel men, and what is much more to the purpose, beyond example charitable and humane. I do not know that I was ever more charmed with the manners of any person than with Rev. H. A perfect gentleman in his address, learned and affable, and benignity itself. I never, as long as I have mingled with what is called civilized life, inquired (or wished to do so) into the tenets of any religious sect. I am entirely governed by the actions of all, and presuming a Christian must be a Christian, and finding they cannot agree themselves upon the trifling points of their religion, it would be vain and loss of time for me to ask any one of these Christians wherein they disagree, and therefore I take them all on the same ground, and that ground is action. As Demosthenes replied, when asked "What was the first part of an orator?" he said "Action." "The second?" "Action." "The third?" "Action." So when one man gives me food and raiment when I am naked and hungry, I never stop to ask him his religion—that is none of my business—and another shuts the door on me, or breaks my leg, as Dr. Ely and Hecock of Burlington served me, I never stop to ask their religion, the action is enough; but which am I to suppose is the christian? For ought I know it *may* be christianity to break bones, rob and oppress the poor, shut them out of doors to perish, slander (as the Quaker did the dog) and defame them in the papers to prevent them from receiving relief from others, but if this be Christianity, I disclaim it. I believe they have given up the *name* of Christian, and taken the name of *pious*, after Pope Pius, of the Romish Church. But these pious men will answer, "We broke your bones, shut you out of doors, ordered you out of our *towns*, starved, abused and slandered you, because you are a heathen, and ought to stay at one place (as you have no home,) and not travel through the country—none but our Godly pious women and their gallants, pious men,

ought to travel through the United States, and get the money; we cannot spare as much money from our own ranks as would feed you, and besides, you tell too many truths about us; and above all, we hate you because you are a ☞*heathen*,* and do not believe in the Christian religion. So it appears these pious people and I are farther apart than ever, and I will forever extol good actions, let them be performed by whom they may.

I am sorry, however, that the virtues and talents of Rev Keily has deprived the people of Washington city, of his labors. His loss will be deeply felt; his fame having reached Philadelphia, he has been invited to take charge of a church under very favorable prospects.

I lament to learn farther, that Rev. Priest Matthews, of Washington city has also been called to reside in Philadelphia and has been promoted to the office of *bishop*. However I may be pleased to see virtue and merit triumph, yet, for the sake of our national city, I deeply deplore the removal of these amiable men. I do not think Mr. Keily (I did not see Mr. Matthews) is pleased with the change, and I should wonder if he were pleased with the cold manners of the people of Philadelphia. Rev. Hughs is a tall elegant figure, and a most engaging man.

I was much struck by a remark of Mr. H. As I neither know nor wish to know the points upon which the numerous sects differ, I merely stated to Mr. Hughs that "his sect was censured for having pictures in their churches." He replied that "the object of these paintings in this, as in all cases, were intended to instruct. "Do we not," said he, "learn as much by the eye as the ear, or any other organ."

From St. Joseph's, I walked to doctor Burden's, as I was no less impatient to see him than Hon H. Powell: Hon. Dr. Burden is one of the heretics, that is, a Universalist, and though I had long been acquainted with his

*The author has just seen a piece in a pious paper, wherein one of the Godly men says: "I believe she detests drink, but we rather believe she is of the Mohawk tribe." Yes I am a Mohawk, and will scalp the whole of you. But mark the hypocrites, do they not rob the poor to convert the savage?

father, who owns an extensive chair manufactory, and is an excellent man, I had never seen the doctor. He happened to be at his father's, where I also had the pleasure of meeting with Rev. Mr. Fisk, a Universalist preacher. I am astonished that such a number of heretical priests, as the Roman Catholics, Universalists and Unitarians, (there being also one of the latter in Philadelphia) are called by the grey-coats, should be found in Philadelphia, where Dr. Ely and his band of pious men have labored so hard to exterminate heresy. But the truth is, that the latter are the genuine heretics, since they use the expression. I found doctor Burden what I had expected from his bold and independent speech against the encroachments of priest craft and clerical tyranny; he is a young, middle sized man, with a countenance as bold as a lion. His constituents deserve much credit for their judicious choice, in electing a man of his talents and independence. He represents the *county* of Philadelphia, and Mr. Powell represents the *city*, both in the Senate of Pennsylvania.

Mr. Fisk is a small, light man, with a keen triangular face, and appears to be a man of high literary attainments. He is a man of highly polished manners, and has just commenced a religious paper called the *Gospel*; the name is something I did not approve of, though doubtless it is ably edited; but we are so flooded with *gospel* papers and pamphlets, worse than nothing, that the very name of gospel, sounds like a cheat. Priest craft exposed, or something like it would take much better, since they have become the terror of the land.

From my friend Burden's I hastened to take Messrs. Hart and Chandler by the hand. To these gentlemen, as well as Maj. Noah, I am deeply indebted; they have, alike sheltered my friendless and widowed head from many a bitter storm—and love them I do, with every drop of blood in my heart. No pleasure is eqnal to that of meeting such friends, it is too, too much for my pen!!! I am best acquainted with Mr. Chandler, having never seen Mr. Hart, but once or twice—indeed I have never been a quarter of an hour in company with either, such

being my limited time, and yet we are as well acquainted as though we had lived forever in the same house. They are both men of young appearance, easy and affable in their manners, and Chandler particularly, the very milk of human kindness.

I observed to him, "I am now about to take a tour through your state, Mr. C. how shall I proceed? I do not expect to be much pleased myself with Pa. but I wish to give a faithful description of it, let me be pleased or not, I shall do justice to the subject in any event, let the people act as they may. I am told they are mostly unsociable and ignorant, but I shall lay aside prejudice, and judge them fairly. "Do not believe all you hear, Mrs. R." said Mr. C. "you will find the people sensible and kind; you will, doubtless be well pleased with Pa." "But I am a stranger to their manners and customs, how shall I take them?" "Ah, Mrs. R. you know that better than any one can tell you; just pursue your old course, and call on your staunch friends, the editors—you will always find them your friends, no one in the world could have struck out a line of conduct with more wisdom than you did at first—stick to your old plan and I will insure you success." This much for the press.

> "Preserving all arts, may all arts cherish thee,
> And thy science and virtue teach men to be free."

I have another friend in the office of the Gazette—he always has the first salute, as being near the entrance. I turn in there to inquire for Mr. Chandler—this is the agent, J. J. Rodrigues, an Italian, a very friendly and genteel man; he is young, of very lively manners and handsome person. His black rolling eye has much fire and expression.*

Though nearly dark and dropping with fatigue, I stepped into the office of the Centinel, in Walnut street. The editor of this paper, was once a warm friend of mine, but I had not seen him for some years back, nor had I seen any friendly notice of my works in his paper. But this is

*The office of the U. S. Gazette is in No. 68, Dock street.

not to retract from my obligations to him for his kindness when a stranger. Upon going into the office I saw several gentlemen, one of whom, only, was known to me, the principal clerk, a very amiable, friendly man—I asked "if the Editor was present." "Yes, I am the Editor," said one of the gentlemen.

I examined his countenance, which neither, nor his face, bore any resemblance to the youthful lawyer represented as the editor a few years back, and in some surprise I exclaimed "Are you the editor, the same young man I once knew?" "Yes." I presented him a volume, but not until it was confirmed by the clerk, as his face was completely changed into a sternness appalling, for which I soon after this accounted. He had enlisted in the missionary ranks, and Mr. *Frick*, the proprietor, deserves to lose his patronage for retaining such a traitor in his service. I have since been informed he voted in the Senate for the Sunday School Union; how true I know not.*

He behaved very cool, the hypocrite—why did he not attempt to convert me, at least? His face was distorted with savage fierceness, instead of christian love and meekness, and his black eye had the fierceness of a copperhead.

I was, however, more than remunerated in meeting one of the best men in the world, and though I had never seen him before, we also appeared to each other in the light of old friends. This was Hon. *Joel B. Southerland*, Representative in Congress for the *county* of Philadelphia. Mr. S. is one of the finest men in the world, which, and the character of Hon. *D. Miller*, (likewise a representative of the county) ought to redeem the character of the citizens. Neither these nor Hon. Sergeant have any of Dr. Ely's church and state about them, much to the honor and good sense of the Philadelphians. I hope they will continue in their wise and patriotic course and spurn priestcraft and British booksellers from their State, and let

"Independence be their boast,
Ever mindful what it cost."

*His name is Hay.

Mr. Sutherland is a stout young noble figure; artless, candid and generous. His face is fair, full and friendly, and his manners plain though affable, and every word comes glowing from the heart. How easy this is discovered.*

Next day I intended should complete my calls, and after taking my coffee ran over, in my recollection, the balance of my friends, with a view of saving labor. Mr. *Biddle*—too early for him. D. & P.—the same. Who shall I take first? Atheneum and Library—too early for them. *Robert Vaux*, Esq.—he is an early riser—a long walk in Twelfth-street, but I could not leave the city without seeing him. Accordingly I bent my steps thither. Mr. Vaux was at home and received me kindly, and purchased my book, as he always does. He was also in good health, more pleasing to me than if he had bought an hundred copies. He is the adviser and patron of the new state prison, which I was unable to visit from my lameness. I have heard the plan of the prison (which is solitary confinement) much censured, particularly by Gen. Lafayette and the Duke of Saxe Weymer, as a cruel punishment. But of this subject I am no judge. I would suppose that any thing and every thing Mr. Vaux had a hand in promoting was wisely done, as no man has more humanity or more wisdom.

Seeing a sign at a good looking office on my return from Mr. Vaux's and wishing to see as much of the citizens as possible, I called in. The name on the door was Dr. *S. G. Morton*—a good name, I thought, and stepped in. I found no person in the office, but expecting the gentleman shortly, I amused myself by looking at a very handsome library—a favorable omen.

In a few minutes, a young, tall, genteel looking man came in. I asked "if I had the pleasure of saluting Dr. Morton?" He replied in the affirmative, and gave me a very polite reception. Dr. M. is a gentleman of considerable attainments, and from report, ranks high as a physician, and is unquestionably amongst the most ac-

*I was much gratified in meeting again with this gentleman at Washington, where he was attending his duty in Congress.

complished gentlemen in the city—entirely free from that frigidness common to Philadelphians. Dr. M. lives S. W. corner of Arch and 11th streets.

Taking leave of the Doctor I called, for the first time, at the United States' Mint. This is called the United States' Mint merely for the sake of parade, as the U. S. it appears, has little or nothing done in it. The specie coined here is principally owned by individuals. The building is in 7th above Market st. and is quite a small and very indifferent building. No one would take it for any thing but an old wash house, nor is it half so gay as some I have seen. Its appearance, however, is worse in front, the principal part of the building, such as work-shops and forge-houses extending some distance back. The keeper or head man was by no means extraordinary, though he did happen to know a bar of gold from one of silver. But he was unqualified to give an accurate and satisfactory account of the process.

I saw large wedges of bullion, that is gold and silver, roughly cast into bars. The silver was from one to two feet in length, and from 3 to 12 inches in circumference, and very rough; (I merely speak from recollection, as I took no notes) they had much the appearance of bars of lead, but much heavier. I was greatly surprised upon trying to raise one of them from the ground. It proved much heavier than I would have supposed a piece of double the size: the gold particularly: a small piece no larger than one's hand, was almost as much as I could lift. I am not aware of the quantity of copper mixed with the bullion, but the quantity is proportioned with the utmost exactness.

The furnace where the bullion is melted is not larger than a common stove, though it was not in blast. It was quite a simple looking thing.

When the metal is mixed it is beat out into long bars, very much like bars of iron or steel, and is formed in width and thickness precisely to that of a dollar, half dollar, or whatever may be intended. The process is very simple, requires few hands and very little ingenuity.

The only difficulty or care required is to have the exact weight in the finished pieces; this appears to be subjected to the most scrutinizing inspection, and it strikes me the fine in any default is very exorbitant, though I do not remember exactly, for intending to obtain the particulars of the mint from the treasurer, Dr. *James Rush*, I merely walked over the mint for my own amusement.

I saw not more than half a dozen hands. Some were cutting the bars into square pieces; others were rounding them off, and some were engraving the face of the coins. It appears that in order to ascertain whether the proper weight is in the coins, a number of pieces are deposited together—one or perhaps more, is taken from the sum and weighed, and if it lacks the smallest particle the manager forfeits a heavy fine, and perhaps a prosecution.

I was more astonished at this part of the information than any thing about the mint, which is by no means so interesting as one would have imagined. The chief of the money coined belongs to the merchants of Philadelphia, who purchase the bullion for the purpose. It has no guard in day time, nor am I clear that it has one at all, and is only enclosed in rear with a slight wall, being quite open to the street in front. It is an old yellow building of brick.

From the mint I went to see Dr. James Rush the treasurer. But unfortunately he had to receive so many calls that I did not wish to intrude upon his time. Being a physician, he appeared to belong to the public. I therefore could not think of monopolizing what was equally sought for and equally the right of others.*

Dr. James Rush is a son of the celebrated Dr. Benjamin Rush, deceased, and a brother of the Secretary of the Treasury of the U. S. He is somewhat younger looking than Richard, the Secretary, tall and handsomely shaped. His face is small but keen, and has much expression though slightly furrowed, and his hair a little

*Since the work went to press I received a statement of the amount coined, through the politeness of Mr. St. Clair Clark, Clerk of the House of Representatives of Congress, which will appear at the end of "Philadelphia."

touched with time. He is still more affable and winning in his manners than the Secretary, and possesses all the ease and courtesies of a gentleman in the highest possible degree. Dr. R. is said to be a fine writer, though I was not fortunate enough to get hold of any of his works. One work in particular is highly extolled—it is called "Rush on the beauties of the human voice." The Doctor lives in superior style, and is reckoned one of the first Physicians of the place.

From his house I walked to the U. S. Bank to see Mr. Biddle, the President. Having seen my first volume, where I arraign him on account of President Teague, of Baltimore, he resolved to be beforehand with me, and the first word he said was "Ah! Mrs. R. I will have you tried for your life for killing my president. He was in fine health and spirits, and well pleased, doubtless, that death had helped him out of one scrape.

Having heard, and indeed seen, the *Arcade* recently built in Philadelphia, as it happened to be near my old walks in Chesnut-street, I called to give it a puff. But of all places it was the most solitary and deserted. It is, however, a more costly and convenient structure than that of New York. The galleries were wider, the lights more splendid and the workmanship greatly superior. It was laid off into several rows of handsome rooms, but all were empty with the exception of one or two gentlemen, who appeared to be lost. I do not know a more delicious retreat in Summer than these arcades—so still, so cool and so well lighted—they are superior to any palace. This one seemed to have cost a great sum and must have been just finished.

I found a very genteel accommodating gentleman in it, who shewed me through the building.

*Peale's Museum* is moved into the Arcade, and wishing to see the late additions I called at the door which, like that in Baltimore, is kept by a coarse vulgar ignorant woman. I might as well have attempted to pound politeness into her as to make her believe I always had free access to the museum I am astonished that Mr. Peale does not consider his interest in appointing his

door-keepers. Nothing is more disgusting than these low ignorant women; and clothe them with a petty office they are insufferable. I am sorry I do not know the name of the gentleman whose conduct to me was so politely marked—but hope he may recognize himself in this very poor tribute to his merit.

I next called at the *Atheneum*, established a few years back. This is the resort of the enlightened part of the citizens of Philadelphia. As respects the means of amusement and instruction, it is treading close upon the heels of the *Boston Atheneum*. It is also respectably filled as to numbers, taste and talent.

I have often dropped in here and find it filled with respectable and intelligent looking men. Hear this, ye Baltimoreans, and blush—two thirds of the people (perhaps more) in Baltimore do not know the meaning of the word, and doubtless there never were as many people in the Baltimore Atheneum, one of the most splendid buildings in the world, and cost $50,000, as I have seen at one time in that of Philadelphia. The librarian is a genteel man and is always eager to get my books as early as possible. This alone is flattering, as he is a man of taste and judgment. There is no part of Philadelphia I am more pleased with than the Atheneum. The *great* library seems to be neglected. Nothing like Atheneums, reading rooms and *high* schools to diffuse knowledge. Every one who wishes to remain free ought to patronize these sources of knowledge.

From the Atheneum I stepped across the street to the Philadelphia Library to see if they had received the last work, as they also are my constant patrons in spite of W. The librarian said, "he had the first, but not the second volume of the Black book, and that the trustees had directed Mr. *Littell*, their purchsing agent, to purchase the book, which had never yet been done, though often called for." He then asked "if I had any in the city." I replied I had. "Then will you please call and hand one to Mr. Littell, as he says he cannot find any."

I am now going to unfold a matter of which I ought immediately to have apprised the Librarian and Trustees

of the Library. From what I had seen of Mr. L. I was satisfied he was no friend to me or my books, and was almost sure it was useless to mention the thing to him, and expressed as much to the librarian. "He is obliged to take them, Madam—it is his orders." I was still of my own opinion, but resolved, nevertheless, to convince the Trustees what a traitor they retained in their service.

As I had heard much of Dr. *Emerson*, and his residence being near the Library, I called upon him in the first place. Dr. Emerson received me with the politeness of a gentleman, and in every respect deserves the name bestowed upon him by fame. He is rather a small man, of young appearance and very interesting manners, and seems to be a man of erudition and general knowledge. He is collecting a number of rare natural and artificial curiosities, and his office, as well as his mind, represents a perfect museum.

From the Doctor's I returned by the famous L——'s, and informed him of the request of the Trustees of the Library. "They never told him to purchase any of my books, nor would he do so." "They say, sir, that they have directed you positively to purchase them." "No such thing." I ought to have apprised the gentlemen of the Library of this before I left the city, but even had I done so I should, nevertheless, have noted it in this place. It is hoped they will, after seeing this evidence of treachery, discard him from their service. This traitor, it is well known, has long received a liberal but ill-judged patronage. It is said he has joined the missionaries. It is needless to remark, that a man who would charge $5 for advertising 31 cents commissions on sales and tell so barefaced, a falsehood belongs to a class which knows neither honor nor shame. Thus every thing that can be called virtuous falls before the march of tyrannical priests. I feel confident the wise and liberal part of the citizens of Philadelphia, and indeed the whole Union, will withdraw their patronage from such men.

There are a number of liberal and patriotic booksellers in Philadelphia, many of whom I was unapprised of

There are besides Messrs. *Grigg & Leval*, Messrs. *Small*, of Chesnut-street, *Tour & Hogan*, Market, between 6th and 7th sts. *Uriah Hunt*, 147 Market st. It is shameful, and the height of ingratitude to pass by such men—men who nobly spurn alike the bribes of English missionaries; and give our money to those whose studied object is to use it to our own destruction.* This is only a *lunch* for the Tory booksellers, to serve them till I return. If it should stick by the way they can moisten it with a little London particular.

While on the subject of books, I beg leave to recommend to public patronage the Washington Library, 281, Walnut street. They will find the proprietor a worthy man, and a variety of amusing and useful books—also Mr. *J. Snyder*, an honest and cheap book-binder, 160 Cherry-street, a few doors above 8th st. Nor must I forget the *Apprentices' Library*, a very extensive and useful institution.

Upon entering this last, the librarian, a man of great size, and rather agreeable person, was quite familiar to me, I observed "I must have seen him before." "Yes, madam, and I have a good reason to remember you." It appears he was the same gentleman whom I had met the previous day, just as one of the *Teagues* had insulted me concerning a carriage, of which Mr. Teague was the driver, and this gentleman, whose name is *Bird*, happening to pass at the moment, with a long, black, missionary coat, I fell on him without mercy, and blamed his long coat-ship for the degraded state of society—that it was dangerous for women to walk the streets—appealed to him for protection, and finally ordered him to have the fellow arrested. "There are constables enough about, said Mr. B. hunt one yourself, if you want one." This was kind, to be sure, to give me leave to do what he dare not oppose. But big as he was, I attacked him, rather warmly, and he made the best of his way up the street. I inquired very particularly who he was? and

*Since I was in Philadelphia I see that Messrs Carey, Lea & Carey have advertised a whole column of American books. Query.—How many did they sell?

was informed his name was "Bird, a Presbyterian school master." He did not, however, agree that he was a Presbyterian, and said he was as much opposed to the missionaries as I was. He seemed to admire my spirit, and finally we both laughed at the adventure. He was a good looking man, but his coat brought him into the scrape.

Having spoken freely of the degraded situation of the university of Pa. and medical institutions generally, my friends, to immortalize their city beyond doubt, insisted upon my seeing their great medical man, Dr. C. See what it is to be beloved. Dr C. is a great medical lecturer, it appears. I was told that he goes to the lecture room at the appointed hour, daily, with a written speech upon a piece of paper about the size of a man's hand, and standing up, runs it over as fast as his tongue can go. "Wa, wa, wa," makes his bow, [I doubt this part of it] and withdraws, for which he gets some thousands of dollars annually. This is as bad as the missionaries. But the doctor; his name is on his door in letters, as large as one's finger, I knocked, it was opened by a student, I was shown into the Doctor. The interior of the house, (though it looked well out side) gave me the blues, but the sight of the doctor gave me the *blacks*. He could be worshipped with safety, as there is not his likeness in the shape of any thing in creation, mentioned in second commandment. He was dressed in a round-a-bout, white flannel wrapper, [he must be the greatest miser in the world] about as long as his vest; he appeared as he sat, to be a low man, and ill-shaped; his back was toward me, and he seemed to be engaged in writing. But do not immagine he turned round or took his head from the paper, or asked me to sit down or any thing like civility. But when I announced myself by name, he replied in a tone as surly as the growl of a bear. "I have heard of you." I moved round, to get a sight of his medical face, which I could compare to nothing but the but-end of a white-oak. Thus ended my interview with Dr. C. the greatest boor in the city.

Upon my return, I called to see my friend of old, Neal, the hat merchant. As I have observed, this man, since I first saw him, has joined the missionaries. But I was amply compensated in meeting at his store, Mr. George Bond, a warm-hearted, generous yankee; a young and most amiable man—he is rather small, with a good fair face, blue eye, and very benevolent countenance.

Having for some time observed the *Reformer* without ever having seen the Editor, I determined, though some distance from my boarding house, to see him before I left the city. His office and dwelling is 290, North Third st. and his name is T. R. Gates. Mr. Gates and myself had long been acquainted, had long corresponded, and a mutual friendship had long existed between us; the pleasure of the interview may, therefore, be easily guessed. Had I not been certain of the contrary, I should have taken Mr. Gates for a religious character, which has now become disgraceful. His countenance would, at first sight, lead to the impression, as it is beyond all comparison solemn; but a word or two is enough to show Mr. G. what he is, a bold, fearless, and unwearied philanthropist, and like myself, of no sect nor party. I find that this sectarianism is about to produce another REFORMATION, which promises the happiest consequences to mankind, and nothing could have brought about so happy an event in so short a time, but the wisdom of our laws, which gave every one the privilege of being a fool or a wise man; a hypocrite in black, or a hypocrite in lawn; in a broad, red, gin-face, or a long black face, in a camp-meeting of Methodists, or a four day's meeting of Presbyterians, or in all the various ways sought out by narrow-hearted, narrow-minded, ignorant sects. By giving them the rope, the next thing will be, that fanaticism, bigotry, religious robbers, and religious thieves, will be seen kicking in the air. For having got to the end of the rope, they will certainly, like all deranged people, either hang themselves with it or somebody else; their last lesson in *religion* will be the use of the holy rope.

But I was going to observe to others what I have long observed myself, and the enlightened part of the world must have observed the same thing, that when man or

woman says, "I am a Baptist, or Quaker, Methodist," or any religious name, such person only says in so many words, "I am a knave, and have just put on the cloak of this sect to hide it." "Oh Mrs. R. I an't a Presbyterian, I'm a Methodist"—another, "I'm an Episcopalian, Mrs. R. don't you like them?" I always set such people down as void of honor, religion and virtue, as it is too much like the boasting of the hypocrites and Pharisees of old; you never hear an honest or virtuous man or woman say, "I am a Methodist, a Baptist, Presbyterian, or any thing else. Why should they? if they are truly good, they will keep it to themselves. It has just the same weight with people of sense, as if a man were to say, "I am an honest man," or a woman would say "I am a virtuous woman." Why ought a *christian*, or any good man to tie himself down to any sect, to any church, or any priest? I answer, no good man, or real christain does. Whoever does so, is neither a good man nor a christian, as both love all mankind—If they do not, they are neither good christians nor good men.

Mr. Gates and myself participated in those feelings which spring from uninterested actions, and congratulated each other upon the good, however small, our feeble talents had been the means of effecting. "Go on," said he, "Mrs. R. go on, you are doing good, your writings are often attacked by bitter, designing men—so much the better, this proves their usefulness. If they were milk and water-works no body would mind them; these bitter pieces only adds to your popularity. They served me the same way, and are still belching out bitterness against me, but this I like, it is a good sign to see them wince." Mr. G. as I have remarked in the 3d vol. Black book, said he made nothing more than enough to keep him from starving, nor did he write for gain—and that the generosity (as it is with myself) of some made amends for the niggardlyness of others." Mr. G. is a man of mild manners, and conversation—hardly comfortable in his dwelling. No children; but an amiable wife, just like himself, as plain and smooth as the unruffled sea. Mr. G. is of middling height, slender make, and in the prime of

life—his face is the most singular I ever saw; being dark, and one-third at least, forehead; the only living likeness I ever saw of Shakespear. His countenance is grave and sensible, and his eye large, very black, and steady.

The time now drew near for my departure, and of course, I had to hurry through my business; but willing to see as much as possible of the city; upon taking leave of Mr. G. I inquired "who lived in the street, worth calling upon," and particularly the name of the proprietor of a large store, over the way? He informed me that one Mr. "Robert Tindale," a wealthy China merchant, lived No. 10, same street, who would doubtless, patronize me, and the name of the man across the street was "Mitch—n." I waited on the latter, who proved to be a low Englishman, and had grown rich in our country. He was, as might be expected, a real hog in human shape. A real ard heg heater. I waited on Tindale—no better. I proceeded to Mr Grigg's, took leave of him, and laughed at the Ewe tavern over the way, which has become very musical, to charm the *men*, doubtless, as they are not fond of women. I was much pleased to find my friend Grigg doing a handsome business; filling orders from every part of the Union, and all his clerks engaged—may he continue to prosper.

Leaving him, I called on two missionary book-sellers on the way, and gave them my advice and blessing. Then to Mr. Leval's to take my leave; as I drew near, I saw Walsh pop out of Leval's and dart like lightning down the street.

I have often repeated the name of *Leval*, latterly, a gentleman who has an extensive assortment of French and Spanish books, and likewise, of other nations. He is also, friendly to American works; and one of the most accommodating and genteel book-sellers in the place. He is a native of France, though he has been many years in this country, and is patronized by all the respectable foreigners, who visit Philadelphia. His being the great market of foreign books, of which he makes large importations. Mr. L. is of middle age, remarkably tall, and rather spare; he is a gentleman of taste and science,

very affable and obliging in his manners, and has a great fund of wit and anecdote. In short, I do not know a more pleasant companion, or a more worthy man than John Leval, Esq. of Philadelphia.

I had as yet seen but a few of my friends the editors, and learning two of them were near Mr. L's store, (which is in Chesnut near 4th st. a little back, I hastened to pay my respects to Mr. Atkinson, Editor of the Evening Post, and the Editor of the Chronicle Mr. A. is below stairs and the Chronicle above. Atkinson is a small, but noble, good-hearted man, quite a gentleman, easy and friendly in his manners. I was much struck with the reception I met with from him, and must say that he gained much upon my esteem. I was also much pleased as I was glad to see the Editor of the Chronicle, and mutual congratulations were interchanged between us.

Shortly after this, however, I saw a very bitter and ungentlemanly article in the Chronicle, against myself, which, and another in the Ariel, I ascribed to my friend Walsh, as no other, except a missionary, would be guilty of such meanness and falsehood.

These gentlemen have their office in a court, at the end of which stands a large building. In the upper story of this building is kept one of the *best* schools in Philadelphia. The teacher, whose name I do not know, is a very amiable, worthy man. There is also a good female school kept in Philadelphia, and I think, by an English gentleman. But he was not in, nor do I recollect the street.

But I must not forget *John Bull*, of the fancy store in Chesnut, near 3d st. He has an elegant assortment, and the handsomest wife of any man in Philadelphia, and he the greatest hog except one. His wife bought a book, and was much pleased to get it, but the brute, her husband, took it from her and handed it back to me. I pitied the lady—she is a most beautiful creature.

My friends, the Messrs. Ingersolls, were not so friendly and affable as heretofore. I was pleased, however, for their former kindness, to find them well.

But one of my greatest favorites, the amiable Mr. *McAlpin*, I was sorry not to find at home. He had left orders, however, with his family for my reception, should I call—(few men would have thought of it.) Mr. McAlpin lives in Chesnut st. next door to Mathew Carey, Esq. He was one, and the only one beside the Yankees, who providentially saved me from perishing in Philadelphia, when I wrote the Sketches. He is a Scotch gentleman, of much taste and wealth, and one of the best men living.

Not forgetful of the editors, and being, as it will be seen, of no sect nor party, I could not slight a single one, and, though late, called upon *Poulson*, of the Daily. He is always polite and, for one thing, has a handsome patronage. Proceeding on, as I had heard much of the celebrated Mr. *Binns*, I called to see what sort of an animal he was. Binns was not a bad-looking man, and I asked him, "how he came to publish these coffin handbills, and if he did not expect to be hung." "Oh! no—Mrs. R. you must put in a word for me. Your word, you know, goes a great way." "But, you thief, you are so bad, what can I say in your defence? They will hang me too. I could forgive you myself if it were not for the handbills." Binns laughed it off and I left him in high spirits.

The next morning, having still a few unfinished calls. I waited on my much esteemed friend of the *Album*, but found him no longer the Editor, nor could I learn what had become of him. The present editor, however, was a good looking, though a very young man. From there I walked to Hon. *John Sergeant*—he was the same kind friend and gentleman as ever. I lament the absence of Hon. *D. Miller*, which deprived me of the pleasure of seeing him. Turning toward the west, in passing by a door, I saw "Dr. *Rush*," and recollecting Dr. James Rush had a younger brother, also a Doctor, I concluded it must be him, and so it proved. He soon appeared—one of the finest men in the world. He was precisely like our backwoods gentlemen, plain, generous and perfect nature. He said, "he had none of those high advantages

of his brothers, nor did he assume any eclat or parade of learning and polish. He was a right down plain man, and people must take him as he was;" and I must say I was charmed with his candor and honest frankness, besides a free manner of expression, which always evinces good sense and good nature. He is the most artless man, in his manners, in the city, and quite a young man. His features have some resemblance to the Secretary's.

Turning up by the library, I was struck by the name of *Peters*, on a door, and thinking it must be a relation of my friend Judge Peters, of steamboat memory, I stepped in to knock up an acquaintance. I was, however, much disappointed, the Peters within, having none of the blue-skin blood in his vains. "Ah, Mrs. R. said he, "you slighted us all at Washington; I attend the supreme court and never saw you there, I am much mortified that you nevér call, and I am sure the judges are too." Oh the flatterer! but lawyers will say any thing; for a lawyer he was.

It appears he reports the proceedings of the Supreme Court of the U. S. and is doubtless a man of science and talent. Pleased with his manners, I seated myself and opened the battery upon him, for want of maps and books descriptive of his state; I had been on the hunt of a travelling map, and some sort of a book to serve as a guide in my intended travel, and finally told him "I did not believe there was a map in the city." He jumped up, and running to a corner of the room, jerked up a map, and unrolling it hastily, said, "you shall not go away and say we had not a map in the city." A lucky escape; he saved the honor of Philadelphia.

I was much pleased with Mr. Peters, he is a gentleman of specious manners, agecable and facetious, and very lively and familiar; he is a tall, young looking man, and a good figure; his face is oval, and rather wan, with a large, winning black eye. His hair is red, golden (I mean) which he turns up in front.

I have since seen by the papers, he intends publishing the reports of the Supreme court. If he sends Walsh a

copy, and puts the books into Carey, Lea &Carey's book-store, get Littell to advertise; his fortune is made at once.

I could not take leave of Philadelphia without calling upon my highly esteemed friend, the elder Wm. *Duane*, at the corner of Sixth and Elizabeth street. I found him well, and walking to and fro before his little office. He looked disconsolate and thoughtful, but assumed a smile as I approached him. He was doubtless walking the pavement to warm himself, as the morning was cold, and I being in pain from my lameness and incessant walking, we stepped into the office and sat down and condoled with each other in our reverse of fortune. He in a little dirty police office, pocketing fippenny-bits, and eleven-penny bits. I trudging through towns, and travelling in hard going stages, and sometimes pocketing a dollar, and sometimes an afront. But we comforted ourselves that the world was unworthy of us, and we would soon spite it by leaving it. As he is a good writer, I advised him to take up his pen again. But he shook his head. His daily labor commencing, I pressed his hand perhaps for the last time, and left him.

On my return, I called in for the first time, at the theatre, but found no one in who had politeness enough to show it to me. Passing by the *Sheriff's* office, I called in to see him and the clerks; they are old acquaintances, and very pleasant men, though they are never able to buy a book; I wish the Corporation would raise their wages, it would be a good thing for them and me too. They were exulting in their success in electing a new Mayor. It appears they elected the Jackson candidate, but I must say the old mayor was an amiable man, and a man of elegant manners. I did not see the new Mayor, and lament I had not time to call on the ex-mayor, always a friend to me.

It appears I have mentioned all that occurs to me on this visit, excepting the new Post Master. He seemed to be a very good man, and I should think the choice well-judged. He has moved the Post Office on the opposite side of the street, and higher up—before the door

of Mr. Leval. Near this office there is a music store; I do not know the names of the proprietors, but they are excellent men, and have a large assortment.

Do not imagine I forgot to see my friends, Capt. Stanley and Mr. Dick; found them well, and Mr. Dick, as much opposed to priest-craft as ever. Mrs. D. took upon her to have my winter clothes made, which relieved me from a great deal of trouble.

I find the name of Mr. Thomas Fitch, cashier of the Mechanics' bank, in several of my notes, doubtless handed me by different friends, but it does not appear from them that I called on, or saw him. I also sought in vain for Messrs. *Degrand* and *Lawret*, old and worthy friends. Counsellor *Duponso*, I had the pleasure to see at Baltimore, and for want of time was forced to deny myself the pleasure of seeing him again, though he had, as he informed me, received a letter from General Lafayette, in which the General was pleased to bestow some kind remarks on myself. This proves the great sacrifices I make to do justice to the public. Nor had I time or opportunity to pay my respects to Dr. P——c, or Dr. Ely,* a greater misfortune still!!! It is more than probable I could have been of some service in aiding this "good sound Presbyterian" at the "Polls, *to govern* every election in our country." But I have something else to do besides aiding Dr. Ely, unless it were to the fate of Haman.

I find one "Mahlon Gillingham," in my notes, with the fatal mark, that is four naughts. He appears to have lived in Market above 3d st. and is described as "a tall, pale-faced fellow." But I have no exact recollection of my crow with him. I suspect he must be one of the "good sound Presbyterians."

Dr. Parish, of Arch above 3d st. was highly spoken of "a good sound Quaker." I recollect him very well—he has the same mark, and I should rank him among the

*Since I returned to Washington, about the inauguration of President Jackson, Dr. Ely came on, doubtless to feel the pulse of the new President upon the subject of *church* and *state*. But finding his mistake, hung his head, and went off sick at the heart. Query, did he tell the President that he shut his door on me when in distress, when I called on him for relief.

least and last men in Philadelphia. I am astonished that for years people cannot find out what I do in two or three minutes. I think I ought to have a patent right for my sagacity.

I cannot couclude my remarks on the city without dropping a word upon the amiable Rev. Hurley, a Roman Catholic priest, (this is my priest,) of 4th st.—he was one of the good Samaritans when I was in distress in Philadelphia, of course I did not forget to call and thank him for his uninterested kindness. In the run of our conversation I asked him "how he came so readily and promptly to aid a total stranger, which numbers refused, and what opinion he formed of me at the time? Did you not, sir, take me for an impostor, and consider me, (as I was not of your religion) an intruder?" "I can just remember that an elderly female called on me and repeated she was a stranger in the city and in distress. God forbid I should deny relief to a fellow creature let them be of what sect they may." This is the language of a Christian. But you have so many calls, your sect is so charitable, that I have often wondered how you manage to relieve so many out of your limited means, and yet I always find you contribute cheerfully." "That is what we profess, Mrs. R. *Charity*, and we give away all we have; I lay up nothing, I give away my whole income to the poor of all sects, and I am much pleased to find I was the means of aiding you as you say, but I never thought of it since. I would say to the "good sound Presbyterians" go and do likewise. Mr. Hurley is one of the most accomplished gentlemen in the city. May Heaven reward him for his kindness! I have ever found the Roman Catholic clergy the most feeling and benevolent of all the sects in our country.

I perceive very little difference in the improvements in Philadelphia since I published the Sketches. The new State Prison and an enlargement of Fair Mount water works is all worth naming, if we except the Arcade. The market has increased considerably as to the articles exhibited for sale, and instead of one, is now two miles in length.

But the market house is not extended beyond what it then was, which is one mile—but the market is continued, in carts and waggons, the whole length of the street.

There is another extensive market-house, in the southern part of the city, which I did not visit.

In other respects Philadelphia has fallen behind—the effect these pestilential societies of "sound Presbyterians," who have, as they say themselves, forced out of circulation (in the schools) all books of knowledge, and substituted, in their stead, shiploads of trash that would disgrace a Hindoo city. They say boldly that "they feel no hesitation in *dictating* to the consciences of thousands." A few years back this would have been considered treason and those who uttered it hung, but I have not time to follow them. I hope the good sense of the people may work out their salvation.*

Philadelphia exhibits, in the general, a very different appearance from all our other great towns, presenting a much greater variety of the human species. It would seem that the *lame*, the *blind* and *diseased* of all nations flock to Philadelphia. In walking the streets you meet some with one arm, others with one eye, some with no eyes, some limping, some with wooden legs, some with long legs and short bodies, others with long bodies and short legs, some reel footed, some club footed, others with long noses and some without any, some with black patches on the nose, while others have the patch upon the mouth, lip or cheek. Here a Bolivar with a forest or flower garden on the top, there a little scooped out thing called a bonnet, then the high-crowned dandy hat, and next the broad brim, and every variety of cloth, cut and color.

But the most amusing part is what is called the Jersey market. That part of the market-house next to the Delaware is called the New Jersey Market, as it is chiefly

*I have this moment received a letter from a gentleman in Harrisburg, Pa. wherein he says that "R. M. Johnson's report is a complete damper to the sound Presbyterians, and is considered equal to the Declaration of Independence."---Good!

occupied by people from that state. On the great market days (which is twice in the week) toward the afternoon, the New-Jersey women exhibit a rare show. They are mostly great overgrown, shapeless women, who love a drop of the comfortable, and by that time, are all pretty well *corned*, as they call it, and sit fast a sleep in their stalls. This being harvest time for the plunderers, wags, thieves, and saucy children, will walk through the market and rob the old women of their fruit, cakes, nuts, or whatever they may have. Some times Mrs. Red Face will wake up and catch them, and the plunderer takes to his heels, while old Mrs. Lovedram makes a direful sputtering, and sets the neighborhood in a roar. These females are a great curiosity, being rather thicker than long, and their faces like lady moon at the full.

But there is another show in Philadelphia, which combines a little of the terrible; this is the practice of young gentlemen and boys, rolling hoops on the pavements. Armies of these almost grown men, take possession of the side walks, and drive the people into the open street. Every stranger's shins can testify this. I presume this is the effect of the "Sunday School Union books," and "good sound Presbyterians" together. It is the only city where young gentlemen roll hoops.

*Strawberry Alley*, my favorite spot, at the old stand, I put up again. I found a new but kind obliging Landlord. He was very particular, however, to make a bargain, a sign of an honest man. I always visit this house with the same pleasure I would a friend of my youth. Though I suffered much in this house, it is on this account still dear to me. It being the first house I entered in Philadelphia. It has a sweet soothing association within it, which I feel in no other house. It is the sign of the "Horse and Groom" and was then kept by an Irishman, by the name of M'Carty, a very kind and amiable man. His wife and her sister Miss Hetty, appertained to one of the first families in Pennsylvania.

Such were my limited means of subsistance at that time, that had I not met with this humane family, (all Roman

Catholics) I must have perished, having but a few cents when I arrived in Philadelphia. My exertions to complete my description of the city (published in the Sketches) were such, that I walked the streets from early in the morning till dark, and often long after.* But not being accustomed to the hard pavement, my feet the first day, became very sore, and much swelled—I was so much fatigued that I was unable to undress. Mrs. M'Carty very kindly pulled off my shoes and stockings, as I lay on the bed, and bathed my feet with gin or some sort of spirits. The next morning, though they felt very sore at first, when warmed by walking they ceased to be painful.

This day, however, the skin broke on my heels, and the blood began to ooze through the stockings, but I felt no pain till the next morning, upon attempting to walk, the bottom of my feet were prodigiously sore and painful, and my feet swelled, but not so as to prevent wearing my shoes. Not wishing to trouble strangers, I said very little to the family, lest they might have dissuaded me to desist, and regardless of the pain I set out again. And as on the previous day after walking half an hour, I felt quite comfortable, particularly when I walked fast. But when I stopped, as I often did, they were very sore and painful. This day my labour was excessive, I walked first to the centre square, then to Schuylkill bridge, and from thence to Fair Mount water works,† which, and the various diversions, on my return must have been eight miles at least, perhaps more. This day the skin of my toes bursted, that on my heels were completely rubbed off, and both bled freely. The blood running through my shoes could be traced on the pavement. I felt very little pain, however, but being faint and weary threw myself on the bed after taking a cup of tea, without undressing

*I am yet unable to hire a hack in Philadelphia, as the Corporation leave strangers to the mercy of beastly hack drivers to charge what they please. There appears no longer to exist any thing like a police in Philadelphia.

†Water works is three miles in a direct line from the place where I set out.

or taking off shoes or stockings. Next morning the shoes, stockings, and feet, were all glued fast together by the blood! But it was Sunday, and I had time to devise ways and means to get them asunder.

I had kept as much of my difficulties as possible, to myself, and was determined to finish what I had began, let my feet suffer as they might. I concluded (and wisely no one will dispute) that I might as well walk to death, as starve to death, and set suffering of all sorts at defiance.

After some time (though I disliked the spirits as it smarted bitterly) by bathing and soaking the wound I separated the shoes from the stockings, but to get the stocking from the raw flesh was no easy matter, and took up several hours The bleeding, however, was, upon the whole, an advantage, as it prevented the swelling and pain. On Monday I set out again, but this day my feet swelled and became so lacerated by the tightness of the shoe, that light as my purse was I was compelled to draw upon it for the amount of a pair of shoes, for which I paid seventy-five cents to Mr. Kelly, corner of Strawberry-alley and Market street. These were of course the lowest quality, and Mr. Kelly, a very good man, doubtless, remembers it well, as I left the bloody shoes in his store and pursued my labors with unshrinking perseverance. Thus I walked and thus I suffered two weeks to a day in Philadelphia.

This was the time I was relieved by Messrs. Badger, Perkins, Neall, M'Calpin, and Rev. Hurly—and this was the time I called upon the Rev. Dr. Ely, so famous in the fourth of July sermon, for relief and was refused. I had received a number of subscribers in Washington city, of whom secretaries Adams and Calhoun were two.* I also procured a few in Baltimore—guess how many I received in Philadelphia? only one! Mr. Darby, the author of the "Emigrant's Guide." I asked but few, however, (though I took the paper sometimes with me) as

*In 1824 I received no money in advance on subscription (nor was it offered to me) but from Mr. and Mrs. Secretary Adams.

my object was to complete my business as quick as possible, and get on to New-York. But hearing that Dr. Ely was a pious christian, and, withal, a man of great wealth, I (of course was ignorant then of the charity and generosity of missionaries) took my subscription-paper with me, expecting that he would either subscribe or grant me other relief. I was informed how to find him, and that his house stood back from the street, in a square, and on his gate, some distance from the house, on the street I would see a large silver plate with "Rev Dr. Stiles Ely" on it in large letters; he copied this from St. Paul or St. Peter, or some of the Apostles of course. I found the gate, and the silver plate—the big letters—the big house—and the BIG man—christian I mean. The big door was open, and in a splendid passage were a few seats very tempting to a person dropping with fatigue. I did not, however, sit down, or approach nearer than the door, at which I knocked. After some time the doctor appeared and I briefly repeated my business—and though he saw I was sinking from fatigue, he turned off short and said he was engaged: even one minute's rest on one of the seats would at that time have been a greater benefit to me than ten dollars; but the savage—he convert the heathen! he might cut christians throats, or hang them! but as for heathens I would go no farther than himself if I was upon the hunt of one. This is the monster who talks so much of "kissing the Son," in his fourth of July sermon, and has the impudence to dictate to our Presidents what they must say in their messages, viz: "that they are christians," such as he is, and that "they preferred a christian temple, to a Socinian conventicle;" the daring traitor. The whole of this fourth of July sermon is treason from beginning to end, and the time was when any man who would utter such treason in our country would be strung up.

At this time I subsisted on a cup of coffee in the morning, and a cup of tea at night; for though I was furnished with bread and meat, from my weariness and fatigue, I was not able to eat, and for 32 hours of the time, I subsisted upon 4 cents!

I had nothing but a thin dress at the time, (middle of Nov.) and not a vestige of cloak, over-coat or any thing but a half-worn shawl, bestowed to me by Mrs. Adams. But what astonished me was, that I walked with so much ease and felt so little pain from the shocking situation of my feet.*

I called on the lodges of Philadelphia, and after being on my feet from morning till night; walked nearly a mile after night, and after waiting till 10 o'clock, and often till the lodges would rise, never received one cent! I do not however charge this upon the lodges, but upon the *Tyler*, a brute who took some offence at me, and never, (as I suspect) submitted my papers. I am induced to this belief from his insolence to me, and detention of my papers, which he refused to deliver back till I had to complain to the grand master. I think, but am not positive, his name was Snyder. I am astonished that any lodge would retain such a brute, he ought to have been expelled for his conduct to me, and doubtless he has treated many a mason's widow in the same manner, he would not be retained in any place but Philadelphia. All those who contributed to my relief, however, and which I have often mentioned, were masons. Mr. Kelly, of the shoe store gave me a trifle, also a Jew, both masons. But when about to leave Philadelphia, I still lacked 50 cents of the fare to New York, which was only two dollars. I was to depart before day on Monday, and the Sunday previous I walked the streets nearly the whole day, soliciting of every one I met. Some would give me a few cents, and some hundreds refused even that. It was on this day I became disgusted so completely with the Quakers. The Jew, who I have mentioned, a very fine man, and one who might teach the "good sound "Presbyterian," Dr. Ely, a lesson—directed me to several whom he knew to be masons, and in particular to a Quaker, who was a master. But he ordered me to begone in the most brutal language. In justice to Philadelphia, he and the tyler were the only persons who treated me harshly.

*The Godly people, hypocrites I always mean, would say "it was the Lord's doings," and strongly suspect so myself, to give them their due.

I had almost over-looked the Episcopalian priest, of the great chiming church; he gave me about as much as Dr. Ely! It is a great pity there is not a law passed to send every hypocritical priest to the work-house—many a better man is sent there. Had they dropped me a word of pity or consolation they would have saved their character. Had they said, "we are sorry for you, and wish it was in our power to aid you," they would have acted like men. But they behaved like *pirates*, perfect wild beasts; what can we think of such men? are they christians? But what can we think of those besotted fools who sit for hours to hear such Barbarians blaspheme their Maker by preaching? As I have often said, if there be a hell, there will be more preachers in it than any other class of men.

From this short sketch of my sufferings and privations in Philadelphia, to say nothing of what I suffered from cold, hunger, insults, and fatigue, from the time I entered Alexandria till the publication of my Sketches—taking into view my sex, my advanced age, my being a total stranger, my ignorance of the usages and manners of the Atlantic people—when we reflect upon all this, and compare it with my present situation, it proves what industry and perseverance can accomplish, when guided by virtue and sustained by independence. It is next to raising the dead, when we consider the host of wicked and powerful enemies I had to contend with—I mean the missionaries and tory booksellers. True, the masons and the editors were my staunch friends, and to them be the honor; but had I been a poor pusillanimous wretch, I should, with all their tenderness and care, have been wrecked upon the first quicksand.

### HISTORY.

I have given a minute history of Philadelphia in my Sketches; nor would it be interesting to be always repeating what every one knows, that it was settled by Wm. Penn; and not only Philadelphia but the whole

state of Pennsylvania, it appears, was for a long time the property of the Penns, who were called proprietors.

The date of the first charter to Wm. Penn, is 1681. The charter of the city of Philadelphia, is dated October 25th, 1701.

The discendants of Penn, and even Penn himself, became very unpopular with the people: the cause of which was an unwarrantable assumption of power, and selling the lands to the settlers at exhorbitant prices. Penn, as well as his descendants and successors, united the advantage of Governor with that of *Proprietory*, so called, as they alone, had the power or right to purchace lands of the Indians. These lands, they bought for trifles, and sold at shameful exhorbitant prices to the poor. In Dr. Franklin's view of the history and government of Pennsylvania, we find an estimate without date, of Thomas Penn, (who died in 1771) of the rents and value of the estate of the Penns, viz. ten million pounds sterling!! Besides a great quantity of the best lands of the province reserved to themselves: the fixed price of lands to settlers was fifteen pounds ten shillings per hundred acres, and four shillings and two pence, quit-rents, *sterling money!* They must have been hopeful converts too. The conduct of all those proprietors was arbitrary, selfish and unwarrantable encroachment upon the rights of the people, which were firmly and manfully opposed by the Assemblies, who being jealous of their rights, kept a watchful eye over these governors, who were mostly the proprietors or in their interest.

It is truly honorable to the people of Pennsylvania, that they boldly opposed those hypocritical Tyrants, and preserved their charter, though at the expense of incessant and unceasing disputes, till the revolution, when the people formed a republican government, from which those lordly tyrants were excluded.

The conduct of Penn and his successors proves how dangerous power is to liberty. This man, at first mild and honest, when he acquired unlimited power and entire possession of a fertile country, became a sly de-

signing hypocrite, intent upon nothing but filling his coffers, and his descendants became possessed of immense wealth.

But scarcely any one will believe that no history of Pennsylvania has ever been written, excepting a few disputes between the governors and people, collected by Dr. Franklin, previous to the revolution. Nothing that can be called a history of Pennsylvania exists!! This is the effect of tory booksellers. British gold, British-book pedlars and an unpardonable neglect of learning and genius. Amongst the number of eminent writers this great state has produced, it appears not one of them has favored us with the history of this interesting state. This is shameful, and a great reproach to the people. No one however, can be at a loss to account for this, when we look at the able support and the universal applause hitherto bestowed on such men as Walsh. "But Mrs. R. you must allow he is a fine writer." I allow no such thing, he is a prolix frothy fool, who does not wish to be understood by common people, nor does he write at all for the benefit, amusement, or instruction of his country. Compare his far fetched, bombastical style and splendid nonsense with Doctor Franklin's; the improvement of his own country never enters his head; which of the common people reads his dry review? what benefit would they derive from it, if they did? But it is not intended for their benefit, it is merely meant to show off his vanity; if he is so fine a writer, and is not a traitor, why has he not written the history of Pennsylvania? so much wanted.* I have hunted till I am weary

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I this moment received a letter from the famous town of Snags--Burlington, Vt. and as the public seem to take particular interest in all my relations to that place, I hasten to lay the letter before the public without apology, particularly as it is the best illustration of a subject so often deplored and so deeply felt, I mean the treachery of booksellers. From the uncommon venom and vulgarity of the style, I would suspect the writer belongs to the "good sound Presbyterian" class. Last fall I consulted (by means of a letter) my friend Col. Walton, of Montpelier, Vt. upon a proper person to whom I might consign a few books, intended for my friends in that state; Col. W. recommended me to Chauncey Goodrich, adding, that he, Mr. G.

and can find no publication containing a regular history of Pennsylvania, which I regret exceedingly, as I always add the history of every town I visit, if possible.

Having concluded my remarks on Philadelphia, I subjoin the amount coined at the mint.

For the year ending 31st Dec, 1827.

The gold coined, was

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Quarter Eagles, | 2,800 | $131,565.00 |
| Half Eagles, | 24,903 | |
| Silver | | |
| Dimes, | 1,215,000 | $2,869,200.00 |
| Quarter Dollars, | 44,000 | |
| Half Dollars, | 5,493,400 | |

Year ending 31 Dec. 1828.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Of Gold | 28,029 pieces | making | 140,145.00 |
| Silver, | 3,302,200 do | do | 1,575 600.00 |
| Copper, | 2 866,624 do | do | 25,636 24 |
| | | | $1,741,381.24 |

Of the Gold abovementioned, $46,000 were received from North Carolina.

JOURNEY TO EASTON.

Upon consulting my friends respecting my tour, the principal objects being submitted, it was determined I should go direct to Easton, particularly as I obstinately refused to give up Mauch Chunk, so famous for its wild

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would attend to it with pleasure, and the books were accordingly sent. Not long since I addressed a letter to Mr. Goodrich, respecting the books and received the follow-ing letter, which I insert verbatum without comment.

"Burlington, March 21, 1829.

"To Mrs. Anne Royall:

"Your letter of the 5th received, also some books last fall. The books will not sell here, and as they have never been ordered by me, of course all charges of freight, storage and postage are charged to them. Wish you to send no more, and have some one take what have already been sent, and pay expenses.

CHAUNCEY GOODRICH."

This fellow must be full cousin to Hecock. Burlington ought to have a patent right too, for converting the heathen. Give them more rope.

scenery. Most of my friends said it was a remote place; rough road—on the verge of the state—greatly out of my way—and what is my way if it be not to see the country?—and Mauch Chunk, of which I had heard so much, became the pivot of my tour, in spite of the bad-roads and out of the ways.

Fortunately the evening preceding my departure, I met with a Mr. Hewit, whom I had often seen before; he also being a tourist. Mr. Hewit very politely furnished me with a travelling map, and other useful direction, in which the towns, distances, mountains, rivers, &c. were accurately marked. Mr. Hewit publishes a very useful monthly Journal, of roads, distances, post offices, Newspapers, editors, &c. &c. and makes frequent tours through the United States for the purpose. He is also a good and professed teacher of Penmanship, and quite an intelligent useful man—I have met with him in various parts of the United States, on this business.

Thus prepared, on the evening of the 13th October, 1828, I sent my trunks to the stage office, kept at Rotterdam hotel, 124, North Fourth street, and engaged a seat in the stage to Easton, 75 miles from Philadelphia, through in one day, fare $3 The ensuing day, 14th, was the day appointed for the Presidential election in Philadelphia, and throughout the state, (if I am not mistaken) so at six o'clock I made my escape.

It was just dawning when I arrived at the stage office, but the door being still shut, and no stage in readiness, I took a seat with an elderly female, upon the piaza before the door. The lady it appeared was going in the same coach, and had arrived at the office a few minutes before me, I discovered she was an old maid at first sight—and though rather prejudiced against old maids, as we were to be fellow travellers, I struck up an acquaintance, and in about two minutes time I discovered what nine times out of ten always happens, which was, that my coach-mate was a missionary. Poor thing, she had a hard time of it, for of all classes, I have the least kindness for those sort of women. She would have been agreeable, had she not been a priest-lover; she had a pleasing counte

nance, though an ignorant woman of course. But when she said "she loved good people"—meaning the priests, doubtless, it sickened me. What thanks have we if we love one another? we are commanded to love our enemies. The heathen; just as I had opened the battery upon her, to her great relief the stage arrived, the door opened, and my trunks being produced, we rattled away up North Fourth street, into the old York road.

We took in an indifferent, foppish young man at the stage-house, who, and our two selves, completed the number of passengers. The old maid made a shabby appearance—no wonder, when she must support pious young men—she an old woman!

She wore an old scooped black leghorn on her head, a rusty old black cloth shawl round her shoulders, an old two parts worn bombazett, I believe though I am not acquainted with fashionable names. She was lean, crooked and *stoop* shouldered—her face was long (I never saw a round faced missionary yet) and wrinkled—her cheek was shrunken and her complexion yellow. The coach was open in front—now I think of it, it must have been a stage waggon all the time. The morning was cold and raw, the wind blew a gale—the old maid shivered with cold, and pity her I did. I had seen the time when I too was without a cloak. But that time is past, nor did I work for Missionaries. I was now well wrapped up with a new cloak and warm shawls, which caused me to feel the more for the old maid. She had no baggage but a bag about the size of our old go-to-mill bags, which, like herself, was threadbare. It was very white and clean, however, and was about two-thirds full of something which I took to be clothing, though it might have been tracts. When I saw her shaking with cold [now any man that would take a cent from this poor silly woman ought to be tried for his life] I asked her if she had nothing in the *bag* that she could have temporary recourse to to defend her from the cold? but she never agreed she was cold at all.

While I was endeavoring to put priests and missionaries out of the old maid's head, and quoting a text of

scripture that "he [or she] that neglects his own house is worse than an infidel," the driver stopped at a tavern to water, when the silly young man in the stage, finding I did not think him worth speaking to, took upon himself, with sermonising look, to take the lady's part, and spoke rather abruptly. When the old maid found she was backed by the young man, and finding herself, as she thought, supported by the appearance of two or three good-looking men, who were walking to and fro on the porch, she spoke up pretty pert, as if to induce the people on the porch to listen: "She had never seen or heard any thing like this before in her life and had never travelled with such a woman." The first time I ever knew a missionary to tell truth—I laughed at the remark and said she had doubtless told truth for once. But as for the man, I told him "If he addressed any of his impertinence to me I would have him arrested upon the spot." One of the men on the porch, who seemed to be the master of the tavern, addressing himself to me asked "what was the matter," without paying the least attention at all to the other two. "Oh, nothing," said I, "I just happen to be travelling with a couple of Dr. Ely's church and state folks." "Ah!" said the man, "they come to the wrong place to complain. They and Dr. E. both ought to be hung, and all such people. None of your Sunday School Union folks for me. I hold with no such doings. I join you—you must be one on the right side." The old maid was in the act of getting out, I suspect to warm, but when she heard how matters stood she slipped back on her seat, and looked what she was —a poor hypocrite, who would just as soon have twisted my neck as she would that of a chicken, had she found a missionary to protect her. She would doubtless have said or sworn any thing to these men had they belonged to her class. The men were plain, honest, farmer-looking Germans, whose sensible independence inspired me with a good opinion of the country. I heard more independence from these men, and saw more of it in their countenance than I had witnessed since I left the western country. I was truly astonished, and began to love

Pennsylvania. The young man was completely frightened into silence and, with the woman, squeezed himself up in one corner of the stage as though I had been an alligator, and they were not far wrong. I am always ready to snap off the head of a missionary since their attempt to convert me in Vermont.

We breakfasted at the *Willow Grove*, that is the young man and myself, but the old maid was so afraid of spending a cent, if she had one, that she would not come into the breakfast room to warm herself, but sat in the bar-room in the cold. I may be mistaken, but I thought I saw the bar-keeper making *sling*. I solicited her strongly and kindly to take breakfast, and would cheerfully have paid for it, but she steadily refused.

We had an excellent breakfast and the charge low, the people who kept the house were Quakers, and appeared to be deserving people, and the house neat and comfortable. I was much pleased with the females, of whom there were several.

About one o'clock the old maid called to the driver to stop, and she got out in a lane and taking her bag under her arm, bid me good bye, saying I was "rid of her company for that time." I thanked her and the driver proceeded.

Meantime the young man, finding he was still alive, ventured to tell me he "was a citizen of the western part of New-York, that he had no concern with tracts or missionaries, that he had purchased a drove of hogs which were to meet him a few miles further on, at which place he also was to quit the stage, which accordingly he did."

The road, shortly after leaving Philadelphia, became rough and hilly and the land rather thin, but the farms were well cultivated and in neat order. We crossed a handsome little stream in the forenoon, but they could not tell me the name of it. We also passed through Doylestown, a considerable village or borough, as the small towns are called in Pennsylvania. Doylestown is the seat of justice for Bucks county. I was much disappointed in passing through Bucks, being told it was the richest county of land in the state. I saw but little good

land, however, but it appears the road passes through the poorest part of Bucks.

We passed through several little towns, all of which had a Jackson hickory pole with national flags flying and the words "Jackson and Liberty," in large letters. These poles were of amazing height. These, with the tavern signs served to enliven the country. Of all countries for taverns and tavern-signs it exceeds—sometimes lions grinning frightfully at you, and then the eagles seemed ready to pick out your eyes; bears and turks heads, I cannot tell how many. The great stone barns and stone houses, all show comfort and independence.

I was unfortunate in my last driver, he was drunk when he took possession of the stage and horses, and not content with that, he stopped at gvery grog house and tavern to get more. I at length threatened to get out of the stage, and also threatened him with prosecution. This sobered him for a while. He was very good natured, and I must say drove very well. But he would sometimes lose the command of the horses altogether, drop to sleep and drop the reins. The whole of the way, almost, that fell to his share was very dangerous, particularly when we reached the river Delaware, which we did some miles on this side of Easton. Narrow defiles, and our heads overhung by rocks, and the road almost impassible for these rocks. There was another and a much better road, I was told afterwards, but I heard nothing of it in Philadelphia.

Although I was nearly shaken to pieces, I could not help admiring the man's generosity; he seemed to know every person on the road, nor did he fail to call at every house, "well, when are you coming to see Betsey? come down next Sunday, we will have a turkey, shoat, or something good—come we want to see you, now besure and come, w've got a plenty to eat and drink." The next house it would be the same thing. He appeared to be the most generous man in the world with Betsey and the turkeys. He informed me he had been a stage driver fifteen years, and never had any bad luck but once. We arrived in Easton precisely at sunset!

The approach to the town is very handsome. The bridges, one over the Delaware and one over the Schuylkill, appear to great advantage. The junction of two handsome rivers, the town, which stands partly on an eminence, the public buildings. It was a perfect treat contrasted with the rough, rocking, rolling, running, and I might add, flying and jumping, of the stage, over hills, rocks, and vallies, from six o'clock in the morning, seventy-five miles, 14th of October. This was the hardest day's journey I ever travelled.

This day I enjoyed the novelty of wood land to a greater extent than since I left the western states, as a great part of the land remains to be cleared of the timber.

### EASTON

Is a beautiful town, N. W. from Philadelphia, enviable from its situation on the point of land which lies immediately at the junction of the Delaware and the Lehigh rivers, seventy-five miles from Philadelphia.

It commands an extensive view of these rivers. A very handsome bridge over the Delaware, which appears of vast strength, and also one over the Lehigh. It contains one court house, one county house, one jail, one market house, four churches, two banks, one public library, seven merchant mills, one academy, nine store houses for flour, &c. four oil mills, two saw mills, two breweries, one distillery, and four thousand inhabitants. The town is supplied with excellent spring water, brought one mile through iron pipes.

The court house is a very handsome stone building, and sits on a beautiful square in the centre of the town, the bridge over the Delaware cost $80,000, and for *height*, strength and beauty, is a great curiosity. That over the Lehigh is a chain bridge. The site of the town is level on the point, and for a short distance on the rivers, but rises back upon a considerable eminence which overlooks the rivers and the surrounding hills, by which it is nearly environed. Besides the rivers there is a handsome little stream which forms an angle with the Dela-

ware, into which it empties. This stream is fringed with luxuriant willows, and also has a bridge, and various mills. All these bridges are high from the water. Thus Easton is surrounded on three sides by water.

The principal street is wide and straight, and running from the Delaware bridge through the heart of the town, mounts a lofty eminence which affords a most delightful view, which, though void of fertile lands, is rich in picturesque and variegated scenery.

Easton is on the edge of the state, having only the Delaware between it and New Jersey. The Delaware is about 500 feet wide at this place, very limped and runs swift; so also does the Lehigh 360 feet wide. The junction of the two rivers is a grand display of beauty and water scenery.

Easton has every appearance of becoming one of the first commercial towns in the state, and bids fair to outstrip all her rivals. All the Lehigh coal must pass through Easton. The Lehigh canal, by which this coal is to be transported to Philadelphia and from thence to other places, begins at Easton and extends to the mines at Mauch Chunk, 36 miles from hence. This is called the Lehigh Canal, which, including the cost expended on the Lehigh river is rising $800,000! It has fifty locks! This was done by the enterprising Messrs. *White* & *Hazard*, of "The Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company," at their private expense!! They have also nearly completed a canal from Easton to Bristol, 50 miles, down the Delaware. This, independently of the expense of the rail-road, (also the work of the company,) is certainly without a parallel. And these are the ignorant Germans —something like the Yankees and their molasses. I begin to think these ignorant Germans have a little sound sense and a great deal of sound wealth and judgment with all their ignorance. This coal, called the Lehigh, has already been transported in large quantities to Philadelphia, by the means of boats adapted to the purpose.

I saw great quantities of this coal in heaps about the river banks—also a number of long, flat, shallow boats, laden with coal, lying at the landing. These boats are

like our *flats* or ferry-boats in the western country, excepting that they are twice as long. Those I saw were heavy laden, and appeared to let in the water, as I saw much water distinctly amongst the coal. This, however, might have been rain, as the boats were without covering. The canal, it is said, is nearly finished. This canal communicating with the great Lehigh coal mines, which alone are (from report) of more value than a gold or silver mine, will be the means of enhancing, not only real estate, but other property. Every article of commerce and merchandise will be transported with little cost upon the canal. Easton, therefore, will be the depot for lumber, grain, whiskey, and whatever the farmer makes for market, and merchandise from the seaports will, for the most part, stop at this point.

There is a very striking difference in the manners and appearance of the people (so far) of Pennsylvania and those states I have passed through, but I ought not (were it not my practice) to draw a comparison till I had seen more of the state, as the best is yet to come. But for Easton and those I saw on the road, both men and women are much stouter, the females particularly, are tall and heavily made, with round and rather large faces, but good eyes and good complexions and very good features. The men are the same in appearance though rather darker than the women, and more, much more intelligent. This is not the case in the Eastern and Yankee States, the females are as well informed as the men. Both are entirely free from pride, rude curiosity, or affectation, and are easy in their manners.

Easton is settled by Germans, though the most of them use the English language, and are well educated. The professional men, particularly, are greatly superior to those of New-York, and not inferior (if they do not excell) those of any other state or town. There is a plain, unmoved, though intelligent independence about them, similar to the people of the western states.

It would seem that good sense, good size, good manners and hospitality, which once distinguished Philadelphia, had fled for shelter to this part of the state; and

nothing proves the truth of the remark more clearly than their freedom from priest-craft. I find no tracts nor pious education societies here. They all seem to be of the same stamp of the men I saw on the road, who disapproved of Sunday schools. These Germans I find are too wise for the priests. In religion, they are Lutherans, who do not suffer those religious pirates to come amongst them. They remind me of the French people, particularly the young men and women, being very sprightly and fond of music and dancing. You hear the violin or Piana Fort, of an evening, almost in every house. Very different from the dullness of Philadelphia. Easton is the residence of several eminent and scientific men. Rev. John P. Hecht, Hon. G. Wolf, member of Congress, Hon. Judge Waggoner, Hon. Judge Cooper, Gen. Rogers. Col. Porter, Col. Peter Enery, Col. Hutter and Dr. Swift. I did not see Judge Waggoner, but all the rest were gentlemen of education and politeness. Dr. S. particularly, is a man of science and taste, and, though quite a young man, has collected an extensive and very interesting cabinet of minerals—many specimens are from Europe, and various parts of the world, and a great variety of our own country. For the time he has been engaged in the pursuit the collection is astonishing, and the whole is arranged in the neatest possible manner. The doctor is a young man, tall, and finely made, with fair handsome features, open countenance, and affable manners, and ranks highas a Physician.

I have often remarked that there is something peculiar in names, and have ever found the name of Swift and goodness united, in an eminent degree. Hon. G. Wolf, is a middle aged, stout, heavy made man, round face, dark complexion, and black eyes; he is a lawyer by profession, a sensible, shrewd German. I mean in descent; he has an open honest countenance, and the manners of a gentleman. In conversing with Mr. Wolf on the shameful popularity of tracts, and the religious frauds of the clergy, subsequently I observed "it was strange these priests had never wormed themselves into the pockets and confidence of the German population." I shall never

forget his reply. "Why," said he, "we put no more confidence in religious *lies* than we do in other *lies*." A volume could not have expressed more, and certainly not more to the purpose. How often I have heard those Germans branded with the words ignorant and dull. But I find they are the stay of Pennsylvania.

Col. Porter and Gen. Rogers, are also very amiable gentlemanly men, and of easy polished manners, remarkable for kindness and hospitality.

Rev. J. P. Hecht, a Lutheran minister, is worth more than the whole host of grey or black coats in the Universe. He is what I should call a christian. Mr. H. is a young looking man, with a round, handsome face, and very benevolent countenance. He is a small, light made man, and possesses every trait of a gentleman.

But Gen. Rogers excels—liberal, sociable, humane, modest and affable; I cannot remember of being more pleased with a stranger. Being told he was one of the best of men, I called at his house, he was not in, but in a short time after returning to the tavern, Gen. R. came; he is low of stature, and middle-aged. I was not well pleased with Judge Cooper—he is an aged and not a very intelligent man. Mr. E. *Brown* is very amiable. But Col. Hutter, who (as well as Gen. R.) Edits a paper, is a real nobleman, a good warm-hearted German from the very place. Instead of being unsociable, ignorant, and dull; he was learned, familiar and gay—and as polite as a Frenchman. He is an elderly man, of great information; had travelled over the most of Europe, and partakes of the easy and pleasant manners of well bred foreigners. He is a great Jackson man, and had the coffin hand-bills stuck upon the walls of his store, also his office. He said "they done more for the election of the General than his pen." I happened first, however, to fall in with an Editor of the other side; a very friendly man by the name of Mullay, who furnished me with a plan of my route, differing however, from those I brought on.

It is needless to say I was well pleased with Easton, with the exception of a shabby, ill-behaved man by the name of Hepburn.*

The middle aged and elderly people of Easton have a steady independence in their manners and appearance, very different from the people of Philadelphia. And the young people are what they ought to be; sprightly and gay, and all are sober and industrious—so far all is well.

My land-lord—I put up at White's. The polls had just closed, and the house was full of company. Many of them were from the cities, and knew me. One only, an amiable youth, had the courage to speak to me. The land-lord's daughters met me directly, and were kind and affable. Supper was soon set and I sat down with the company. Some of whom had taken a cup too much, upon the success of their candidate. Most of them however were solid, sober and well behaved—nor did I, during my visit, want a friend.

The land lord, White, was what is called an Englishman in Pa. It must be remembered all are called English in Pa. though American born, who are not Germans or of German descent. This distinction is used from the custom of those Germans, speaking the German language. And though most of the Germans understand and converse in the German language, they also pronounce the English language with elegance and ease—There are a few Germans however, though I have not yet seen them, who neither understand nor can converse in the English language. But to return to Mr. W. he is married to an Amizon German wife, and though she has the most beautiful face I ever saw, for so large and aged a woman; she is a monster in size. Were I a man, I should be afraid of her; she works in the kitchen steadily, and slings the pots about as a boy would a top, and her daughters do the work of the house, and yet look neat and affable. In this respect I find they resemble the yankees, having no servants. White keeps a good table, but is a sharper to charge, and is by no means a plea-

*One Sten—n of the bank, was also a mean man.

sant land-lord. His bar-keeper was, however, polite, and has much more of the gentleman in him.

There are five newspapers published in Easton, viz. Three English and two German papers.

### HISTORY.

I have searched in vain for the history of Easton. The Pennsylvanians have no one to blame for this but themselves, and their Walshes. This remissness ought to bring a blush in the face of every Pennsylvanian. I have just been apprised that a gentleman is now engaged in collecting materials for the history of the state, but this is too late for me.

I find that Easton was in existence as far back as 1758, but I always like to go back to the first settler.

Having left a book on the chimney-piece the first night of my arrival at Easton, upon taking it down next morning, I found a paper in it written in a very neat hand with a pencil. The writer, after paying me a very high compliment for talents, independence, &c. as a writer, and not a few on my manners and address, (doubtless a quiz) requested me in very polite terms "in my next work to give to the world my ideas on the tariff, and political economy, considering it as a national and not as a party question." Had the writer put a dollar in the book, with or without the paper, I should doubtless have been better pleased, and perhaps might have presented him with the book.

In the first place I would say, that the gentleman like too many others, is willing to receive, but not willing to confer benefits; and although he requests the matter to be discussed as a national, and not a party question, he belongs to a party; and further, had he read my books, he would have found his note unnecessary. In the next place that the subject being one of a political nature, it is beyond my abilities; being no judge of politics, I never meddle with them, and beg leave to observe what I always have done, and that is, I leave politics to the men. I should soon bring myself into trouble, by giving

my opinion upon a matter I do not understand, or dictating to freemen, even if I were a judge, as every man under our government is a sovereign and has the sole right of judging for himself. Some of the ablest men in our country, are divided in opinion upon the tariff, and I should only become a laughing stock to attempt to settle the question between them. Nor am I able to say how it can be reconciled. For instance, there is the state of Maine, a maritime state, almost ruined by the tariff. The only fair way at last, is to let the majority of the people decide. But even this is perhaps going too far, my business is with the *grey coats*—I am provoked to think they have led so many females astray.

### NAZARETH

Is only about six miles from Easton, and a small carriage runs between it and Nazareth, with the mail, drove by a boy, and two horses who carries the mail to Wilkesbarre. I, therefore, took my departure alone, with the boy, drawn by two stout German horses. We were not long going to Nazareth.

The country becomes more fertile and beautiful, though uneven. The land takes a considerable rise upon leaving Easton, which affords an extensive view of the rivers, hills, and dales. The farms are very neat, fences good, and the ploughing very different from any I had ever seen, excepting a small part of Chester county. The Blue mountains are also seen peeping over the forest, they lie west.

Nazareth is a romantic stone village, combining the rural, the wild, and delightful. The town stands upon an elevation, with two principal streets, which crossing at right angles, forms a handsome square in the centre. Upon this square stands Nazareth Hall, a large elegant stone building, in which the celebrated academy is kept for young gentlemen. The square is three hundred and forty by two hundred feet. The hall is large, and contains a chapel, kitchen, dining room, and rooms for study and lodging. On the top is a cupola, from which you have a

delightful view. In front you have an extensive plain of rich meadows. In rear you have the gardens of great beauty, and at a distance the Blue mountains.

What is called the South Mountain in Maryland and the Blue Ridge in Virginia is seen from the top of the academy. If I were to judge of beauty this is about the right distance to place this famous mountain, and seems to have been designedly contrived. Then to the right, for the sake of variety, the land sinks into a modest vale. This vale is one of unequalled beauty. It is a narrow level strip thickly shaded—through it runs a stream, whether by art or nature I could not tell, as the hand of taste has so cunningly woven such a variety of images that one is puzzled to tell one from the other. Here the rambling fancy meets a summer house, and there a stately stage with rows of seats. These are mingled with smooth shorn box-hedges and grass plats and bowers. On the other side of the vale suddenly rises a steep hill. This has also been touched with a magic wand, being divided into regular gravel walks parallel to the vale. These walks, though on a sidelong hill, are perfectly level, and extend in succession to the top. Each walk is shaded and fringed and adorned with rows of box neatly shorn, and the whole has the appearance of magic. How the population ever managed to perform so much work is astonishing, as the town only contains between 4 and 500.

I was told at Easton upon my arrival at Nazareth to call for Dr. *Steckle*, who would pay to me all possible attention. I was, however, at no trouble to find the Doctor. He was the first person I saw after the stage stopped at the door, and from the description I had had of his person and manners I knew it must be the Doctor. He attended me into a parlour, attended to my baggage, and deported himself with that ease and modesty which bespoke him of high birth and breeding. Dr. Steckle is a German by birth, advanced in life, rather low of stature and a man of highly polished manners, mild and pleasant in conversation, and speaks the English language well. He forwarded a note I had written to Rev. *Van Vleek*,

the Principal of the academy, and which was a considerable walk from the inn; not long afterwards he brought in an answer from Mr. V. one of the politest I ever remember to have received—so much for the ignorant Germans. Mr. Van Vleek referred to Dr. S. in the note to attend me to the academy, and the moment I showed it to him he put on his hat and attended me first to the house of Rev. Van Vleek.

I had taken up the idea, from reading the tours of travellers and visitors, particularly the Duke of Rochefoucault, that those Moravians, though mild people, were oddly dressed, bigoted, distant and uncouth—that the men were like Roman Catholic friars, and the women like nuns, with round calico caps and calico aprons, and speaking barbarous German. Imagine my surprise to find Rev. V. fashionably dressed in fine broadcloth, in the style of our first gentlemen, and Mrs. V. in a fashionable but neat lace-bordered cap, and both received me with the ease and elegance of people of the first fashion—addressed me in the language of the finest belles lettres scholars. I was thunderstruck, and mentioned my disappointment to Mr. V. and the Doctor. "Numbers, like yourself," said Mr. V. "are disappointed. They take us to be a gloomy, old fashioned people, with all the hypocritical sanctity of ignorance feigning religion. True religion has been so abused that because we profess it in its purity people think we have, like too many others, banished cheerfulness and common sense from our community. No such thing—we are a people who have cultivated every branch of science, and of course have no such thing as bigotry or gloomy priestcraft amongst us. We think it degrading to put on a long grim face and all the forms of hypocrisy. We are cheerful because we are innocent, and polite from the conviction that it is our duty to treat every person with kindness and respect, and of course we must be supposed to understand what we teach. We profess to teach and educate those youths designed for gentlemen, and it would be absurd to be one thing and teach another." "But how, where is the heavy German language, caps? &c." "The caps," he said

had only been worn by those who came from Germany, and the whole of the system had undergone a change more consistent with the government and customs of America and the manners of the people they were among.

After resting a few minutes, we walked into Nazareth Hall, where the celebrated academy is kept. It is doubtless understood that as that at Bethlehem is devoted to the instruction of young ladies, this is devoted to the instruction of young gentlemen, and I may as well remark in this place that every class, of which I think there are seven, are taught in separate rooms, all of whom have a preceptor or tutor. They are taught the English, German, Latin and French languages, history, mathematics, music, drawing and all the useful branches.

Dr. Van Vleck waited upon me himself into the academy, and beginning at the room of the *first* class took me through the whole building. If I was surprised and disappointed before I was now completely confounded. Having made the tour of all the universities, schools and colleges in the Atlantic States, and accustomed, at any time to see more or less rude, dull, stupid, impudent gawks, and not often a few that might be called civilized. Suppose me now actually spell-bound when the moment I entered the first room the whole class arose from their seats as if by inspiration. The tutor was on his feet when we entered the room, and Mr. V. introduced him to me in the first place, and then beginning at the head of the room he named each youth or boy (the first class being always the lowest in science) by name: "Mr. So and so, from —" always naming the residence. The moment the last word was pronounced the student bowed with unequalled grace. Every one waited till it came to his turn, and when we turned to come out, they bowed again, (a little different from the University.) This was the case through all the rooms. There certainly never was to me a more surprising or a more pleasing sight, so modest, so intelligent; all was one uniform representation of gentle impassioned sweetness. The picture of one was the picture of the whole, so much did they resemble.

Unlike all the seminaries I had visited, even Yale College, there was no silly grins, impudent stares, to say nothing of horse-laughs—not a smile disturbed their downcast modest blushes, while they evinced the meekness and easy grace of the most erudite gentlemen. In a word, these Moravians are a century ahead of any other people I have met with in the United States, in their system of education, and yet they are almost unknown.

There were only eighty students, perhaps as many as could be taught at the hall. But why these Moravians are not sought for, to place at the head of other seminaries, nothing but that stupid blindness to our vital interest can account for. Doubtless they being solely actuated by a desire of benefiting mankind would not object to leave their own establishments; and though I never inquired into their rules of civil or religious governments, I am induced to believe they would consent to so laudable a measure, as I understand there are several of them scattered about in the towns of Pennsylvania, engaged in commerce and other business.

From what I have seen of principal, teachers, and pupils, I would say this was one of the best conducted schools in the world, and in forming the manners and morals leaves all the seminaries I have seen in the United States a long way behind. I could not have thought it possible that the young mind could be brought to realize such a model of perfection.

What a contrast between this effusion of elegance and modesty, and those dens of orthodox seminaries. Whoever wishes his son to be respectable or happy, I would by any possible means recommend him to Nazareth Hall.

Dr. Steckle followed me through all my windings, from the chapel in the basement to the top of the building, and then walked with me over the pleasure grounds, gardens, and grass-plats. I was sensibly struck by one thing peculiar to this place. Though there is a tavern, several stores, and work-shops—a death-like silence reigned throughout the whole place, no whooping, rolling hoops, or noise of children in the streets or houses, a few people driving teams or walking through the streets. Nor in

the hall was there the least noise or conversation, except when the boys in a short recess would run down stairs. Apropos—I forgot to notice the stairs which differ from all others, the acclivity being much less inclined than other stair-cases, and the steps very different. They are broad and but a few inches one from the other, being very easy to ascend.

Rev. Van Vleek is a native of N. York, a young man, dark thin visage, good height, and has the blackest and the keenest eye in man's head.

Dr. S. and myself were pretty well tired down when we returned to the tavern: as we walked along he showed me the house, a large stone building, built by the Rev. Whitfield 90 years since, as every one knows, or ought to know, that Whitfield settled the place where Nazareth now stands.

I had requested the landlady, previous to my walk, to have me a dish cooked (fried cabbage) in particular for myself, and was astonished at the readiness and very polite condescension with which she accompanied her consent, and accordingly the dish was placed by my plate at dinner.

The landlord, who was out when I arrived, now met me with a welcome smile—he also was a Moravian, (Dr. S. was not) and a most amiable man.

A wealthy lady with her daughter from the Southern states (I think Alabama) was at Nazareth when I called. Here and at Bethlehem she spends her summers, being partial to the society, as well she may—I commend her taste and good sense These were the most or amongst the most accomplished females I remember to have seen. The mother, as well as the daughter, had a general and personal knowledge of all the popular towns in the Union. The young lady for figure, countenance, features, and complexion, was bewitching—she had the blackest and the finest hair I ever saw.

In the evening several of the students came in, and some of the tutors. I have before remarked that every house in Pennsylvania has a piana forte. Every tavern has them generally through other states, but very few.

(in fact none) private houses in Pa. is without a piana forte, particularly the Germans, as they all are fond of music. But to resume. The young gentlemen one after another, sat down to the piana. I never heard the keys touched with so much skill and sweetness; and it is universally admitted, as I have since learned, that no people in the world excel the young gentlemen of Nazareth and Bethlehem in the science of music. They spend all their evenings in improving themselves on different instruments, and have regular concerts once a week.

The Moravians, it appears, have always been famous for their skill and fondness for music. An anecdote is related of the effects of their perfection in music: shortly after Bethlehem was settled, they were frequently interrupted by the Indians. One night when the town of Bethlehem was invaded by a large body of Indians, a party of the Moravians ascended the balcony of one of their houses, about midnight, and began to play. The music, at that hour of the night, had such an effect on the Indians that they concluded it could be nothing less than the Great Spirit, and immediately withdrew, without offering any injury to the inhabitants.

### HISTORY.

Nazareth was settled at first by Rev. G. Whitfield; he purchased a tract of land containing 5000 acres, in 1740, and built the house already mentioned, with a view of educating the Indians; but the plan not succeeding to his wishes, he sold the land to the Moravians, two years afterwards. This land is of excellent quality, and the town of Nazareth is built in the centre of the tract, the whole of which belongs to the brethren.

At first, the Moravians observed some rules, with respect to matrimony, and keeping the single sisters and brethren apart. These lived in large houses, and were not allowed to meet, or marry, but under certain restrictions. But these rules are now no longer in force, and they marry and live in houses to themselves through the

town, as others, and have also altered their mode of dressing. They are a sober, industrious, ingenious, economical, and benevolent people, and resemble the Episcopalians in their worhip.

### BETHLEHEM

Is 10 miles from Nazareth, and after spending one day at the latter, I proceeded to Bethlehem, through a fertile, well cultivated country. Bethlehem is comparatively a large town, and though mostly built of stone, has some handsome brick buildings. It is regularly laid off into handsome streets, and like Nazareth, stands on a considerable eminence. It, however, sinks in some places, and rises in others. The new buildings are showy, and built in the modern style; but the original buildings are roughly built of stone, and those where the societies lived, are huge masses of great size, small windows, and stone or brick floors, on the lower stories. The church, however, and the young ladies' academy are two of the finest buildings in the United States.

Their grave yards are peculiar. Instead of putting the toombstone perpendicular it is laid horizontally loose on the top of the grave as an emblem of death, which levels all things.

They have a house where the dead are placed and locked up till they are interred, and the friends of the deceased proceed from this house to the grave yard with appropriate music.

The waterworks of Bethlehem, by which water is conveyed through the town, is a great curiosity. It is forced from a spring 100 feet high into a deep well, and a number of pipes leading off from the well under ground conveys the water wherever it is wanted. They keep large cisterns full in case of fire.

Dr. Steckle, of Nazareth, recommended me to a Dr. Green, at Bethlehem, whom he said I would find at the stage-house, kept by one Christ. Dr. Green, though he paid me a great deal of attention, was not the gentleman his friend represented him. Nor was I at all

pleased with my quarters. The tavern keeper was from home, and his wife was an impertinent, disobliging woman. Some fool, a vulgar woman who boarded at the house, had a young child, and forsooth, she like many other fools, had bought a small waggon for the child, and what does she do, but brings the waggon up stairs and rolls it to and fro through the passage, upon the hard floor, which made a tremendous noise. Not being able to procure a private room, with a fire, I was lying down to keep myself warm, as well as to rest, after my walk; when lo! I was interrupted with the thundering of the waggon. Not in a very good humor at my privation, I jumped up and silenced the waggon. The servant who had the care of the child, I suspect told the mother, and just as I lay down the second time the thundering began again. I opened the door and reprimanded the girl again, when the madam (a Philadelphian, doubtless) said she would "ride the child as much as she pleased." I told her "she was no lady, and a fool into the bargain, and that she should quit rolling the waggon or I would quit the house." I went down stairs and complained to the land lady; she was also very impertinent, but when she saw her own time, she went up and stopped the noise. I think it was the most audacious piece of impudence I ever knew, to be licensed in a public house, and the proprietor is unworthy the patronage of the public. The tavern, I was told, belonged to the society of Moravians, who hired this man too keep it. They could not hire one worse qualified, and had I known it, there was another tavern kept by a very clever man, whom I had seen in Philadelphia. It is very possible the proprietors are ignorant of the unfitness of the man; and from what I saw of them, I am very sure they would not allow strangers to be annoyed so. There were several families in the house at the time, who were glad enough I stopped the waggon, though they had not independence enough to do it themselves. There was one tolerably genteel woman there, from Philadelphia; she had a beautiful, sensible, and highly accomplished little daughter, who was going to the Bethlehem academy. She also had a house-

full—or at least several little children, but she kept them in her own room; and though I was pleased with her and her children, I thought very little of her husband, a great churlish boor, who came up from Philadelphia to see her while I was there. I am the more particular in doing justice to this female, as I never, often as I have visited Philadelphia, saw half a dozen women worth the wadding of a gun, that was reared in the place. This was a plain, sensible woman,* and knew her a b c's, and even how to read, though she acknowledged she never bought a book.

I was sorry my books were out, as doubtless, she would have bought so choice a work, (to say she had once bought a book) and particularly, as she would have found some wholesome lessons upon the duties of the sex, though I am a *Mohawk*.

Besides her candor and good sense (she did not know the latitude of Bethlehem, and I fear did not know the meaning of the word) I admire her for sending her little daughter to the Bethlehem seminary. It is much to be deplored that they do not, either move the young ladies' academy to Philadelphia, or move Philadelphia to the academy of Bethlehem. This would be nothing for a "Peter the Great" to do. Wonder Walsh the Great, does not signalize his name at once, by a bold stroke of this sort, instead of piddling himself into immortality.

## SEMINARY.

Bethlehem, as well as Nazareth, has long been distinguished for the excellence of its schools. The Young Ladies' Academy at Bethlehem, is so well known throughout, not only this country, but the world, that nothing I could say would be of any advantage to the Institution, its fame having reached all parts of the Union.

I have seen numbers who were educated at Bethlehem, and have often seen the work done by the pupils, which no doubt, has reached every part of the United States,

*I have of late, marked these Philadelphia ladies, and find them the most insignificant women of all our towns.

and is doubtless, superior to any needle-work done in our country, at least.

I unfortunately called at Bethlehem on Saturday, and the first thing I did after my arrival, was to inform the Principal, Rev. Charles F. Seidel, of my presence. He very gentleman like waited on me in a few minutes; and after communicating my views, Mr. S. said he would rather I would postpone my visit to the academy till the next day, as the young ladies were always in an undress on Saturday, preparing themselves for the ensuing week. That Saturday was the usual day for cleaning up. This being the case, I had to submit, as I was resolved upon seeing the pupils and the interior of the academy. Mr. Seidel is a middle-aged man, heavy make, full round face and pleasing countenance. In his manners he excels, if possible, Rev. Van Vleek. He is a native of Germany, but has been in this country several years—no one, however, would peceive from his dialect that he was a foreigner.

I have never seen an American whose demeanour and manners possessed the same ease and grace of Dr. Seidel, and it would be mockery to attempt a description of the man. His conversation bespoke him a man of high attainments, and upon the whole he is one of the most fascinating men I ever met with.

The following day I went to church in the first place, as I wished to see their mode of worship, and when the sermon was over I was to be admitted to the academy, it having been so arranged. The church is very large and has a handsome organ. The men and women sit apart, the men taking off their hats. These sit on one side of the house and the ladies of the place on the other, face to face, and the pupils sit in the middle. The pupils, however, have a place of worship by themselves—their seats are at right angles with the others. The daughters of the citizens (single ones) sit with the pupils.

This was a good opportunity to see the costumes of the whole. Both men and women were fashionably dressed, excepting, as in other cases, the aged; but nothing could exceed the taste and neatness of the whole. They differ from all other people in countenance, manner, and dress.

They all have a smile on their countenance, and none of that sameness of the Quakers or the Shakers in their dress, nor the sadness of the Methodists, or the fripping flounces of other sects, and still less that studied grimness of the Grey coats. Some of the citizen-ladies were dressed in white, some in lead-color, some in calico, some in bombazeen, and some in silk; their hats or bonnets (if you please) were neat, fine, and small, and those of the young ladies were trimmed with ribbon; but chiefly they excel in that art which conceals art. For although most of them are learned, the most learned amongst them approach nearest to nature. The congregation accompanied the organ in singing, and both men and women have books in their hands.

But nothing that has gone before can give any idea of the heavenly smile which sat upon the face of the preacher, and the beguiling ease of his gestures. If he is not perfection there is none on earth. Though I am strongly prejudiced against priests, I could almost be brought to believe this man was a christian—his face was never without a smile.

They have none of that silly getting up and getting down, and continual motion of other churches, and if I were to believe, what I do not, that there were any christianity in the United States, I would say it had fled to these Moravians for protection. In saying this I wish to be understood that I have found a great deal of liberality generosity, kindness, and good feeling, but no christians agreeably to the requisites of the gospel. Those who have, and are making so much noise about religion, as they call it, seem to be more upon the Jewish plan. But this is no more than an opinion—to return, if there be any of the meek religion of the gospel in our land it is amongst those Moravians.

It was not the Rev. Seidel who preached, nor do I know his name—he was quite an orator.

After church was out* Mrs. Seidel accompanied me through the young ladies' academy, which, like that at

*The only singularity I saw was that the men and women go out of the church at opposite points—doubtless to prevent the young gentlemen from gallanting the young ladies. This was the only church in which

Nazareth, does not consist of one entire large hall like high schools or some academies, but every class has a hall or class-room to themselves. They dine in one great hall and sleep in another; which plan of sleeping all in one room I do not approve; for though the room is high and airy, I am of the opinion that many human beings inhaling as they must each other's breath cannot be healthy. As respects this academy, nothing would be more easy than to throw this large room into chambers.

The cooking department is also in the same building; this is the best constructed, and in the neatest order of any I have visited in the Atlantic country, excepting that at the Hospital at Boston.

As it was Sunday I lost the pleasure of hearing the young ladies play, or of seeing them at work, though they were all in the rooms occupied in common for study. This was certainly the capstone of the climax, and what I had for many years back ardently longed to see, and though fancy was raised to the highest stretch, it fell short of the burst of innocence, beauty and elegance which met my eye at the opening of each door. The retiring modesty of some, the polished urbanity of others, the snowy arm, the delicate hand, the soft friendly smile, the spiral ringlet, the dimpled cheek. I lingered at each door, lost in admiration.* As at Nazareth, they severally arose from their seats and made a graceful courtesy as they were introduced. There were some from all parts of the United States, and some from the islands—some were small girls and some were grown. I was much pleased to find the Miss Bibbs there from Alabama, with whose parents I had formerly a slight acquaintance.

There was at this time a thin school, on account of a vacation from sickness, if I recollect—the first time the institution was visited with sickness. There are, how-

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I ever saw window curtains used. The windows are of amazing height and width, and every one has a large, fine, white curtain before it, with lead fastened to the bottom to keep it in its place. Otherwise the church is without ornament. The pulpit is very high, and the priest walks into it from another portion of the church.

*How different from the Golgothas, the Presbyterian old maids.

ever, more applicants than can be accommodated. This is much to be lamented, as it certainly is the best female seminary in the United States. It is wholly under the control of the United Brethren, of Germany, who it appears, do not seek to enlarge it, though the profits go to establish other seminaries somewhere else.

The young ladies showed me their frames with the unfinished work, which surpassed beauty.

They have introduced what is called ribbon-work, recently taught by a German lady. This is very ingenious and has still a richer appearance than the common way with floss silk. The ribbon work is shaded like the floss, very narrow and curiously worked into flowers and figures of all sorts and shapes—it is richer and much easier done. The ebony work is a very useful work and a great curiosity—every thing almost is made of it. The worsted work is also beautiful—hearth-rugs or any thing you fancy is made of it. But the literary part of the education is by far the most important. The following are the branches and the prices, viz:

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|---|---|
| Board and tuition, including Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Grammar, History, Geography, the use of the Globes, Botany, plain and ornamental needle-work, per quarter, - | $28 00 |
| Entrance money, - - - - | 6 00 |
| Instruction in Music, French, Drawing, Painting on Velvet, Ebony-work, Ribbon-work and Worsted-work, each per quarter, - - | 3 00 |
| Washing per quarter, - - - | 4 00 |
| For the use of a Library, - - - | 2 00 |

Age of admission, between eight and fifteen. Vacations, during the month of August.

Bethlehem is on the river Lehigh, and a small creek called Manakes, fifty-three miles from Philadelphia. The town begins on an eminence, and descends to the banks of the latter, a handsome stream. The prospect, however, is not so handsome as that of Nazareth, as the Lehigh mountains approach too near the town and confines the view within too narrow limits. It is, however, a lively town, the people pursuing a variety of business, as in other towns. It owns a great number of mills, tanneries,

and breweries, and contains about three thousand inhabitants.

There are also handsome flower gardens, shrubberies and pleasure grounds adjoining the academy, all of which, with pure air, fine water and a rich surrounding soil, but above all the refined and pleasing manners of the inhabitants, renders it a delightful summer retreat, and to which numbers of the southern gentry resort during the warm months. All those who travel for amusement or curiosity ought to visit those interesting towns.

It was to this town Gen. Lafayette was brought for his safety and recovery when he was wounded at the battle of Brandywine, and the house was pointed out to me in which he was lodged—it is rather a large stone house on the main street, and more than this, I saw the *lady* who nursed him at that time: she is still living, is an active hale woman. She said the General suffered much from the pain, but was very patient.

I ought to have mentioned that Mrs. Siedel aids her husband in teaching the young ladies: She is an American, and was educated at the Moravian schools in North Carolina. She is a female of rare and high accomplishments and has some of the most interesting children my eyes ever beheld. Of all places to rear children this must be the best.

Finally, how these people have managed, with so little noise, without tracts, and begging money, to advance so far beyond the rest of the United States in every social and mental virtue, is truly mysterious, surrounded as they are by those enemies to knowledge, the blackcoats, or black hearts rather.

Upon going into a parlour up stairs, at the tavern, I found the windows and tables strewed with tracts. As I always do, I hoisted the sash and gathering them all up, tore them to atoms and flung them into the street. Being called away shortly afterwards, I could not have been gone more than twenty minutes—and what was my surprise to find the tables and windows again replenished with this trash. There was a lady sitting in the room all the while, but so artful and secret are those traitors that

she did not see who did it. Some said it was Dr. Green. I served these the same sauce, but doubtless it would be renewed. Now what good is to be effected by leaving these tracts here? How they grudge the success of this academy.

I met with some very pleasant company at the tavern, particularly a French officer, who was quite interesting.

### HISTORY.

Bethlehem was settled about the same time of Nazareth by the Moravians, who purchased the land.

On Monday, before day, I took my departure for *Mauch Chunk*, the celebrated Lehigh coal mines, after paying the highest bill for the worst accommodation I had met with, by far, in Pennsylvania. It is hoped the society, if they own the property, will make an alteration there. One of the first objects to strangers is comfortable board while travelling. The landlord was absent the whole of the time, and perhaps it was still to my advantage.

But I am now about to unfold another tale of wickedness that ought to rouse the whole country. The habit people have fallen into of travelling in stages has induced contractors and proprietors to take the advantage of these travellers, as they are now pretty safe on the score of the travelling custom, pick up any worthless ruffian whom they can hire for little or nothing as drivers, it being no object to them how the traveller gets on after they receive the fare.

It was about 3 o'clock when we set out—I mean the stage driver and myself, no other person being in the stage. It was well I was armed with courage, or the consequence might have been serious. I had not been more, perhaps, than half an hour on the road, before the driver began to address me in a very suspicious and alarming manner; first, by asking "if I were married?" (and, I think, for I did not give him an opportunity of adding much, you are sure,) "was I not afraid to travel in the night?" "How dare you address yourself to me, you insolent ruffian? if you

say another insolent word, and I will drop you from the seat in an instant—speak if you dare, and drive on." He had almost stopped the horses, but never did a fellow drive faster than he did; and the road being very rough, I paid for it. He said no more till we drew near the house where we were to change horses and drivers, and suspecting I might inform against him, he endeavored to intimidate me, by pretending he would have *me* arrested for threatening the "mail carrier." He was a hopeful convert—he must have been converted by the tracts, as I saw him at the tavern during Sunday. Now, is it not shameful that lives are endangered by these contractors? The Germans are the only drivers I have seen, in the United States, who can be called civil or sober. This man was an Englishman, it being understood that both are Americans.

It was about daylight when the stage stopped to change horses and drivers, to my great pleasure; and the moment I arrived, I accused the driver—all stared, and were silent; not one understood English; girls and boys eyed me in silence—the man who owned the house, and a traveller, were the only exception. The traveller was standing by the fire; the landlord was out, attending to the horses.

When the landlord came in, the stranger told him in German; and the landlord, addressing me in good English, asked me if it were true that the driver had behaved rude? I replied in the affirmative, and added, "I had hoped the stage would have stopped at some village where I could have found officers to arrest him."

The man appeared very serious; said "it was very wrong, and he should talk to the driver about it." This is nonsense; such ruffians are not to be reclaimed by talk: the fact is, they ought not to be employed. The whole of this business is falling into disrepute, and I am pleased to hear they are canaling and rail-roading the whole country, that our lives may be no longer endangered by such lawless ruffians. They ought to boast of converting the heathen—dog eat dog.

The driver never showed his face; and my new driver being a German, I felt greatly relieved. The young ladies, who could not, or would not speak English, were fair, handsome, and modesty itself.

The road, now drawing near the Blue Ridge, became still more rough; but the driver took much pains, and was very obliging.

I had gained very little as to distance, from Easton to Mauch Chunk, by visiting Bethlehem, which was nearly as far from Mauch Chunk as Easton, from which last it was thirty-six miles distant. We arrived at the mountain about 8 o'clock, which we pass not over, but through, at a place called the Gap. A tavern is kept at the Gap, at which we breakfast. Here the mountain scenery begins: in truth, it is often seen east of this; but after passing the Gap, we are fairly engulphed in streams, rocks, and mountains; and never was a mountain, it would seem, without a river.

The Lehigh Hills, (or mountains, more properly,) which commence at Easton, has kept pace with me, and still pursues the river, while the famous Blue Ridge seems to wage war with all the Atlantic rivers, and as sure to be vanquished. Here, as with all the eastern streams, the Lehigh bursts through this untiring mountain, as though it were a breast-work of cotton bags, and rolls on triumphant to the Delaware. The Lehigh river and mountain meets the Blue mountain (as it is called, and sometimes Kittatinny mountain,) at right angles.

The Blue mountain maintains the same steep cliffs of wild naked rocks in this place, which it does in all others, from Virginia to West Point. It is the same stubborn mountain, and exhibits a true picture of wildness.

Here, also, comes in another pile of hills or mountains, which you please, on the right, the Lehigh and its mountain lying on your left; each draws up close to the river, and between these two the road passes to Mauch Chunk.

A very handsome stream also comes in here, on the right of the Lehigh, and discharges itself into the Lehigh.

The tavern where we breakfasted stands between the Blue Ridge and the stream just mentioned. Over this creek there is a very handsome bridge; the stream runs very swift over a bed of rocks, and also has its hills parallel to it. A little beyond the creek, in full view of the tavern, the canal and several of the locks appear; also kilns where the cement used in constructing the wall is burnt, and likewise the mills in which it is ground. Hard by are blacksmith shops, and various other cabins for the workmen. The Lehigh river runs close to the canal, and a store near the tavern. While the whole is environed with wild mountains and huge rocks, some of which, loosened from their places, have rolled down near the road. Thus we have a rich foretaste of the much extalled sceneries of Mauch Chunk, from which it appears I am still twelve miles distant.

The man of the tavern was not at home, but I had a good breakfast, and found the German girls kind and attentive, though they spoke very little English.

After breakfast I walked over the bridge, and ever delighted with swift running streams, I lingered some time upon the bridge, leaning upon the balustrade. The curling of the limpid water, and the associations of domestic neatness, awakened by looking at a woman scrubing her churns and pails as she stood in the stream, added no little to heighten the glow of feeling set in motion upon my approach.

Had the day been pleasant, I should have had a delightful walk, but it was cold and blustering.

I walked on to the canal not yet walled up, and the kilns and mills for preparing the cement being mentioned. I can add nothing more, as I would not have had time to examine them before the stage would call. I saw a great dust flying out of the mills, and the men who conveyed the ground cement away, in bags, to load the wagons, were covered with dust. I saw a few carpenters at work upon wood, but could not discover their object. The canal seemed to be nearly the size of other canals, and the workmanship of the locks seemed to be skillfully done. This cement is a sort of stone which, when pre-

pared, is used in masonry, and answers a better purpose than lime, so it is said. I never heard of it till this day, and great quantities of it is said to lie in the neighborhood. The enterprising Mr. White, of the Lehigh Company, is said to have discovered the cement.

I had, however, but a few minutes to satisfy curiosity, when the stage came along, and through defiles, and over rocks, sometimes on the brink of a high stone wall built in the river, which formed the jumping off place, we reached Mauch Chunk.

Hardly any road is more dangerous to travel at this time, from the blowing of rocks; and, at all times, it is dangerous, from the narrowness of the defiles, should the horses take fright. The best way would be to travel it on horseback, or in private carriages.

But the *Teagues*, poor fellows, they are strung along the canal, scarcely alive, stupid from drink. The poor fellows, fleeing from oppression to be free, grow rich in our country, make a short life, and a merry one of it. I have been informed that they generally live about eighteen months after coming to this country, and work and drink most of the time. They care little about eating, provided they get whiskey. In many instances, on some of the canals, they die so fast, that they are thrown into the ground from four to six together, without coffins.

You are tormented, beyond endurance, by these Patts, when you travel along the canals in stages. They are eternally getting in and getting out, and suffocating you with the stench of drunkenness. They are, for the most part, covered with mud, where they have rolled when drunk, and never think of buying a little trunk, or light valisse, to carry their clothes from place to place, but always have a wad of something tied up in a black greasy old pocket handkerchief, and crowd you, and grease you, and stench you to death. If ever you see a man with a rusty crown-cracked hat, short legs, tattered clothes, and dirty face, standing before you in the road, you may expect a Pat in the stage.

There are, however, Yankees and Germans at work on the canals. The Yankees take their money, when earned, and go home; so do the Germans, and both are generally steady. But the Teagues are continually going from one canal to another.

Several of these got into the stage as we drew near Mauch Chunk, and though, in justice to them, they are generally harmless, there was one of these very impertinent, so much so, that I called to the driver either to put him out, or I would get out. The driver had got into another stage which overtook us, and a youth had mounted the seat of my coach, and, of course, could do nothing with Pat, I ordered him to stop, when I got out, and walked nearly half a mile, to Mauch Chunk, over a rough road, and being then very lame, I suffered a great deal on the way.

## MAUCH CHUNK.

Upon my arrival at the tavern, I complained that a carriage was not sent to meet me; but they had heard nothing of the accident.

The house stands on the side of a mountain, and I was shewn into a common room. I was there but a few minutes, when the landlord, a genteel looking man, came down and invited me up into the parlour. He had often, he said, heard of me, as he took the United States' Gazette, and was pleased with my visit; and, to crown the whole, was a Yankee. I walked up to the parlour, ordering a room at the same time. Mr. White, the principal manager, already mentioned, was absent, but was expected home that night. Dinner would soon be ready; they were only waiting for some ladies to return from the coal mines. The parlour was large, neat, and well furnished; the Lehigh was glowing in the grate, the best part of the story, as it was very raw and drizly. Several young men walked in to *look* at me, and were introduced. They appeared to be boarders, and, as it appeared afterwards, clerks to the Company. Thus all went on well; meantime I took a view of my chamber, ordered up my

baggage, and returned to the parlour, and, shortly afterwards, the company arrived, three ladies and two gentlemen; they were from Philadelphia—a great old fat woman, a little lame, an old maid, her daughter, and a younger one, also her daughter. One of the gentlemen, a right Philadelphian, was, I think, brother, nephew, or something to the big woman; the other was a lad, I do not know from whence. They had been taking a ride on the rail-road, and not being guarded against the change of weather or the height of the region of the coal mines, had suffered much from the cold. It actually was enough (from what I learned afterwards) to have killed them out right, as they had nothing on but thin shawls, and the day was very cold. The mother was tall, about three yards round, and roughly hewn throughout. The old maid was tall and guant, long necked and long chinned, long faced, fair, handsome mouth and teeth, which she appeared to make the most of, by always grinning to show them. She had a once handsome dimple, but it was almost extinct in her sunken cheek; her hair was red, or bordering close upon it. It is always my favorite color, when not too deeply tinged, and is accompanied with a fair complexion at all times. In short, but for the length of her face, and a bow chin, she must have been handsome when young, and would be so now, had she not been abominably affected, and ignorant of course. The ladies ought ever to remember that knowledge is *never old* nor *ugly*. The other lady was not so tall nor so old, round faced, redish haired, fair complexion, middling features, and stupid dull countenance—both had whiteish grey eyes.

The gentleman, their kinsman, whose name, if I am not mistaken, was Hare, was, as I have said, a sort of chip in porridge man, with a hard iron countenance.

The lad was rather accomplished, but had more sail than ballast—he was all in raptures to see Mrs. R., and who would not? He was not of the Philadelphia party. The ladies lisped, and twisted, and figited, and smiled, "*'ma—ed*," and never was so cold; and the old lady broke

off in the middle, and disappeared—presently orders came to the young ladies to come and dress for dinner.

At length we were seated at the table, where my Yankee landlord took a seat by my side, or at least placed me by his side, to pay the more attention. The other gentlemen, also, were very attentive, and none more so than the young gentleman whom, it strikes me, had seen me before.

No one attended to the Philadelphia ladies. Here is another remark—those who do not seek admiration, admiration will seek them; and those who are always seeking it, will never find it, for the best of reasons. Every one at the table could see, with half an eye, what brought this gang of females from Philadelphia; and the young men of the place taking the alarm, avoid them as carefully as though they were just so many wild cats. There was another female at the table, a pretty good match for these—I guessed she was of Philadelphia also, and I guessed true—she was dressed in the extreme, black, proud, and ugly, and though not so silly, was just as ignorant and affected as the others; and whom, think ye, was this fine (they were all as fine as silk and lace and bubbles could make them, just as though they were going to be ushered into the ball room) dressed lady? The landlord's wife!!!! the first time I ever saw a tavern keeper's wife sit down at the public dinner table, or even show herself, since I have been in the Atlantic country; and the essence of it is, her husband is only a hireling, the tavern being the property of the Company, so, without any further evidence, it is plain that my Yankee friend is a goose, and his wife is the gander. I did not, however, dream, at the time, she was the lady of the house, as my Yankee friend never introduced me. But the next day, being interrupted by the noise of children at my room door, I looked out, and finding a black servant at the door, who seemed to have the care of the children, I told her she must take them away; and thinking they were doubtless the children of some lady from the south, from their having a grown woman to attend them, I inquired whose children they were, as I had never seen the mother

about: she told me they were Mrs. —— (I do not remember the name.) I observed, I had never seen the lady—"was she sick?" Why, she was at the table ever since you came! I then apprehended, and not recognising the tavern keeper's name, I asked who the lady was, and where she was from? She laughed, and said, "it was the tavern keeper's wife." Now, had this simpleton, as it is clear he is one, married a Yankee lady, instead of having a maid to attend her children, and dressing in silks, laces, and flounces, and sitting down at the head of the table, where gentlemen and ladies and strangers dine, she would be found in her kitchen, with her checked apron on, attending to her business—she would have been a fortune to him, instead of spending one—he is sure to be a poor man while he lives. Wonder not at the number of old maids in Philadelphia. What man (though they caught this soft Yankee) would have such women? This woman, beside neglecting her kitchen and her children, had a fortune on her back, and as great an ignoramus as could be found—she was quite a vulgar coarse woman. I should think the Company poor judges of a matter so important to their interest, the tavern being a very large expensive house, and doubtless does much business, as numbers visit the place during the summer—I am told it is like a fare. And the worst is to come yet—she is a missionary lady, and, of course, her and I were no favorites; and her poor hen-pecked husband, when he found I exposed the conduct of missionaries in my usual open independence, he sneaked off for fear of his wife, and I never came in sight of him but once afterwards.

But the old maid, it was sickening to see her airs at the table, nibbling and mincing and turning her head, first on one shoulder, and then on the other, and languishing and ogling and addressing some pretty silly thing now and then to her mother. The younger one was not allowed to speak, as doubtless the old maid had put a padlock on her mouth, that she herself might receive what she did not, the addresses of the gentlemen; nor will she ever, while her designs upon them is so evident. There is a specimen of Philadelphia ladyships for you. The boor

they brought with them never offered to attend them, and about to cross the river, over the bridge, I shamed one of the young men of the place into politeness and courage enough to walk with them. He set off, and seemed rather to prefer the company of the youngest, who, finding she had the advantage, resolved to maintain it, and fairly ran off with the young man. The old lady hobbled along very slow, and, in a short time, the young pair was out of sight, and the old maid, to her infinite mortification, who could not leave her mother, missed the only chance she had of a beau at Mauch Chunk. I was sitting in a high porch, looking at them, and was no little amused to see the younger sister run off with the prize. The walk was a mere excuse, as it was the most absurd thing in the world for such an old over grown lame woman to attempt walking in such a rough country. The young man, who doubtless will never forgive me, shut himself up in his chamber, and was never seen, except at meals, while they staid. Thus women defeat their own purposes—their palpable advances disgust the men even to hatred. I never had so good an opportunity of observing the weak side of women before.

"But the scenery, Mrs. R., and the coal mines"—"ah, you shall have it." I always go on by regular climax, and thought, perhaps, if I mounted my hobby before I disposed of the woman, it might run away with me, and so much would be lost forever. Which will you have first—the scenery or the mines? for the mines are nine miles from the tavern and the town of Mauch Chunk. "The scenery." Then here is the scenery. Mauch Chunk is the Indian name of a small town on the Lehigh, which, at this place, winds in the form of the capital letter S. Now, if you can imagine perpendicular steeps of wild mis-shapen rocks, to the height of a considerable mountain, on each side of this serpentine river; if you can imagine the steep on the *opposite* shore, running up to the right hand bend of the S, into a sharp bold perpendicular point, and the river, *with* the mountain on this side, wrapping round it; if you can fancy another *steep* mountain showing itself to the left, up the river, meeting it at a

right angle; and then suppose a sharp ridge sloping down to the river, on *this* side, on the left also, near by—if to this you add the long string of black coal waggons on the summit of this last, all in readiness to take their eternal flight down the shoot into the river, and the shoot itself a rail-way mounted in the air, with one end on the brow of this summit, and the other end sloping to the river, some hundred yards, over a considerable valley!! If you can imagine one of these waggons flying (nothing short of it) down this shoot, while another is flying up, like a witch, through the air, without even a broomstick;* next fancy a large park on the side of this *coal waggon mountain*, facing you, filled with elk and deer, and, as if for your gratification, appears as one end of it was lowered to show its contents; a little below (only a street between) stands a handsome white building, under a shade; further on, toward the tavern, from the lofty portico of which you see the whole, a large store, and then a mill, and here a stream runs down, at an angle with the Lehigh; on the bank of this stream there is a street called *Broadway*, with two long rows of houses—you are all this while at the base, or rather on the side of another mountain of huge moss covered rocks, which rear themselves up, rocks upon rocks of frightful wilderness behind you; the Lehigh running nimbly at your feet, a handsome bridge thrown over it; the locks and dams, and the canal, all in one view. If you can imagine all this, you may form an idea of the scenery of Mauch Chunk. But it is impossible for the pen to represent the novelty and wildness of the masses of stone, and the whimsical figures of the mountains, as they assume a variety of bends and shapes. The scenery of Mauch Chunk has little beauty, the mountains approaching too near—it only pleases from its surprise, novelty, and wildness, which is unequalled by any mountain scenery I ever met with, and it will forever be what it is now, as these rocky steeps defy, alike, the hand of art and the hand of taste. Wildness, therefore, will

*The loaded waggon, running down, draws the empty one up, there being a double rail-way at the shoot.

forever reign sole monarch of Mauch Chunk, unconquered and unsubdued.

The tavern, to leave room for a street between it and the river, is wedged in amongst these rocks, where, and the mass of frightfulness over your head, in one thousand acres you could not find a hand's breadth of earth.

These rocks, and those I saw on the Delaware, are different from any mountain or other rocks I have visited—they are of a light drab color, almost white—all that I have seen, were a redish, dark, and grey, and, for the most part, flat, or shelvings, seemed to mingle and adhere, forming some sort of society; but these of Mauch Chunk are great rounding lumps, loosely scattered, as though they had dropped from the clouds one by one. Now for the ride upon the rail-road, the *mines*, and the ride back.

Next day the ladies, old maids and young maids, old lame women and unlame, and, to crown the whole, Mrs. *Tavern-keeper*, condescended to join the party—*Mr.* Tavernkeeper, my young beau, the Philadelphia beau, the ladies' coachman, by far the genteelest man of the party—he could not be called a coachman, as I understood he was a relation, and brought them in his own private carriage—two strangers, the owner of the team, and the driver, all set out to the mines.

We were placed in pleasure carriages, which have seats like sleighs, and precisely like the sleigh, but longer, and without the back and front, and have small iron wheels. These carriages are fastened together, as many as you please—one horse to every twenty persons, which he pulls with ease, at a brisk trot—no horse is used in returning.

The distance from the town to the mines is nine miles, the mountain being an oblong; the rail road runs parallel with its length, which resembles what we call a spur. The road runs on the side of this ridge, and partly on the top, as it happens to sink or rise—the highest summit is about one thousand feet, and the road rises one foot in seventy.

It was a delightful afternoon, when, seated in the *front* of the *front* carriage, supported by the two strangers at my back, with my little beau next to them, the old maid, &c. &c. &c., the owner of the carriages, and driver in front of all, and off we go upon the rail-road. But of all modes of travelling or sailing, it is the most pleasing; so steady, so swift; not a jolt, jar, or movement, to the right or left. To say it was delightful, would scarcely convey the idea; nor can it be conveyed, by language, to other than those who have travelled on one. I shall ever, after this, be the warm advocate of rail-roads! Rail-roads! rail-roads! give me a rail-road!

We had a romantic view of Broadway as we drove on, sunk deep as it was between two stupendous hills—the stream mentioned wound its sparkling way down a deep vale, in the opposite course—its serpentine figure, though far beneath our feet, with a headlong mountain rising upon the other side, were to our left, and always in view; at our backs, the Blue mountains soon appeared, as we drew near the summit; on our right, there was little to be seen, as the nature of our way precluded a view.

At length we lose sight of our deep vale and curling stream, and gain a considerable flat of some width—here we have another purling stream of crystal clearness; it was sometimes on one side, and sometimes on the other, and its banks thickly shaded by shrubs and brambles—now and then a pheasant, or partridge, would start up before us. The rail-road, from its symmetry, was no less pleasing to the eye than it was delightful to travel.

I ought to have observed, that these pleasure wagons never visit the mines except in the afternoon, or until the coal wagons have run down, which is always in the forenoon; and that the coal wagons run down of themselves, being all fastened together, and are pulled up by mules; the mules, being placed in a wooden wagon, with troughs before them, to eat as they go on, are fastened to the coal wagons, and ride down. There being but one road, and no chance of getting off should one carriage meet another, and such a number of these coal wagons, all made of iron, and heavy laden, they would grind every thing they met

in their way to powder. It is, therefore, a strict law, that no carriage shall go up until the coal is all down; and the mule wagons going down at the same time, there is then no danger.

As we drove on, I happened to ask the owner of the wagon "what would be the result were we to meet a wagon?" "We would call out to the driver to hold up," there being a sort of a machine which locks the wheel, one end of which the driver, who always sits in front, holds in his hand; by this means the wagons can be made to go fast or slow, or stopped. This part of the story I can scarcely believe, when applied to the coal wagons—from their great weight and velocity when running down, I doubt whether any power on earth could stop them.

The word was scarcely uttered by the man, when we saw a mule wagon meeting us—I had such confidence in the man, that I felt in no way alarmed—he cried out to the man (or boy rather) to "hold up," but he might as well have told him to hold down. The proprietor jumped off the seat, and jerked up a small stick, which he had scarcely time to do before the two carriages met—he threw the stick across the rail-road, and whether it was of service or not I cannot tell, for, in a twinkling, the mule carriage knocked the horse in our carriages down flat on his side, and he lay as though he were dead some time. This stopped the mule carriage.

The whole of the party jumped out but myself: I being lame, was afraid of a worse evil, had I made the attempt; some of the party were hurt in their eagerness to escape, but I received little or no injury. I suspect there never was a more fortunate escape—it was the first instance of the sort. After some time, we got the horse up, and lifting the carriage off of the road, let the other wagon go on—our horse was put too, and we went on again very well.

As we draw near the mines we descend a little, and have a beautiful prospect of the plains and hills around us, from our high situation.

### THE COAL MINES

Is matter enough to satisfy the most capacious mind, and gratify the most unbounded curiosity—one whole mountain of solid coal, which continues, it is said, across the country to the Schuylkill. Wherever they have made the experiment, they find the same unbroken mass of coal. The excavation already made comprises seven acres, to a great depth, in some places 70 or an 100 feet, and yet there is no alteration in the coal—it lies unbroken and unmixed by the least particle of stone, earth, or any thing whatever.

A vast many hands are employed in loosening the coal, loading the wagons, and gathering them together, to send to the river. These hands do not work under ground—they begin on the surface, and dig and haul off as they go. There is, at first, on the surface of the mountain, a few feet of earth, which is carefully removed,* but when they once get to the coal, the earth ceases—it is so easy to dig, that one good hand can dig 100 bushels per day—the instruments used are a pick-axe and a crow-bar; these are light and sharp, which the men handle with much ease. It is surprising to see how fast they can loosen and throw it out.

They receive from 80 to 90 cents per day. Some of the workmen are Irish, some Germans, and some Yankees; they work, drink whiskey, fight, receive their money in the fall, go home, spend the winter, and return in the spring. They have no boss, (as an overlooker is called in the Atlantic country.) I asked "if they drew their wages by the day, or the bushel?" they replied, "they drew the same wages, whether they worked or played."

The whole country around seems to be one continuation of mountains; and the view from the mines is very extensive and beautiful, presenting an endless representation of high ridges and deep valleys.

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* This earth is wagoned to a precipice, and thrown down, to be out of the way. It was down this precipice an Irishman recently took a merry ride---he insisted upon getting into the wagon of dirt, and the wagon running at full speed, Pat went over and down to the bottom without much injury.

A number of rail-roads run in all directions over the excavation, to facilitate the removal of the coal to the rail-road which is to convey it to the river.

Such a number of hands, their black wagons running alone, black clothes, and the black broad flat from which the coal has been removed, the vast ebony walls which surround the excavation, are a subject of much interest and curiosity. There is a species of shaded coal, extremely beautiful, called the "Peacock coal," and resembles the variegated color of that fowl precisely. This is found promiscuously amongst the other coal, and differs from it only in color. The rail-road is thus described by a traveller, who called nearly at the same time; and to save trouble I copy it from a paper, as I am aware it is correct.

"A road is first cut along the side of the mountain, on which billets of wood are laid transversely (like our swamp cause-ways;) and on them, parrallel with the road, the rails of pine, 6 by 4 inches thick, are placed. On the upper surface and inner edge of these rails, narrow bars or plates are screwed for the wheels to run on. The cost, $4,500 per mile. The cars for carrying the coal are made of sheet iron, with strong wheels about two feet in diameter."

The bodies of the wagons are very deep, and wider at the top than the bottom. A driver or steersman always sits in front to guide the wagon upon the road where it makes short or crooked turns. The wheels, I find, have often to be greased.

It certainly must be the most interesting object at Mauch Chunk to see these wagons, of which there are a great number, all of one size, all tied together and running full career down the rail-road. This I did not see, as they came down but once while I was there, and nothing but the neglect of the landlord to apprise me deprived me of the pleasure.

The ride up is, in comparison, nothing to our ride down. The company and myself being again seated in the carriages the horse was again put to for a little way, when he was again taken out, and away we flew; at first

slow, but soon like the wind. There are a few scattering houses near the mines, in imitation of a town, and a solitary one here and there for a little farther on, also a meadow, where we saw several mules feeding. But what astonished me as much as any thing else was a 70 foot Jackson pole. The mules, accustomed to the wagons, paid little attention to us as we passed them. But it was different with most other things. The wheels, going up, make very little noise, but going down they make a considerable hollow rumbling sound, which I presume must be heard some distance.

It was no little amusement to me to see birds, cats, dogs, and cows flying for their lives before us. They must have thought the end of the world was at hand. The birds wisely fled for it at once, but I did expect to see a cow smashed to pieces, as the foolish thing ran into danger instead of running out of it. But the cat, I suppose, is hardly done running yet. I was till this day ignorant of the gait and fleetness of cats. We were 30 minutes running down.

But of all the wonders of Mauch Chunk I was most astonished at the rapidity of the wheels upon a road apparently level, as any person in the world, with no more knowledge of rail-roads than myself, would be at a loss to distinguish which way the road descended. It has all the appearance of a perfect level. I had formed some sort of an opinion of every thing except this.

The air was quite cool from the swiftness of our passage, though it was a warm evening. It strikes me that this ride must be doubly grateful in the heat of summer. We pay 50 cents each for our ride. I did not expect the proprietor, as he was a very friendly and affable man, would have charged me. Had he known his interest or the interest of humanity, he would not, particularly as he saw I was lame and had come some distance out of the way, on a rough road, to see the place. There was a meanness in it that is unaccountable, but he was a Quaker. He said "he would leave it to myself to pay what I pleased." I would have paid ten times the amount rather than have imitated his meanness.

I called at Mr. White's on my way to the tavern, and was pleased to find he had returned. This is the gentleman mentioned some pages back, one of the most indefatigable man in Pennsylvania: he is in a great measure the patron and proprietor of the canal and rail road, and the only one of the company who resides at Mauch Chunk. He is a middle aged, keen, sensible man, genteel and affable, and a man of extensive knowledge. His family also resides here. Mrs. White, a most lady-like woman, I had called on before; she very politely walked about with me, explaining and showing me the works and the wonders of the place.

They were both much displeased at the mismanagement of the people of the mines, for sending the mule carriage down, which occasioned the accident, and which might have been attended with more serious consequences. He will doubtless take measures to prevent a similar accident.

This extraordinary man seems to be peculiarly blessed with every thing which can render life desirable. He has the finest children I have seen in the state, particularly a very amiable, handsome, and accomplished daughter, nearly grown. Their hospitality and plainness of dress were exemplary, and a very great contrast to the ladies of the tavern.

Being detained at Mr. White's till after tea (by which time it was dark) Mr. W. a perfect gentleman, attended me to the tavern.

Next day was set for my departure; as the stage went only every other day I was forced to take the advantage, or wait longer than my arragements admitted. I would gladly have visited Wilkesbarre, a few miles distant, a town on the Susquehanna, but the season was too far advanced. I therefore shaped my course to Reading, and had to retrace my steps back nearly to Bethlehem. The stages did not start till in the afternoon, and in the mean time I had the pleasure of a visit from Miss White and several other ladies of the place.

This, with other marks of respect paid to me by the citizens, I saw gave infinite pain to the Philadelphia par-

ty; but it was amusing to see their last shift to entrap a beau. They took their departure some hours before I did, and "ma must get in the carriage," (which happened to be a hack,) and they would walk—"oh, we could not think of riding in a carriage upon such a dangerous road; oh, never! it is out of the question—we will walk." All this did not take; every young man stuck close to his room.

There was a Dr. *Somebody*, who resided there; he ran over to see, and shook hands with me, and when he found what was going on, he made his escape. But such pitying long look-backs I never saw—they walked slow, and every now and then would look back. Thus silly women disgust men of sense, and live and die old maids.

The landlord did go with them, but for nothing else, I firmly believe, but to keep out of my way. He took care, however, to make arrangements for my bill before his departure, and charged me the highest bill I ever paid in the United States—$3 62½ for two days—shameful! he ought, if for nothing else, to be displaced for this barbarous act.

At some distance from Mauch Chunk, we met the gentleman trudging back on foot, as he set out—I paid no more attention to him than if I had met a mastiff, and *he* looked as mean as he was. Now this would have been an amiable man, had it not been for his wife, who is at the head of the Tract Society at Mauch Chunk; for, if these missionaries could find people on the top of the Rocky Mountains, they would go there to hunt for money. They have a considerable society at this place, of which Madam Tavernkeeper is at the head, and, of course, she rules her husband. I stopped for the night at the Gap tavern, being pleased with the place.

I ought to have mentioned a little town on this side of Mauch Chunk, called Lehighton. It is quite a small place, but has a flourishing new appearance, and distinguished for Jackson poles, the tallest of the forest.

I found the landlord of the Gap tavern at home, a most interesting German, of mild, pleasant, and enticing manners, his fare good, and charges low. The German girls

(his wife being dead) who performed the work of the tavern, were certainly the most innocent, modest, and obliging girls, to be found in any of the states—they are the most silent of all women! Though all these spoke English well, such was their bashfulness, it was difficult to draw them into conversation; and, in neatness, they equal, but in industry, they leave the Yankees a long way behind. I admire these German girls for their silence, (though they find tongues, a gentleman informed me, when they marry,) and, above all, for their pure and primitive manners, in which they greatly excel.

After resting myself by the kitchen fire, admiring the neatness and ingenuity of the cooking establishment,* I walked into a large stove-room, and took a silent cup of tea, after which, wanting some time of being sunset, I took a stroll about the premises. Stepping into the store, (mentioned as I went up,) I found a comical amusing clerk, and, upon asking him "of what his wares consisted," he replied, "a little of every thing," and so it appeared.

The next day, after breakfast, I parted with my kind landlord, whose charge was fifty cents! and pursued my way to Reading, by Allentown. There was but one Teague (a very clever man by the way) in the stage, and an old soldier of the late war, a pensioner; he had served in Canada, and had suffered much hardship in the war from marching in the cold; he had had both his feet frost-bitten off, and had to be helped in and out of the stage, and, to add to his misfortune, he was a confirmed drunkard.

For the sake of passing off the time, as he grew a little sober, I endeavored to convince him of the fatal consequence of drinking, which he readily admitted, and cried like a child. He was a man of good feeling, became much attached to me during our ride, and, turning off toward New York, parted with me with much seeming regret. "I find no such friends as you are, madam," said the unfortunate man, as he took leave.

The Irishman was quite a genteel, decent, and sensible

*The hearths of a German kitchen are raised above the floor some feet, so that the cooks may not have to stoop over the fire.

man, whom, it appears, was one of the contractors for the canal; but he never spoke but when I spoke to him, and knew but little of the country.

Upon leaving the Blue Ridge, the face of the country is still uneven, but not so rough and sterile as that on the Bethlehem road. Our way hung upon the Lehigh, which, and the smooth rounding hills, fertile meadows, and neat farms, gave a pleasing variety to the landscape—one place, particularly, was a great curiosity, being a lofty conical mountain in miniature.

The valleys were rich, and abounded with Indian corn, meadows, clover fields, fallow land, and some buck-wheat and potatoes—now and then a string of Irishmen, on foot, with handkerchiefs full of clothes, slung to a shillelah, from their shoulders.

The land becomes richer and less uneven as we approach Allentown; the heights are covered with chesnut, and the valleys with large black walnut, large farms, and fine orchards; the largest apple trees I ever saw; fine barns and houses, large sleek cattle, few sheep, and few horses in sight, but a number of fine hogs running at large in the woods.

I was delighted as I drew near Allentown, or rather recalled to mind former days, which some call "pleasing melancholy" I am no stickler for names, but whatever reminds us of by-gone days, always brings with it delight. The source of my delight was the rustling sound of the dry leaves, which lay in great profusion on the road, the trees being divested of them by the frost. The feet of the horses made the same noise I used to do with mine when a child. We arrived in Allentown about dinner time, which is only seventeen miles from Easton! and six from Bethlehem! so that Pennsylvania cannot charge me with neglect, or favoring myself, encountering, as I have, rocks and rivers, by night and by day, to say nothing of high hills and high bills.

### ALLENTOWN.

The stage-house is kept by a widow *Stock*, if I recollect; a bad house, disobliging, dishonest, smoky, dirty,

stingy, and I might, with propriety, add more, but this is enough to warn travellers to avoid it. I found dinner on the table when I went in, which was set for an elderly, fine looking, tall, slender man, a Lutheran priest, and his young, beautiful, and accomplished wife—I would (so would any one) have taken her for his daughter. I should have blamed him much for marrying so far below his years, but for the temptation which I cannot see how he could resist, as it appears that all these priests, of whatsoever age or sect, are mere flesh and blood like other people. I obtained their consent to dine at the table with them, and ordering a cup of tea, made a tolerable dinner, though there was not enough on the table for one person.

In the mean time, I sent a note to Major Hutter, the son of Col. Hutter, of Easton, and regretted to find he was absent, as I wished him to procure me a better house. This being the case, I submitted, and went to my chamber, in which I had ordered a fire, as the coldness of the day required one.

My landlady, walking before me to show me the room, upon opening the door, we found it filled with smoke—she pothered about, stirred the wood, and could not tell what made it smoke—"never knew it to smoke before." This was nothing more than common, as falsehood can be had every where for nothing, as well as tracts and bibles; but the truth of the story was, that it always did smoke, and to such a degree, that I had to extinguish the fire. But the cream of the story is, that they made a separate charge for FIRE. Her son, who lived with her as barkeeper, I suspect, made out the account—as great a rogue as the world ever produced—charged me as high as the fellow of Mauch Chunk, and being the agent who collects the fare from the Gap to Allentown, charged me 25 cents more than the fare, it being one dollar only—his charge was $1 25, which I paid, not knowing any better at the time.

I refused, however, to pay the extravagant bill, particularly the fire—I only paid a dollar for doing penance, by suffering cold and hunger.

Allentown is a very handsome town in Northampton county, near the Lehigh. It stands upon an elevated site, surrounded on all sides by a vale—this, again, is surrounded by mountains and hills, forming a romantic and picturesque appearance. It appears to be a flourishing town, and does much business—it contains between 2 and 3000 inhabitants. The houses on the principal streets are handsome showy buildings, but I learned little of the town, in consequence of the absence of Major Hutter.

I walked a little ways over the town, and stepped into a bookstore, the proprietor of which was an editor of a paper, but he was an ignorant, vulgar, unsociable man. He, and the people of the tavern where I stopped, were the first and the only mean Germans I met with so far. I stepped into another editor's house, whose family were polite and hospitable, but the gentleman was not in. I sat some time waiting for him, but as it was growing late, I left my card, and desired the family to request the gentleman to call on me, as I wished to learn something of the place. He did not, however, call—I do not recollect either of their names; they lived next door to each other.

After candlelight, two very genteel young men called on me, which redeemed the credit of the place. These were Mr. *McFarlin*, a lawyer, and Mr. *Hecox*, the principal of an academy. Hecox, for the honor of the Yankees, and the State which supports him, was a native of New England. They both came in as well to pay their respects as to subscribe for my book. Unfortunately I brought no books from Philadelphia, except two or three, which I left at Easton, but I promised to send each a copy from Reading, to which place I had ordered some. They offered the price, which I refused until they should receive the books. These were very amiable young men. Mr. McFarlin was of middle size, oval face, good features, and very fair. Mr. Hecox was a tall well turned figure, his face oval and handsome, with a countenance and eye of great expression.

I walked into a store next morning, which was directly opposite my room. In conversing with the proprietor, it

appeared he had heard of me, but though he wished me success, and abjured the grey coats, he did not offer to patronize me; but in justice to him, he presented me with a small paper *box*, which I was about to purchase for the safe keeping of my caps and other finery. I still have the box safe and sound, which always reminds me of Allentown.

Being told Hon. *King* Senator of the Pennsylvania Legislature lived in Allentown, (but was absent also,) I called a few minutes before my departure, and, much to my gratification, found him at home. Mr. King is an Attorney, and said to be a man of talents and extensive wealth. He is, however, very plain and simple in his manners and equipage. He is a tall slender made man, with a thin oval face, and keen black eye and black hair. His manners are, as I said, perfectly divested of pride or ostentation, and very familiar.

Whilst I was waiting for Mr. King, Major Hutter, who had returned home the previous night, and having called at the tavern to see me, followed me to Mr. King's, and, without ceremony, introduced himself. This is what I like—plain honesty seeking to unite with its kindred feeling. The Major was a plain but warm-hearted man, who would go all lengths for his friend. He had been taking a frolic, he said, the night before, upon the success of his efforts to elect General Jackson, he also being an editor. I had merely time to exchange a few words with these gentlemen, when the Easton stage arrived, in which I was to take my seat to Reading.

The Irishman, who put up at another and a better house, (it is hoped,) was again my fellow passenger; also a very genteel stout man, of much information and very easy manners, who lived between Allentown and Reading; likewise, a great middle aged rough man, who proved to be a constable, from Easton. The Irishman, as usual, said but little, but was sober and very civil. The Easton man was bold and brazen, and having taken a dram, had a great deal to say about some matter of secret importance, upon which he was then on a visit to the Governor. But of all the pleasant travelling companions

I ever travelled with, the gentleman who lived in the neighborhood was the most so. He at first addressed a few words to the Easton man, whom he slightly knew, and, by degrees, he and I fell into conversation about the country, which passed in general and common placed remarks, but his talent lay in wit, pleasant stories, and anecdotes, in which he indulged merely for the sake of rendering himself agreeable. He was a well bred warm hearted German, though he pronounced the English language with purity and ease. He related more humorous Irish bulls than I ever heard or read in my life; but finding, at length, that the silent man was an Irishman, he turned in upon the Germans, and gave them no quarters. He was the best mimic I ever heard, and kept us in convulsions during his ride. But at length he arrived at his dwelling, and a scene succeeded of no very pleasant nature.

The Easton man called the gentleman squire something, which name I am sorry I do not recollect.

After the gentleman left us, there was a dead silence in the stage; and the Easton man, whose manners and looks I disliked at first, had called at all the taverns to drink, doubtless. He kept within bounds, however, till we stopped at Koutztown to dine and change horses; but, in the meantime, he eyed me with much malignity and evident design—in short, with looks of a thorough bred assassin. He was pale from rage, but never spoke a word. He doubtless took offence at a sharp reproof I gave him shortly after we left Allentown, upon his addressing me in a marked speech of obscene insolence, at least what I should call such. He was further provoked that I treated him with contempt, while I conversed freely with the other gentlemen. Koutztown is about half way between Easton and Reading—18 miles from each. Here I dined; but the Easton man, who had been boasting of his wealth, had not money enough to buy whiskey, but went upon credit. We had had an excellent driver to this place, but the driver from Koutztown to Reading being sick, a trifling drunken tailor took charge of the stage, to drive us to Reading. He was a good match for the other at the

bottle, and stopped at every tavern to drink on the road—he, of course, had to treat the Easton ruffian, as he had no money.

They would spend so much time drinking in the taverns, that he had to drive unmercifully to make up the time—I was sorry for the horses.

A very genteel colored man joined us at Koutztown, and it is well he did, as he was a sober well behaved man, and took care of the horses.

We had proceeded but a short distance, however, from the dining house, when the Easton ruffian could contain his rage no longer, and vented his rancor in a volley of oaths and personal abuse—the liquor had worked him into a perfect phrenzy—" you pretend to go about the country writing books—you are an impostor—I am in the *Peace*—I will send you to jail—I'll see what you have in these trunks." Every now and then he would lay hold of one or other of my trunks, (which were in the stage,) and kick them about with his feet. "I'll let you know you shall not travel over the country—I am in the commission of the Peace—(he had this over an hundred times)—I'll fix you when we get to Reading." Thus he continued the whole way, foaming at the mouth with rage. He appeared often upon the point of striking me—had his fist raised over my head several times, and had it not been for his cowardice, and the presence of the Irish gentleman, he certainly would have committed some outrage. The Irishman (I shall always love the *Pats* after this) spoke to him very sharply upon the impropriety of treating passengers in that manner—said he had travelled with me two days, and found me a civil decent woman. This would silence him a while, but the whiskey had the final command of his senses. I appealed to the driver, a palavering drunken fellow, but he was a bird of the same feather. I think Easton must blush to find they put such a ruffian in the Peace, as he called it; and nothing saved him from being put where he ought to have been long since, but want of time on my part.

It appeared he was going to the Governor of the State with a petition for a reprieve for some woman at Easton whom the court condemned for some crime.

The road from Allentown to Reading passes over some of the finest farming land in Pennsylvania. It must be understood that from the care and skill of the Pennsylvania farmers, the land is never suffered to lose in point of fertility. They have made farming a perfect science and pursue a regular routine in changing their crops from one thing to another, by which means land originally rich is still the same and produces as much as at first, and land originally poor (of which there appears to have been very little) has become fertilized. I have seen nothing in any of the Atlantic States, in the farming line, that has any resemblance to the farming in Pennsylvania. Father and son, grandfather and so on, have become rich on the same tract of land. I see nothing like poverty in the country, whatever there may be in the towns. The great massy barns with elegant sash and glass windows, their overgrown horses and cattle, their smooth ploughed furrows, their haystacks and snug warm houses, with coffers full of specie, their thick servicable cloths, the ease and contentment, and above all that noble independence which mark their steady looks and movements, prove them to be a wealthy and happy people, not a priest, or grey coat I mean, ever gets footing amongst them.

But to return, the land at first is uneven yet rich, and increases in fertility and beauty till we arrive at Reading, on the Schuylkill. Here again I must observe the fine roads and strong stone bridges, the great mills, &c.

This state differs in another respect both from New-York and New-England. Almost every mile you see a road branching off and as sure to see a sign-board neatly painted with the name of the place to which the road leads, the index and number of miles. I have seen five of these indexes on one sign-post.

I had an extensive and variegated view of those great German farms (no wonder Dr. Ely wanted to get hold of them) from the nature of the country itself—continually descending and ascending these eminences, I had a view of every alternate valley.

From the delay of our drunkards it was after sunset when we arrived at Reading. I ought to have remarked the Jackson poles every where to be seen on the road, with a green bough growing, as it were, out of the top, and the star spangled banner flying with "Jackson and Liberty." But a little distance on this side of Koutztown we were fairly blocked up by a great hickory tree with every limb upon it as it grew, and a great party of men, women and children, some in carriages, some in chaises, some in single chairs, some in dearborns, and many on horseback.

They happened to turn out to a tavern to invite their neighbors to join them doubtless and drink the health of the General, or it would have been impossible to have passed them, as the bushy top of the hickory completely filled up the road. Several hundreds assemble at the raising of these trees and dance and frolick several days. The whole of these Germans appear to be for Jackson. If you happen to ask the smallest child its name, the word is not allowed to be finished before the little thing sings out "Jackson."

### READING

Is one of the large towns of Pennsylvania. It is situated on the banks of the Schuylkill, in a rich alluvial soil. It is the capital of Berks county, is regularly laid off, and occupies a fine situation, both for beauty and trade.

It contains a court-house, a townn-house, a jail, a market house, four churches, an alms-house, and about 5000 inhabitants. It has, also, one of the finest bridges in the United States. It appears, that whatever these people lay their hand to, or undertake, is better done than things of the same nature are done in other places. There certainly is more taste, talent, and enterprise displayed in this bridge, than I have witnessed in whole towns in some other States—it unites beauty and strength in an uncommon proportion—it is built on piers of great strength, handsomely cornered, and cost $30,000. But the orna-

mental figures on the pediments, at each end, might convince any one these Pennsylvania Germans are not that *ignorant* dull people they are represented. The *figures (I presume) are designed to represent commerce and agriculture—a female is represented, reclining upon a wagon laden with yellow wheat just reaped; the wagon, or cart, is drawn by oxen, and the wheat is hanging down upon the heads of the oxen; the heads of wheat are dangling among the horns of the oxen, and the whole displays the hand of a master.

The alms-house is also a grand establishment, superior to any thing of the kind, excepting the Philadelphia hospital, and it equals that in neatness and comfort, and exceeds it in convenience. It is built upon an entire new and improved plan; the store-rooms and offices, particularly, are a model for imitation. Instead of a single room, or dark passage, a circular passage runs quite round the building, by which means the windows on one side of the passage give light to every room or division on the other. the whole mass forming one circular figure closely united, and yet each apartment is as private, airy, and distinct, as though it formed a separate building. The rooms of the paupers are less crowded, and the whole exhibits an air of neatness and elegance unrivalled. The main building is cut into four quarters, by two deep transverse entries, which affords a free circulation of air, and ready access to any part you wish to visit. There is also an hospital attached to the same institution, where I was sorry to find a number confined, it having been sickly on the Schuylkill for some months preceding my visit. This poor-house owns a great fund, and one of the handsomest farms in Pennsylvania! It is a treat to see the pure spring water spouting up in the air, and then falling into a cistern about three feet from the door.

But the junction of the Pennsylvania and Schuylkill canal is the most interesting object we meet at Reading.

* It is said the figures were executed by some person in Philadelphia. Let the man be whom he may, he immortalized his name. This is the first carving I ever had patience to look at, for never having seen carving till I was advanced in years, I considered it a childish piece of nonsense.

The Schuylkill canal unites with the Pennsylvania canal at this town; it then proceeds to Middletown, and takes the name of the *Union* canal. The Schuylkill canal has been completed some time to Mount Carbon, the extensive coal mines, and from this place to Philadelphia, 110 miles in all. The Pennsylvania canal, when finished, is to extend to Pittsburg—a great part of this last is finished, and the State is now actively engaged in the enterprize. The object of the Union canal is to unite the navigation of the Schuylkill and Susquehanna at Middletown, (in Dauphin county,) by the Swatara river.

Besides these, a canal of eighteen miles is to open a navigation between the city of *Lancaster* and the Susquehanna; and again, a rail-road is to unite the Susquehanna and Philadelphia, by Lancaster, at Columbia—so say the people of Reading. But this is not all—a canal is to extend from Pittsburg to the Lakes, and Heaven knows where; and another, called the Susquehanna canal, is to unite the State of New York with the Pennsylvania canal, so that the whole State will be canalled. All these canals are in progress, and some completed.

The Union canal is eight feet wide, consequently the boats are small, and the locks or chambers, as they are called, are very long and narrow. It has 90 locks, and is opened from Reading to Harrisburg, and from the outlet in the Schuylkill to Middletown, 80 miles. The length of the Schuylkill I have mentioned is 220 miles in length, and has 144 chambers—a boat brings from 26 to 50 ton of coal, or about 500 bushels, to Philadelphia. This they sell in Philadelphia at 25 cents per bushel, which, if true, is very high. Being unknown, and my time not admitting the roundabout and tedious manner of introductions, &c. &c. I found it very difficult to find any person qualified to give me an accurate statement of the canals—one sends me to another, and he to a third, as if I were able to traverse the world over.

I walked to the Schuylkill canal early on the morning after my arrival, and saw several boats pass the locks, and entering the river. While I stood there, the toll-man came but he could not tell me the amount of toll. The

most of the information I obtained was from the boatmen, who were smart sensible men.

I walked over the bridge to see the toll-gatherer of the Union Canal. He was not at home, and his wife made his excuse, by saying not many boats ran now, on account of the low stage of the water. [See amount of coal, &c. at the end of the volume.]

Reading is principally settled by Germans—of course I was delighted with them. The sole and all-weighing cause of my partiality for the Germans, is their aversion to the grey coats, or, as they are called in Pennsylvania, *blue stockings*.* They have, however, many qualities which I admire, besides this—they are lively, charitable, hospitable, kind, and unaffected. The Pennsylvania ladies, generally, have none of the *deep flounced, big bonnet, long feathered* pride, found in other States, much less that mock modesty and abominable affectation. They are nature without art, beauty without paint, and religion without hypocrisy; but mind ye, I do not include Philadelphia—too many Tract and Sunday School people there for virtue and humility to find room—too many old Father *Smiths* and his *sons*.

These Germans, as I observed before, are Lutherans, and the only sect that have nothing to do with tracts. With this exception, they resemble the Unitarians and Universalists—I mean in their deportment, for I know nothing of any of their tenets. The two latter sects do have counteracting tracts. The Lutheran's tracts are his charity, *independence*, and good sense, ignorant and *dull* as he is represented—like his great leader, let the priests deceive him if they can. There are, however, a few blue-skins here, but their number is small. I was much gratified with the manners of the people of Reading, and particularly the descendants of the *French* Hugunots, with one of whom I put up, Mr. Levan, a most amiable man. The Messrs. Keimes, an extensive and wealthy family, are also amongst the descendants of the Hugunots. All these families consisted of the nobility of

*They have a number of names here, as in other States, "Greybacks, Round-heads, &c."

France, and flew, for their liberty and lives, to this country. The ancestor of Mr. Levan settled the place where Reading now stands. From those I have met of those people, they appear to be the flower of our country.

Mr. Levan, who keeps the stage-house, is married to a German lady, and speaks French, English, and German. He is a middle aged man, with strong features, open countenance, and nearly as heavy as Auditor Lee, of Washington, but unlike him—his soul is larger than his body. He is as generous as a prince, and a man of princely manners—refused any compensation for my board, (nearly a week,) and drove me in his carriage wherever I wished to go. He is very popular, and no man is more deserving. His wife (he has no children, cruel death deprived him of his only child) and domestics were also kind and accommodating.

Of the Keims's, there are Messrs. G. Keim and son, and V. Keim, President of the Bank, a sister, and the mother, are all I saw. To attempt to draw a picture of these people would be as vain as to attempt to paint the sun, nor would it be at all pleasing to them—modest as they are amiable, they shrink from applause. Bound as I am to hold up virtue and excellence as examples in any event, they would command my admiration and respect; revered and beloved by all who has the pleasure of their acquaintance; conscious of their own worth, they seek no praise but that of an approving conscience. The gentlemen have an ingenuousness of feeling and a manliness of deportment unrivalled, and the females possess, at once, every virtue that adorn the sex! There is a heavenly benignity of countenance in them, which would unlock the heart of a Shylock. I never saw a similitude of Mrs. Keim, the mother—she is quite an aged female, but so kind, so pleasant, and so lovely, it is no wonder her children excel—such a face is not in being. These remarks, however, in some measure, may be applied to many of the citizens, a most amiable people.

Reading is the residence of some of the first men in Pennsylvania—Hon. Judge Smith, of the Supreme Court, (and now) Hon. Muhlenberg, the Ex-Governor, Gen. Jos.

Heister, Hon. Judge Porter, and many others. Judge Smith was absent upon his duties, which I lament, as he was highly spoken of. I called at his house without knowing he was absent, which, had I known, I certainly would not have intruded. The occasion, however, led to an interview with a daughter of the Judge's, a very interesting and accomplished, though very young lady; also his son, the Recorder, a very gentlemanly plain man.

Rev. or Hon. (which you please) Muhlenberg, recently elected to Congress, will doubtless bring ability and talents with him. He is said to be a man of superior natural and acquired endowments, which his appearance and manners would confirm. He is under middle age, tall and slender, thin oval face, dark complexion, and blue eyes, and a countenance of uncommon expression. His manners are mild and natural; he has been a preacher of the Lutheran church some years, and some objected to him on the sole principle of his being a parson; but I would risk him with my slender judgment—no danger of a Lutheran—I wish we had a few more of them in Congress. Their genuine honesty and freedom from bigotry, and every thing of a despotic tendency, is the best and the only pledge we ask—as a sect, they are the best republicans we have. Mr. Muhlenberg preaches in the German and English language. I heard him deliver a sermon, but it was his turn to preach in the German language—of course I did not understand him; but from the action which accompanied the words, I would take him to be a fine orator. He was free from that aukward hobbing up and down, so common and so disgusting in most Atlantic preachers. Governor Heister is an elderly plain man, of very easy manners; but it was nearly dark when we met. He seemed to be a lusty man, of good appearance, and is highly esteemed in Reading. He pressed me to spend some time with him, but it was not possible. Judge Porter is no great things, and his son-in-law, a true blue, is a great deal less—they are alike despised in the place. The latter looked like death on the pale horse.

A Mr. Getz, my bookseller—must not forget him. He called on me in a few minutes after my arrival, and was

not often out of my company. He is a warm-hearted intelligent man—the milk and honey of human kindness. He is a young looking man, of great size, good figure, fine features, and a countenance that breathes benevolence and charity. He is the editor and proprietor of a paper, and has a most amiable family. Mr. *Hyde*, another editor, is a small man, from the Yankee town—I did not understand him. There were, I think, one or two more editors in the town whom I did not see. Messrs. Charles *Bell*, Charles *Witmore*, and Nathaniel P. *Hoburg*, are likewise amongst the worthy, and of course entitled to notice. Mr. Walter, the Postmaster, also added to my list of acquaintances, a very amiable man. My parlor, however, was constantly full, and a piana forte being in the room, I was continually serenaded—one O'Brien and one Darlington were (the blue skin) the only mean men I found in the place.

### THE FAIR.

The Germans in Pennsylvania have a custom amongst them, which they observe with religious care—this is called a *Fair*, which they hold twice a year. These are distinct from the fairs for selling wares and cattle, and are something like the Thanksgiving in New England, that is, a kind of merry-making. It differs, however, from the Thanksgiving in this—the people make pies, cake, &c. and remain at home, or go to church. The Germans all (that is the young people) repair from the country to the nearest town, and, instead of going to church, go to balls and dance, sometimes two or three days and nights. The wicked creatures—let Dr. Ely get his religion once fixed, and there is an end to dancing and fairs.

But to go on with the fairs. One of these took place at Reading while I was there. The first thing I heard in the morning was music in the bar-room; being informed of the occasion, I stepped to the bar-room door, and there sat two young men playing on violins, and two or three young men and women sitting on a long bench, and three or four others dancing to the music. Being partial to the violin, and fond of seeing young people happy, I stood some time in the door to indulge my feelings.

While I remained there, the young men and women *poured* into the bar-room—the men threw off their cloaks, the ladies [yes, Mr. Bull, we have ladies in America too, virtuous, beautiful, and happy,] threw off their shawls and bonnets, and to dancing they went. This was continued till night set in—the bar-room! see what custom does! In some parts of the United States a lady would think herself disgraced forever, were she to sit down for a minute in a bar-room. This is all affectation, as virtue sanctifies every place it honors with its presence, as our Saviour did the manger; and very possibly these same finnicken ladies might do a worse thing in a better place. Nothing, however, could exceed the ease and grace of the females. The men did not dance so well, yet they danced well for people who worked, as doubtless they were all farmers' sons; but the females hopped as light as a feather; they were mostly fair, round faced, and rather low, and far from being squeezed to death in the waist. The day being unfavorable, they were mostly dressed in calico—the young men were better dressed and better shaped; and both were small to what I would have expected; nor did they possess that glow of health which I witnessed in many parts of the State; but the downcast modest blush and innocence of the young women was ravishing—such a picture of innocence never fell in my way. They danced two, three, and four couple; the women, as in olden times, would cut out and fairly dance the men down. The girls conversed little or none, and very few, I was told, could speak English—the young men were more gay and lively; but the room, at length, became so full, that they had scarcely room for more than one or two to dance at a time.

Meantime there is market at the market-house, and every thing that can be mentioned, either to eat or to drink, can be found there; and there the parties hie, and the sweetheart treats his fair one to the best. Here are the finest cut glass, wines, oranges, fruit, and confectionary of all sorts. Every young lady has the privilege (as in the Christmas and New Year presents) to ask the young man to give her a "Fairing," meaning a present—

this is pronounced in the German language. The whole is a scene of throng, mirth, and gaiety, and the most appropriate for youth and innocence—shoals of these were coming and going all the day.

At night, after supper, the party adjourned to the dining room, which being very large, they were better accommodated. They danced nearly all night, and renewed it again next day and night. This was the case at all the taverns, and many parties were at private houses: meantime every thing in the streets and shops wears a face of gaiety—the children dressed up, and groups of boys, with cherry faces, all seem to bring happiness to the fair, instead of the fair bringing happiness to them.

Many, in fact, most of these, when they marry, receive from 10 to $30,000 (and in many instances more) from their parents—not in cash—the German, dull and ignorant as he is, takes care of that; he never trusts wife nor child with money—they might give it to the missionaries; but he purchases a good tract of land, generally limestone, as it is known to be good. He then builds a barn, which, in worth, is a handsome fortune of itself. If there be no house, a small one is erected next, and the son goes into it, and he and his wife go to work furnished with stock and every thing to his hand for farming or housekeeping; he lays up his money, too; as his father did, so does he, taking care of every cent, and lays it out for *his* children in like manner.

I passed several farms, (or principalities rather,) the owners of which were said to have then in the house large chests of specie, which nothing would induce them to lend at any interest, or trust inside of any bank, with the whole United States for security! I like them. If every one had as much sense, the missionaries would not be as they are, in possession of so large a revenue. A German, I find, is always on the safe side.

At Reading I met with a literary lady, by the name of Bassford. The moment I entered the parlor, I was struck with her appearance, and at once suspected her, and soon discovered she was a writer. She confines herself, however, to poetry, several specimens of which she showed

me in the course of the evening, (as she put up at Levan's,) but not being a judge of poetry, I could not express an opinion of her talents. She was a handsome sprightly woman; teaches painting on velvet; is a great traveller, and was accompanied with a very handsome daughter.

After spending five days at Reading, I took my departure for Lancaster, making a fair circle, and turning almost back to Philadelphia.

Several routes were committed to paper by different people, in all of which Lancaster was left out, the reason of which I could not tell, unless it was that they considered it would take up too much time and expense. Let this be as it might, I was resolved, as I had undertook a tour through the State, not to be discouraged or diverted from my purpose.

One lady and two gentlemen took seats with me in the Lancaster stage, and though Moravians, were not very sociable—they belonged to another settlement of Moravians, called Litiz, near Lancaster, where it appears they have a very flourishing school, at which I did not stop.

The beauty of Pennsylvania appears just to burst upon the traveller as he proceeds to Lancaster from Reading, and becomes more beautiful every mile of the distance. Two things suggested themselves to me as I drove over this fertile State, viz. that neither the inhabitants themselves, nor the inhabitants of other States, have any idea of the superiority of Pennsylvania over other States, it being almost out of the common routine of fashionable tours; and no writer has, or perhaps can, do justice to Pennsylvania.

The country is visible to a great extent, the road sometimes rising upon gentle swells; the land then suddenly changes to a rich level soil, the whole chequered with fields, meadows, orchards, and adorned with alternate patches of lofty timber, surpassing any forest trees in height and symmetry on this side of the Ohio river.

As you draw near Lancaster, it still grows more beautiful—level as far as the eye can see, and as rich as any bottom land on the western waters, and in such beautiful order—the ploughing, the fences, (post and railing,) ex-

act and regular to a mathematical niceity—not a particle to mar the beauty of the prospect. It reminded me of the rich western plains, and, of course, I once more forgot I was in a strange land. We breakfasted at a small town about half way between Reading and Lancaster; after I breakfasted, generally fifteen minutes sooner than the company, I walked into the bar-room, being attracted by an aged man, who did not seem to be well.

It will be seen, that, in all my travels, I never fail to pay respect to age, be they rich or poor—this was a poor man, and, as I guessed, a revolutionary soldier. I sat a chair near him, and entered into conversation, and learned that his name was Jacob *Stails*. He was born thirty miles from Reading; had served three years in the war; was in the battle of Brandywine, and was now 74 years of age, and for *eleven* years has been disabled by the palsy.

He said he could identify his services by one William Haswell, a house carpenter, who served with him, and also by General Mosier, of Lancaster. I felt much interested for the poor old man, and told him I would speak to Mr. Buchanan, of Lancaster, to get him placed on the pension list, as it appeared he had never made application for relief. He shook his head, as though he would not live long. He had a son present, who was poor also, upon whom he was dependent for support.

We passed Litiz, eight miles from Lancaster, a flourishing village, and here two of my fellow travellers got out of the stage. The Academy is a handsome building, and about the door I saw a number of handsome intelligent youths—the students, as I suspected. We also passed by Dunkardtown, all in ruins—the houses were unlike any thing in the shape of a house, though something like the old Dutch houses in Albany. There are but few living of the Society, and those few are very poor, not being able to work their land, which they cannot, from the nature of their charter, dispose of.

### LANCASTER CITY

Is the largest inland town in the United States, and is surrounded by a large unbroken body of the richest land in Pennsylvania, or in any other of the Atlantic States. It is handsomely laid off, all the streets crossing at right angles; but the houses are low, excepting a few in the centre of the city, and a few scattering ones here and there.

As I drove into the principal street, I was no little amused at a large body of men singing Jackson's march, and dragging a great hickory tree large enough for a mast for a 74 gun frigate. I waved my handkerchief to a uniform company, and was cheered down the street to the tavern. In the evening several called to see and learn who I was. We passed several of these trees on the way, with green boughs on the top, as though it were growing.

There are two principal streets in Lancaster which diverge from a large square in the centre of the city; at the extremity of these streets, all of which ascend from the centre square, were to be seen, at once, four of these lofty trees, decorated with flags and green boughs.

It would be very reasonable to suppose that I had seen enough of the world, by this time at least, to be cured of prejudice, that bane of human intelligence and philanthropy—no such thing. Notwithstanding my disappointment in every town, in every part of the Atlantic country, and in every inch of ground I had travelled, I entered Lancaster with the grossest prejudice.

I strove to gain some opinion of the actual character of the place as I came on—all I could obtain was, that "it was principally settled by Germans." Some few were clever; but, upon the whole, I had little encouragement to change an opinion I had imbibed many years since.

Most of our back-woods merchants, in my younger days, used to trade to Philadelphia, and used to travel through Lancaster. Amongst these, a gentleman by the name of Haynes, a near neighbor of ours, often called at our house, and having a talent for anecdote and wit, was always relating some adventure or other of his travels;

and the following of Lancaster had so effectually fixed my opinion of the place, that nothing short of occular demonstration could change it.

Mr. Haynes was afflicted with the rheumatism, and making his journies to Philadelphia in the winter, usually wrapped himself up in clothing till he was as thick as he he was long, and being lame in both legs from the effects of the disorder, made a ludicrous figure, particularly when walking. Thus equipped, with some half dozen flannels, coats and over-coats, he waddled into a bar-room in Lancaster city, about 40 years since. The room was large and warmed by a huge ten-plate stove. A number of big Dutchmen* were sitting on benches round the stove, and seeing me (said Mr. H.) waddle into the room, every eye was immediately fastened upon me in great astonishment. I walked about the room some time without sitting down, while the astonished Dutchmen continued to eye me with increasing amazement. At length one of them plucked up courage enough to ask "Where you come from?" "From home," I replied very cross. "Vell, I know dat." "What did you ask for, then?" If they were amazed before, (said Mr. H.) they were now confounded. He had a coarse voice, and being fond of mirth, was always turning his misfortunes into a subject of amusement. To keep up the spell of the Germans, Mr. H. who pretended to be in a great rage with them, was forced to go out of doors to laugh. "What business," he observed to me, "had a great Conestoga Dutchman to ask me where I was from? From that day to this, Lancaster and big Dutchmen were always associated together in my noddle. This proves the fatal effects of prejudice. Is it not astonishing that prejudice, that curse of mankind, is allowed to hold the world in chains, and that opinion and not facts, has for ages governed alike the savage and the civilized? but the civilized most!!! And though to this fell monster we owe all our afflictions as men and as nations, still it holds its sway.

*The Germans are very erroneously called Dutch, from whom they are entirely distinct.

This little anecdote, related at an evening fireside merely to pass off the time, had left such a deep-rooted impression on my mind that I carried it with me ever since; and though I did expect to see good land about Lancaster I expected to be run over or swallowed up by some great Conestoga Black Dutchman.

Had I reflected I might have supposed that Lancaster, like the rest of the United States, had improved, and that it must differ greatly from what it was 40 years since. No,—the Conestoga Dutchman, big stoves and sour crout bar-rooms were too firmly fixed to be removed. I might have supposed, from what I had seen of the size of the men at Reading and on the road that the men of Lancaster would not be giants, and I might, and certainly ought to have supposed that they had something like other people about them. No such thing. The anecdote settled the business. Now, so far from being Dutchmen, there is not a Dutchman in Lancaster, and so far from being as big as Goliah, they are hardly common size, and so far from being vulgar, ignorant, uncouth and inhospitable people, Lancaster is the garden spot of Pennsylvania, take it on every ground, and not only of Pennsylvania, but of the whole Atlantic country. There is not a more kind, generous and hospitable people in the Union, so far as I have travelled. There is certainly more learning in Boston, but more genuine hospitality no where, nor more good sense—nor did I hear one German word pronounced in the place. The stage stopped at an indifferent tavern only fit for wagoners. I found the big stove, but no big Dutchmen nor any one but the owner of the tavern, an aukward slooney, though he was not a German. I asked him to have me a room prepared and have my trunks taken up, and get me some dinner. He "had no room." "Can you get me any dinner then?" "Yes." They were, however, a long time about the dinner, but, as I expected to have found it much worse, I was not displeased, though I thought the hog might have prepared a room. I asked him to "go out in the town, and get me a room at some other tavern." "He did not know where to go and it was a busy day," and not a soul in the house but a wo-

man and a little ragged boy, with some matches he had for sale. I asked the little ragged boy (who was standing by the stove with his hat slouched over his face) to go to the stable and tell the driver, who drove me in, to come to me, intending to hire him to go and hunt me a house, as the thief had deceived me in the tavern. He, as well as the people of Reading, said this was the best in the city. I think his name is Jake, and instead of the best it certainly was the worst, and the worst man in the town kept it. This may warn other travellers to keep clear of *Jake*, if that be the name. It stands not far from the court-house. This was certainly a bad set out, but I was not discouraged. The Little boy soon returned and said the driver was not at the stable, "he was gone home." "And where is his home?" "It was a great way off." I gave the boy a few cents, swallowed a cup of abominable tea, and returning to the bar room, (not a parlour in the house) I unlocked one of my trunks to take out some letter paper, saying as I did so, I must send for Mr. Buchanan, the member of Congress, and asked the little boy "if he knew where Mr. B. lived?" "Yes," replied the boy, much pleased at being employed again. I asked for pen and ink and began to write the note, but before I had finished the note, upon turning round, Mr. Buchanan was at my side! I was astonished, having never missed the boy, who thinking notes were superfluous, and that he was in a fair way to make his fortune by running errands for me—he flew in a trice for Mr. B. I apologized to Mr. B. and communicating my difficulty with the tavernkeeper, he withdrew, and in a few minutes returned with another gentleman, whom he introduced by the name of Parker. But imagine my surprise, when Mr. B. observed "this gentleman, Madam, will be happy to furnish you with a room!" Mr. Parker, late of Chester county, is doubtless, well known in Pa. But from the ease and elegance of his manners, the intelligence of his countenance, his mild aspect, his interesting figure, but above all, that alluring smile, which accompanied his soft voice. I was so completely taken captive, that I sat motionless for some time, and my prejudice fled like an

airy vision! "We will attend you, madam, if you are ready," said Mr. Parker. I said something about my trunks—"give yourself no trouble about them, madam; I will send a servant for them." But it was equal to a comedy to see the tavern-keeper J. with his mouth and eyes wide open, and his hands across, staring after me as I walked up street, supported on each side by the gentlemen. He, too, was cured of his prejudice, no doubt.

When we arrived at Mr. P's tavern, he led me up stairs into an elegant parlor, where there was a good fire, and said, "this is your parlor, madam; consider yourself at home; your chamber is next door;" and turning round, when he reached the door, he bowed and withdrew, and never did I find myself more at home—ages would not have pounded this much into the head of Jake.

In a few minutes he brought Mrs. Parker up and introduced her. But how different from the Mauch Chunk lady, Mrs. Philadelphia—plainly dresssd, lovely in her person, kind and affable as her husband. The benignity of her countenance, and the lustre of her soft blue eye, effectually won my affection, and never did I spend my time half so pleasant as the few minutes I spent in her company. Mrs. P. and her husband surfeited me with kindness.

As she attended to her kitchen, (as every good housekeeper does,) she sat with me but a few minutes, apologised, and withdrew. But there was another bewitching female, Miss *Byrne*, a perfect lady, unaffected and unadorned by ought but virtues; she lived with the family as a friend,* was well informed, gay, and lively, and, much to her credit, aided her friend Mrs. P. in performing the duties of her household; and, to come to the point at once, it is the most *convenient* and *pleasant* house I ever put up at; attentive servants, good table—but the obliging manners of the host, his countenance, and his efforts to please, must forever insure him success.

In the course of the evening a number of gentlemen called; in short, my parlor was seldom empty of noble hearts during my visit, and the society equal, in many in-

* Neither of these ladies wore ruffles, curls, or flounces.

stances superior, to any I met with of all the cities and towns I have visited. When I speak of society, I mean refinement and the common courtesies of gentlemen; but these people do not stop here—they take you to their bosoms. Thus much for the Conestogas.

The next day was the Presidential election* in Lancaster: meantime I took a walk to see my bookseller, Mrs. Dickson, another amiable female, as mild as a May morning—she is a *widow!!* I hope she may meet a liberal patronage from the citizens of Lancaster, for two reasons, 1st, because she is a widow, and is without the means of support; and 2d, because she is a worthy, plain, sensible, and kind honest woman, and has a large family. It is a pity those missionary ladies do not help their own sex—how laudable, then, would be their efforts to obtain money; they would appear so lovely that the men could not resist them, and no such thing as an old maid would be seen; and those hard-hearted unfeeling old and young men, who screw the vitals from poverty, how much better would it be to relieve them; and, if they were christians, instead of vile sharpers, they would do so. Mrs. Dickson having lost her husband, who was an editor, carries on the paper much to her credit. To assist her in her labors, she has called in the aid of a very amiable young man, Mr. T. Feran. But showing me her children, she told me, with a sigh, her patronage was small; that she scarcely sold books enough to clear cost; "that literature had few supporters in Lancaster; and feel for her I did—a widow always interests me, as I know, from experience, their struggles and their heart-rending wrongs. I adverted to the missionaries, and the able support they received; and who should step in but a great old red-faced red hot missionary; the brimstone was smoking out of his mouth; he was an elder of the Blue-stockings; I knew him by his sleek fine broad cloth coat, and challenged him at once. But never—never was a man or missionary more astonished—he, one of the main pillars, a great man in Israel, to be assailed by an old woman, and put to flight, as you are sure he was.

* I was mistaken in supposing the election was uniform.

I was much hurt to find, from Mrs. Dickson, there was but one small library in Lancaster, and that kept by a *lady*. Well done my sex! But my *Conestogas* must do better than this. If they leave literature to women, and them unsupported, I am afraid they will lose it altogether.

They were going on here very well until the missionaries slipped in; the sly traitors, all good is sure to fly before them; their name is terror and destruction. When Mrs. Dickson heard me speak so sharp to that old black coat, she turned pale from fright, so tyrannical do they rule—more shame to the people. I am astonished the Germans did not keep a better look out. These missionaries have a strong fortification here too, and not far from the state-house.

I walked from Mrs. Dickson's to the library, and found two very pleasant ladies there also. I asked them if they did not want the 2d volume of the Black Book? presuming they had the 1st. "Yes, madam, and glad to get it—no books are so much called for as the Black Book." They were quite liberal, joined me in laughing at the long faces, and made a similar declaration to Mrs D., that is, a right down shameful complaint of want of patronage. I comforted the ladies, by telling them I should touch up the Conestogas.

This is the very reason the grey-backs have got amongst them; they ought to have more Moravian schools; more well conducted schools of any sort. After chatting and resting a few minutes, I happened to look across the street, and saw a tall officer-like elderly looking man; and though he was dressed in red flannel, it could not disguise his noble mien. He was a fine figure for his age, six feet three inches it is said, and as straight as an Indian. The ladies seeing I admired him, said, "that is General *Mosier!* a soldier of the revolution; fought at the battle of Bunker's Hill; was born and reared in Boston, though long a resident of Pennsylvania." I stepped over to speak to him, and found him quite a Chesterfield in his manners, and (stare not reader) a blacksmith—his face one of the finest in nature, and as active as a boy.

I saw him, shortly afterwards, attending the election elegantly dressed in uniform, adorned with splendid shoulder knots—the finest looking man on the ground.

As the hour for opening the polls was drawing near, and the court-house (formerly the state-house) was near my window, I hastened to Mr. Parker's to witness the scene.

A little after I seated myself at the window, the Sheriff made proclamation that the polls were open. There was but very few round the court-house, which surprised me. They do not go into the court-house to vote; none but the judges go in, and the door is kept shut. The voters walk up to a window, and slip in the ticket through a pane. But never, of all the elections I have witnessed, did I see one conducted with less eclat! The voters walked up one by one, slow and solemn; not a word escaped them; each man put in his ticket, and then walked off; no crowding; no taking aside, as they do in the western States; no whispering; no drinking; no swearing; all was silence and deliberate decorum; and this, I was told, is the manner in which elections are always conducted throughout the State. It would be difficult to enslave Pennsylvania—they are too determined, and value their safety too high. Every thing was as still as a funeral till the election was over, which was about sundown. But then the city rang with acclamations and huzzas for Jackson, the hero of Orleans, &c. The band struck up, (a very full one) and a large party marched through the streets, preceded by the music.

At length, as I sat listening, through the window, with the sash up, I saw several large lights approaching, of a deep red. The sight startled me no little—several moving fiery machines, high in the air! At first I took it to be a supernatural appearance: in short, I could not tell what to think of it—there were six moving figures in all, of different size. The music kept with it, and they kept drawing near me—they were transparencies! the first I ever saw, excepting a small one at a theatre. At length they came under my window—I was about to run, when I was told the name and nature of the phenomenon—they

began to turn round, as it were by magic—I could see no person, as they were stuck on the end of long poles—the machines shaded the persons who carried them. They had several sentences, in large letters, printed; and the light within was so bright, the figures and lines could be distinguished with ease.

General Jackson was visible, arrayed in a rich suit—his sword, epaulets, &c. shone like the sun; Binn's coffin handbills, &c. &c.

They paraded through the streets for some hours, and then dispersed. Next day I was told the drawing and whole project was executed by a youth about fifteen years of age.

I was introduced to him in the course of the day, and he furnished me with the size of the transparencies, as follows: a large transparency 3 feet 6 inches square, with a large pyramid on the top—Pennsylvania, and 48,000 majority. The second transparency was nearly three feet square; the other two were something less. Besides these, there were two or three small ones, merely as ornaments. General Jackson was represented in various attitudes, sometimes drawn in a triumphant car, in a splendid dress; on another side, in a cloud of glory; and again, at the head of his army, and then eating acorns, and as a stripling in the American army; Binns and his coffin handbills, &c. &c. The drawing was admirably done—the name of the young artist was Julius A. *Keffer*—he designed and conjured up the whole of it. This was the greatest display of beauty and ingenuity I ever expect to see.* Thus ended the election of Lancaster—I do not recollect the majority, but it must have been considerable.

Lancaster contains a court-house, a jail, an alms-house, a market-house, a college, an academy, a public school, a museum, three banks, two insurance offices, and eleven churches, viz:

| | |
|---|---|
| Lutherans, - - | 2 |
| Episcopalians, - | 1 |
| Presbyterians, - | 1 |

* The fire-works of Castle Garden in New York is a very feint similitude.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Catholics, | 1 | Friends, | 1 |
| Moravians, | 1 | Independents, | 1 |
| Reformed, | 1 | Africans, | 1 |
| Methodists, | 1 | And about 7000 inhabitants. | |

The court-house is a very handsome building, and stands in the centre of the city—the market is near to it. The banks and most of the churches are costly elegant buildings, (particularly the churches have, by far, too much show and expense,) also the academy. The poor house is near the Conestoga, a very improper place by the bye, as the paupers have been very sickly since the canal was cut. The poor-house, one mile from the city, is very large, but not so neatly kept, or so convenient as that at Reading. It owns a fine farm, and gardens, and the whole revenue is between 6 and 7000 dollars, and generally about 300 paupers, many of whom were in the hospital attached to the poor-house when I called.

On the banks of the beautiful Conestoga, [if I were them I would alter the name,] on a rich alluvial soil, surrounded with *weeping* willows, gardens of the richest flowers, neat white gravel walks, trimmed with green edging, delightful hedges, smooth neat fields, orchards, squares, and meadows, stands the *alms-house* of Lancaster, with dams and bridges, canals and manufactures, in full view!!! The college I did not visit.

### ACADEMY.

The academy is styled the "Lancaster County Academy;" it has 17 trustees—Rev. Joseph Clarkson, President, and Mr. James P. Wilson, principal. The State granted to it $3000. It has just been established, and had but 25 students when I called—these were fine looking modest youths, and promise favorably. Mr. Wilson, the principal, is the son of Mr. Wilson the Presbyterian preacher, of Philadelphia, who, like his father, abjures tracts and missionaries, which alone is a sufficient recommendation.* He is a very young man, of amiable manners and disposition, and a man of high literary attainments for his years

I do not know when I was more struck with the modesty and pleasing manners of so young a man. The perfect order and silence which reigned in the school rooms, and the decorum which marked the conduct of the youths upon my entrance, is the best encomium I could bestow upon the principal—may he go on and prosper. I warned him against the missionaries, and he has only to steer clear of them to succeed.

### THE PUBLIC SCHOOL

Is also very well conducted. The number of pupils were about 200 quite small boys, very modest, and handsomely featured, though many of them had a sickly aspect, it having been very unhealthy in Lancaster the past season. I heard them examined in geography and grammar, though being very small, few of them were advanced so far. Those who were examined answered correctly; and the school is under the same order and regularity of the free schools of New York. The teacher, a Yankee of course, seemed to be, and *was*, well qualified, and took a lively interest in the management of the school. His wages, however, are not equivalent to his labors, being only $500; $800, and from that to $1000, is generally allowed for teaching upon these plans. The name of the teacher is Fuller.

The female department is also well managed, in the same building, under a very amiable and intelligent female. The little girls make surprising progress in drawing and needlework, and though only from six to twelve years of age, are further advanced in those studies, than any I have seen in most of the public schools.

But it is rare to see children so much delighted with learning as the German children. I perceived that the Germans, who were just commencing the English language, were by far the most attentive, and quite transport-

* Much to the honor of the Rev. Wilson, of Philadelphia, though he loans his church to the Presbyterians, he has nothing to do with their measures.

ed at the facility with which they acquired a knowledge of the language. The girls were very pretty, modest, and attentive.

There is a private academy for young ladies, kept by Mr. Clark, where the higher branches of female education are taught. This school is taught upon an improved plan, and has proved very successful. I attended the recital of the young ladies, and found them perfect in their studies, and a great display of capacity and genius in drawing, painting, and needle work. Mrs. Clark, who teaches the female department, (it being also a school for boys,) is a most accomplished female, whose industry and talents deserve a liberal patronage. There are several other schools in the city. Thus Lancaster is in a fair way to rival the first towns in the United States.

### THE MUSEUM

Of Lancaster, recently established, contains a handsome collection for the time. The proprietor, Mr. John A. Landis, is a very amiable and ingenious man. He manufactures most of the artificial specimens himself, and arranges the whole collection with great taste and elegance. In this museum I saw, for the first time, a representation of the Bastile of France.

### THE MARKET

Of Lancaster is, so far as it goes, in every respect equal to that of Philadelphia. Every article for the table abounds in the Lancaster market, and brought in neat order.

While standing in the market, I saw a great curiosity, called Dutch cheese. I did not like, however, either the appearance or smell—it is made from curds of skimmed milk, and is not very tempting. There is a dish, common amongst the Germans, of which I am very fond—this is curds and cream. It is very palatable, and called by the Germans *smearcase*—it is superior to the best butter. Here I saw, too, for the first time, what I should call

mammoth umbrellas, about ten feet in diameter—six or seven, perhaps twelve persons, may stand under them—doubtless they are designed to keep the rain from carts and small wagons.

Besides the public improvements mentioned, there is an extensive cotton factory near Lancaster, owned by Mr. Humes, a very amiable man.

Conestoga river has been made navigable by a few enterprising men. This work cost about $80,000. Distance from the city of Lancaster tot he Susquehanna river, 17 miles, fall 63 feet, and locks and dams; locks 80 feet long, 22 wide. There are from six to eight stages arrive at, and leave, Lancaster daily, principally owned by S. Slaymaker & Co.

The company have a very extensive manufactory of stages, &c. attached to their establishment.

Four different courts hold their sessions in Lancaster, each four times in the year.

For the length of time I spent in the city, five days, I formed a very extensive acquaintance. No people in the United States are more disposed to friendship and hospitality than the people of Lancaster. They vie with each other in paying respect to, and lavishing kindness upon, strangers. Hon. James Buchanan I have mentioned in the 3d vol. of the Black-book; his honor, the Mayor of the city, was almost the first man who paid his respects—his name is Nathaniel Lightner, a very gentlemanly man, of middle age, and stout robust make, good height, fair complexion, round face, and open benign countenance, and no man more bountiful or liberal to the poor. George Louis Mayer, Esq. also paid me unremitting attention. Mr. M. is an alderman of the city, rather small, and lame, from being afflicted with the rheumatism many years, though still in the prime of life. He is a merchant of considerable wealth, and a man of princely virtues—his hand is ever spread in distributing relief to the needy widow, the sick, and the friendless orphan. While I was in Lancaster, he found a poor invalid somewhere in the city, and had him removed to his own house, and nursed him with his own hands! Mrs. M. is also a pattern of kind-

ness and humanity. Their whole business seems to be that of hunting up the friendless and distressed, and relieving their wants. Few relieve distress, in these days, when it comes to their doors, much less do they seek after it. But this is the true Catholic spirit. I being a stranger, Mr. M. never missed a day, often two or three times in the same day, but he called to see if he could render me any service. Dr. Ely ought to take pattern by him before he attempts to regulate the government; but he, nor his whole tribe, never performed as much goodness. Though I am bound to acknowledge my obligations to Mr. Mayer, I stood in no need of a friend in Lancaster. Mr. Parker himself devoted his whole time to me while I remained at his house, which reflects eternal honor upon the State of Pennsylvania. Mr. P. was constantly bringing up some gentleman to my parlor. But we will go on. Messrs. Norris, H. Rogers, Reynolds, the editor, E. Wright, and E. R. Evans, are amongst the distinguished men of Lancaster. Mr. *Norris*, a very amiable and interesting man, boarded at the same house with myself. Mr. *Rogers* is also much esteemed, and a very friendly engaging man. Mr. *Reynolds*, the editor, of course, was at once a brother and a friend. I am much indebted to him—he is an able editor, and a man of taste and learning; he is of young appearance, and rather stout. Mr. E. *Wright*, a kind, intelligent, and genteel man, is of good size, middle age, and fair complexion, with an eye of azure blue; in his manners he is easy and affable, and a man of general and particular information. He is an attorney, and, by the way, a Yankee, and to him I am particularly indebted for the most important information relative to Lancaster.

The Moravian gentlemen, if possible, outwent all the rest, in kindness and hospitality; they certainly, as a sect and as gentlemen, stand unrivalled, wherever they are found. There are a number of them in Lancaster, who are largely engaged in the mercantile business. I find them all men of learning and unbounded benevolence, and an honor to human nature on every account. There never was a breach of faith or fair dealing, or a stain of

dishonor, I am told, alleged against one of the sect. Of these, I became acquainted with Messrs. John F. *Steinman*, and *three* of the Reigarts. Mr. S. is a young man, a tall noble figure, dark complexion, and dark eyes, and as amiable as virtue can make him. Mr. E. C. *Reigart* is likewise a tall fine figure, full face, fair complexion, and mild blue eye, and one of the most polished gentlemen in his manners; and alike amiable is P. W. *Reigart*—humane, affable, kindness, and benignity itself. The third gentleman of that name I regret to find deficient of the first name, in my notes; he is described as a young man, fair complexion, with a deep black eye, open bright countenance, and genteel manners.

I had the address of several other Moravians, and lament the want of time to call on them, which alone deprived me of that pleasure.

I had like to have overlooked Mr. E. R. *Evans*, but he *well* knows I hold him in too high estimation ever to forget him. Mr. E. is a young man, with a tall slender person, fair face, benevolent open countenance, and of easy plain manners. Mr. Jos. *Oglesby*, of the bank, is also a charming man; he is middle aged, with a pleasing countenance, and very interesting manners. Messrs. D. Fuller, M. A. Musser, Hugh Maxwell, and Mr. Getz,* were likewise introduced by their friends, and equally pleasing agreeable men; particularly Mr. Maxwell, the editor of a paper, is a man of superior manners and intelligence.

One Long, as there are mean people and missionaries every where, happens to be one; he is a lawyer, and a great gawk. One Lane is another; and a clown in his store merely showed his teeth and three cornered face—I left him with his mouth and eyes wide open. One Hopkins, a Morgan mason, as it appeared, ought to keep the others company; and all four ought to be banished from Lancaster, for its own sake. Let them learn from their neighbors, henceforth, how to treat strangers.

I had a complaint to make against the Post-mistress, but, as she is removed, I let her pass. General G. B.

*Brother of G. Getz, Esq. of Reading.

*Porter*, one of the first men in the State, resides in Lancaster, but unfortunately he was confined with sore eyes. Mrs. Porter, his lady, I met often—one of the most agreeable and accomplished women in the city. She is a handsome, but large woman.

Of three judges who reside in Lancaster, I saw but one—Judge *Rogers*, one of the finest men in the place. The celebrated Langdon *Cheves* lives on the borders of the city—I was truly sorry to forego the pleasure of seeing him. Mr. L. M. I had almost forgot, is a very amiable pleasing young man.

The great Ross family live near Lancaster, and, from all accounts, are worth millions. The great iron-works near this place are principally owned by them. I called on George *Ross*, Esq. who lives in Lancaster. This gentleman is quite a phenomenon. Being deprived of the use of his limbs, he, or somebody for him, has invented a chair, which rests on wheels, and these are so constructed, that, by the slightest application of his cane on the floor, he moves himself, with surprising facility, in any direction. He can run in a straight line, wheel to the right or left, turn round, and goes as quick as any person on foot. He is quite an elderly man, and worth the attention of all who travel for pleasure or amusement.

A funeral took place while I was in Lancaster, in honor of an aged respectable citizen—if I am not mistaken, an alderman. This was also to me an incident of deep interest, and would have been more so, but for the inclemency of the day, being cold and rainy. The hearse was preceded by the mayor and two aldermen abreast, on foot—the citizens, men and women, followed two abreast, also on foot, with umbrellas, all neatly dressed, the bell tolling all the while—there were 100 persons in all.

Wishing to see the blue-skins, I went to their church, and after standing some time in the aisle, who should approach me but the big red-faced elder [takes a drop of the comfortable, doubtless, with all his Indigo] whom I put in terror at Mrs. Dickson's book-store—"will you have a seat, madam?" said he, and led me to a pew in front of the pulpit. This was kind. It was raining hard.

and I got very wet, being on foot. It was communion day, and the church was crowded. I liked their looks, however, better than most of the sect—they were neatly dressed good looking people, and had an air of easy gentility about them. They tried to draw out their faces to blue-stocking length, but failed in their aim. The priest, a sickly looking man, spoke very well, and had a very fine countenance; but, like the whole of them, his prayers were abominably long. Do they learn this in the bible? the vile impostors, are we not commanded to make short prayers? This is merely done to detain the people in their presence.

This preacher would have been an amiable man, had he not joined those tract people.

I was much displeased during the long sermon, &c. &c. by two Philadelphia *bonnets*, worn, of course, by two Philadelphia ladies—I detested the bonnets themselves, the persons who made them, and the persons who wore them—they were most hatefully affected—proud and ignorant of course. To show the bonnets off, they were continually shaking them, without reflecting that I could not see through them.

Neither priest nor people had that long black sour look which distinguish the sect in other places. I liked all the proceedings but the Philadelphia bonnets, long prayers, and the money part. Is it not surprising that these fools who follow these Presbyterians, (or any sect) who turn the house of God into a vile swindling office, cannot, nor will not, withdraw from such a den of thieves?* A little reflection, which they could get for nothing, would teach them that they are led by wicked knaves.

I ought to have noticed a long faced missionary and his wife, whom I had seen sometime back at Manchester, Virginia, where they live. They had been on a visit to the hot-bed, New York, of which his long-faceship was a native, and put up at Mr. Parker's to spend the *Sabbath*. The vile hypocrite refused to relieve me in Manchester, and yet he stopped to spend the Sabbath. His wife, how-

*Ten thousand times worse than a professed gambling house, as it is gambling under a cloak.

ever, had some goodness left, and took me up in her carriage.

### HISTORY.

Lancaster county was organized by an act of Assembly, passed May 19, 1729, one hundred years since, and embraced the whole province of Pennsylvania lying north of the Octorara creek, and west of a line of marked trees extending north from Octorara creek to Schuylkill river. All the counties in Pennsylvania, except Chester, Philadelphia, Bucks, and Delaware, were originally embraced in the limits of Lancaster county, and were taken from it.

The first permanent settlements in Lancaster county were made at Lancaster, then called Hickory town,* at a place called Conestoga, on the banks of Conestoga creek, six miles west of the city of Lancaster, in Conestoga township, and at Wright's Ferry, on the Susquehanna, now called Columbia. This last place was settled in 1720, by a family from England by the name of *Wright*. Many of the descendants of that family now live in and near Columbia.

The first court was held in a large barn in Conestoga, and the first jail was situate in Conestoga township, six miles west of the city of Lancaster. This prison is rendered famous in history, by having once been the place of confinement of the Marquis of Anglesea, the grandfather of the present nobleman of that title. In 1735, a young lad was brought into the Delaware, and landed at New Castle, and sold as a servant for his passage. Disliking his master, he ran away, and bent his course to the English settlement at Wright's Ferry. Here he was apprehended and placed in the jail at Conestoga, and detained a prisoner for five days. His master then took him back to New Castle, where he served his term out, and returned to England. By the death of other relatives, he became entitled to the title and estates of the Marquisate of Anglesea. This station he filled with honor and dignity

*It may still be called Hickory town, from the number of hickory poles.

until his death, leaving his title and estates to his son, and the same remain in the family to this day—the present Marquis of Anglesea being the grandson of him who was imprisoned in Conestoga jail.

Lancaster was so named from Lancaster in England, and was laid out by James Hamilton, once Lieutenant Governor of the province of Pennsylvania.

Lancaster was erected into a borough before the revolution, and continued as a borough until the 20th of March, 1818, when it was incorporated a city, and is governed by a select or common council, a mayor, recorder, and aldermen. Lancaster was settled by Germans, who are still the most numerous.

On the evening of the fifth day the trying time arrived, when I, with much pain, tore myself from these incomparable people. Mrs. Parker had purchased me a dress, made it, and packed it away in my trunk. The dear *Mag*, as Miss Byrne was familiarly called, had presented me with a neat white pocket handkerchief, with her name in full, as a keepsake. Mr. Parker had shown me his beautiful celebrated horse John Stanley.* He had devoted most all his time to me, and the whole, including my bill and fare to Columbia, cost me—how much? not one CENT! But do not imagine Mr. Parker bestowed these marks of kindness upon mew ithout struggling with a strong opposition. A number of gentlemen contested the point with him, and insisted upon paying my bill; but it was in vain! too much nobility there! Finding themselves over-reached, they came in for a share, and paid my fare to Columbia. The stage was to call for me

* This is the same Mr. Parker who received the premium of a silver cup sometime since, in Chester county, for the best horse at the show. The name of the horse is John Stanley, the most beautiful animal I ever set eyes on. His color is a dark brown, and his form without fault, is symmetry itself. He was brought out by the groom on the square facing the door, where he gamboled round the groom with inimitable grace; his steps, which were as light as those of a cat, were not more than three or four inches in length. It is stated he excels on the turf, and always victorious.

I saw the prize cup, which was valued at $50. It was handsomely adorned with suitable engravings, and presented to Mr. P. by a foreign ambassador, whose name and titles it bears.

about 4 o'clock. My trunks were brought down, and set in the passage. I had kissed the bedewed cheek of Mrs. P. and Miss Byrne—my friends had flocked in to take leave—they were waiting in the front parlor—I hastened thither and took a seat, with my back to the window, which looked into the street, and my face to the company. Hon. J. Buchanan seated himself on my right; alderman Mayer took a seat on my left*—the rest in succession, forming a circle round the room—amongst them were several of the Moravians. Thus honored and surrounded, I counted the stealing moments with an aching heart! I was unable to converse, and knew nothing but that those dear people clung to me to the last. Mr. Parker paced the passage, watching for the stage! I often heard his light step enter the parlor, but I dared not raise my eyes to look at him! I had expected some one to come in and announce the arrival of the stage, but a signal was agreed upon by my friends—this was a loud rap at my window. At length the rap was given! my heart, already full, sickened at the sound! every man arose from his chair—I was carried to the stage, and helped in! The stage soon separated me from my friends. "Farewell, dear Lancaster—I ne'er shall look upon thy like again," I repeated inwardly. In many places I have met with people who *understood* politeness, but (as the man of antiquity said of the Spartans) the people of Lancaster practise it.

I merely recollected some person saying this is Mrs. R. and this is Judge something, as I took my seat in the stage; but I was little concerned about the company in the stage.

## COLUMBIA.

It soon grew dark, and I was conveyed to Columbia through a beautiful country, which I partially discerned as we drove on. I found an elderly man in the stage, to whom I addressed a few remarks; but though he conversed in the language of a gentleman, he appeared rather

*The Mayor was absent.

unsociable, and seemed little acquainted with the country.

Columbia lies west from Lancaster, about 10 miles, on the Susquehanna river. It was sometime in the night before we arrived, and though I found a good fire, a warm parlor, and had a letter of introduction to the tavern-keeper, I was far from being pleased with appearances. The landlord (a missionary) looked as grum as the thickening storm, and his wife as black as the Lehigh coal mines; and I had to wait a long time for my supper and chamber. The landlord did condescend to tell me that my fellow passenger was Judge *Bradford*—"and where does he put up?" I inquired, supposing him to be on a journey. "Put up," said the landlord—"he is gone to his own house; he lives here." I was thunder-struck, but soon unravelled the mystery—the judge, and the whole clan of them, it appeared, were missionaries. It is much to be lamented that these Pennsylvanians are not more particular in their choice of rulers. Having so much good sense and honesty amongst themselves, it is surprising they pick up those Yankee out-laws, whom they exalt from selling tin buckets and horn flints to the bench. I find this is frequently the case throughout the State.

Now a thousand men, at least, I will say, at a venture, might be found in Lancaster, to go no further, who would make a better judge than this tin pedler. But such is the fate and folly of man!! And that these honest Lutherans, such sound republicans, would elect a blue-stocking judge, who would want no better sport than to hang the whole of them, fills me with astonishment!

I was going on next morning, and of course had but a few minutes to spend in the place, and one would have supposed he would, from motives of policy, without a particle of the gentleman, have said "I live in Columbia, Madam—can you not spend some time with us;" or "I would be glad to see you at my house;" or "I will wait on you in the morning: as you are a stranger, perhaps I can be of service to you."—No such thing. The Pennsylvanians must blush to find themselves scandalized by such a poltroon. A barber, a tinker, the lowest menial

would have had more politeness. It is evident he is deficient in some sense. A fine subject for a judge, or he would not have dared my pen, which [if he did not know he is more ignorant still] he well knew spared neither friend nor foe. Doubtless he is in for life, but if I were in the place of those who have the appointment, for the honor of my country, for the honor of justice, I would pay him to sit on his chair at Columbia, and place another judge over his head. The whole of these dangerous Sunday School fellows cannot be too soon discontinued from every thing like power.

On the high hills of the bright rolling Susquehanna stands

COLUMBIA.

It begins on a lofty eminence and suddenly descends to the river's edge. The Susquehanna makes a grand appearance, from its size, islands and rocks, and from its murmuring sound, lost in thickly shaded groves—it must present a scene of surpassing beauty in the spring and summer months.

It burst suddenly upon me next morning, within a few steps of my feet, the tavern being on the brink of the river. I was at once surprised with a great river dashing over huge black rocks, tremendously roaring, and a handsome neat covered bridge, one mile and a quarter in length. I was transfixed in amazement, being unaware till morning of the proximity of the river. It is studded with frightful black rocks, which rear themselves up in all parts of the channel, jut out from the shores and seem to set navigation at defiance.

This river, at the annual freshets, must present a sublime spectacle. It must, from its fall, rough shapen rocks and great weight of water, shake the shores like an earthquake. I would suppose it would hurl every vessel upon its bosom to instant destruction—and yet it appears that lumber, wheat, and every thing else, is floated down to the bay, in immense quantities. I saw several arks lying to at the shore, which were something like our flat bottoms in the Western country. They were,

however, longer, narrower, and I should think, deeper, and pointed at the bow and stern, and many of them have rafters and are covered like a house. These last are trading boats, and families live in them.

The bridge is considerably larger and better built than any I have yet met with; but those blue stockings, though they were ready to job a tract in my face, knew nothing of the cost. These were all *English* people and all missionaries, and the most ignorant of all the towns I passed through in Pennsylvania. No wonder it was selected by the blue skin judge. The Postmaster, Beatty, was the only one I called on—he was tolerable. But I would doubtless have been served as I was at Burlington had I attempted to call on the citizens; having since learned it is another den of these religious thieves.

The town rises from the river upon a considerable hill which I did not ascend for want of time, but it must contain a prospect of the richest and most extensive scenery. No one present could tell me the number of inhabitants, though, from the looks of the town, I should think it was near or about 2,000. The principal street lies on the river, and many of the houses were handsome buildings.

This town is certainly unrivalled in situation when beauty and richness of scenery are considered. A magnificent river rolling in front covered with arks and teeming with wild fowl, the rising grounds, wild hills and craggy rocks, some looking up and some looking down the mountain, piles of plank and hills of coal, scantling, &c. To all this add farms and a majestic bridge. It unquestionably combines much of the sublime with the wild and the beautiful, and cannot fail to please the man of taste and travels.

### HISTORY.

The history of Columbia is mentioned under the head of Lancaster.

## SUSQUEHANNA.

It was designed by my friends I should visit Columbia and proceed to *York*. But I had now crossed the state to please them, and resolved for once to please myself. I could take York in my return to Washington, and being attracted by the rich scenery of the Susquehanna, and learning that a stage ran upon the river bank the whole way to Harrisburg, I would not have given up the pleasure for any temptation, and accordingly took the stage up the river.

The Susquehanna is one of the most extraordinary and whimsical rivers we have, and though navigable 300 miles from its mouth for these arks and rafts, it is so much obstructed by rocks and shoals and falls that sloops can only ascend 5 miles, and the navigation will always be dangerous. The main branch rises in the State of New-York and crosses the boundary line of Pennsylvania and New-York 3 times. After amusing itself in this manner with our two greatest States it meets another branch which has also been over the line two or three times—it then very gravely marches across Pennsylvania into Maryland, and pours its waters into the Chesapeake bay at Havre de Grace.

It would be impossible to describe its course, as it runs to every point in the compass—like the missionaries. Towards the last, however, its course is nearly south, while the Juniata, one of its principal branches, for a long distance runs due north.

Thus winding and foaming over rocks and through mountains, the Susquehanna lacks nothing but sloops and steamboats to be greatly superior to the Hudson of New-York, in point of beauty, and not any thing in point of scenery.

The mountains with craggy rocks soon presented themselves in bold front to our right and to our left. On the opposite shore were also seen rising rocks and curling smoke, thick bending trees mingled with black rocks and fields of green luxuriant wheat.

We were now hemmed in close to the water's edge, whilst an uneven ledge of rocks hung over our heads—

the river dashing furiously over the rocks and shoals, echoing from shore to shore.

At length the hills seem to exchange sides, and this side seemed to slip imperceptibly to that. Meantime the bridge at Columbia is still in view below.

"And Susquehanna's glittering stream is seen,
"Winding in stately pomp through valleys green,
"Or thundering through broken rocks in whirling foam,
"Or pleased o'er beds of glittering sands to roam."

Anon the piny clift "and deep romantic vale."

Thus beguiling and beguiled, I was much amused by two female travellers in the stage. They had arrived at Colombia from Baltimore on the same evening I did, and took seats in the same stage to Marietta, a small town on the Susquehanna. One was an old woman, of whom I had an humble opinion from her manners and gaiety of dress. The other was a young girl, who had never been in that part of the country before. But to hear their remarks on the scenery was laughable. "Oh! look what ugly rocks, oh! what a bad road. See there what an ugly river!" "Yes dear, if your uncle knew we were coming he would bring his carriage to meet us. I expect nothing else but to get our necks broke." The girl took the hint, and it was nothing but "I wish uncle would meet us with his carriage."

At length we espied the heads of horses meeting us in one of the short turns. "Oh! I expect that is uncle in his carriage." It turned out, however, to be an old wagon.

A little after this we came in sight of Marietta at about three miles distant. It was soon lost again by the winding of the river, and reappeared at intervals.

But nothing could rival the beauty of the scenery.—Wildness seemed to have taken up its eternal abode in these straggling steeps, and again a rich meadow and a neat farm, while the fish dams amused us and the ark wafted its treasure, with solemn pride, on the noble Susquehanna.

After various windings we reached Marietta, and the females got out without meeting their uncle. Marietta sits on a plain of singular beauty, in one long street, but almost deserted. It was distinguished by nothing but a tall hickory tree with a large flag and a bear which was chained on the side of the main street. I saw an elegant building entirely vacant. It was very large and built, as I understood, in the late war for a tavern, but fell through after the peace.

As we drew near Middletown, on this side of Harrisburg, we met the Swatara river, a pretty little deep stream, which we cross in a ferry-boat. The Swatara was high, and the water concealing a stump about the middle of the stream—the ferry-boat passing directly over it, lodged; and here we were safe enough! No assistance could be had from the shore, as there was no other boat, nor could I see how they were to assist us, had they been present.

We had taken in a decent looking young man, with whom I was much amused; he was quite alarmed at the incident, and doubtless expected to go to the bottom every minute. I asked him "if he could swim." "No!" he could not, "Then you may make your will." Why, do you think there is any danger." "I certainly do." In which I said nothing but truth, as the smallest matter would have upset the boat.

Meantime the wind being high, and the water rolling in heavy waves, we had a perfect see-saw of it. The ferrymen, however, were doing all they could, by running the stage to the stern, and working hard with their poles to set the boat either back or forward. I persuaded the young man to put his shoulder, not to the wheel, but to the pole, and push for his life. He did so. I encouraged them all—told them "No danger—only keep her steady—we will soon be free—push hard my boys—that is right—a little more—it is coming. Their faces were red from exertion, and by persevering and the aid of the wind, we succeeded. A miraculous escape, indeed! Had our horses been wild we would doubtless have to sink or swim, like the witches of old.

This seemed a day marked out for incidents. We were hardly escaped from peril by water till we fell into another by land.

The road running close by the edge of the Swatara, hemmed in by a steep bank, we were suddenly stopped by a wagon and team, which stood stock still in the road. Five or six men were standing on the bank, and were about to load the wagon with plank from a large pile, also on the bank. The driver requested them to drive the wagon out of the way; they refused; the driver swore: the men swore; the driver threatened them with his whip. I liked him for his courage, being six to one. "We had the mail." "They did not care." The driver jumped from the seat and said he "would soon let them see they should not stop the mail, and was about to move the wagon himself. They would "whip him if he touched a horse." "He would whip the whole of them." I admired the man's courage, and said well done my driver. He was a great stout German, they were English and Irish. They told him there was another road—why did he not take that? I now spoke to the men myself, and endeavored to sooth them into compliance, as it was growing late, and very cold. I told them "the law did not say we should go round or through. It stated positively you shall not stop the mail; and if you do not let us pass, I will go myself for an officer." We were within a few hundred yards of Middletown, and I called the driver to help me out, and thus, between us both we succeeded, and they moved the wagon. They had a great stock of assurance indeed to set Uncle Sam and myself at defiance. But from that day, and henceforth, I shall admire the Germans. This man was as brave as a Tennesseean.

Middletown is situated on a fertile spot, twenty miles from Columbia, and ten from Harrisburg. It is a very handsome growing town, on the great turnpike from Philadelphia to Pittsburg, and here we have a road strung with great teams for miles, the road being straight, and the country level, you can see a surprising distance, and

it would seem as if the whole capital of the state were vested in wagons and teams.

We saw the mill which was burnt the previous night, smoking, as we drove on through the finest country in the world, to Harrisburg. Harrisburg, the capital of Pennsylvania, is seated on the banks of the Susquehanna, in one of the most charming spots on the globe. Nothing could add to its beauty, if we except ships and steamboats. The land here, and the whole distance from Middletown, equals any of the rich bottom land, on the western rivers. Large grape vines! black walnut, locust, and level as a die. But the straight fence! the green wheat, the green meadows, the great barns, the bursting apple trees, the profusion of gardens and summer houses, (I never saw gardens before) the neat white pailings, the net work round the doors, the smooth columns, the massy mansions, the droves of cattle, while

> "The groaning cider press is busy heard,
> The fowls loud cackling, swarm about the yard,
> The snowy geese harrangue their numerous brood,
> And flapping flails re-echoes through the wood."

and the broad smooth river astounds the ravished eye!!

The Susquehanna flows in a smooth but quick current at Harrisburg, and is about a mile in breadth. At this place it is very much like the Ohio, and to add to the beauty of the picture, it has a most superb bridge. The bridges I have already seen in Pa. without going further, surpass in number and beauty, those of the whole of my travels in the other states; their roads and bridges seem to attract all their pride, to say nothing of their farms and barns.

Intending to return from Pittsburg to Harrisburg, about the meeting of the legislature, I hurried on to Carlisle, a place where I was much wanted. Having made this arrangement, I merely rested one day at Harrisburg and resumed my tour.

It was quite late in the evening when I arrived, and leaving a card at my booksellers, Messrs. Wyeths, a very friendly pleasant young man, called on me in the

course of the evening. He was the principal bookseller, and very politely tendered his services during my visit.

Being desirous of seeing his excellency governor Shulze, Mr. W. said he would attend me to his house next day. I had more than common curiosity to see governor Shulze, hearing, as I had, a thousand remarks and anecdotes of the man. My visit to Lancaster, to say nothing of the rest of Pa. had effectually cured me of prejudice, and I set off next day to see the governor, perfectly convinced that I had never heard a word of truth respecting him. Such as "great awkward Dutchman, biggoted priest—Federalist, Jew, a Gentile, did not know a spit box from a tea-pot; and again, a good natured fool, a tory, a whig, a gentleman, a clown; but tongues, like wheels, were made to run.

The governor lives in the town, on the river bank, in a very plain common brick house, and the door being opened by the governor himself, Mr. W introduced me, and withdrew; I walked before the governor into his parlor. It was just the kind of parlor I like, and just in my favorite point, on the north of the building. I do not like a parlor or chamber on the south, east, or west, give me the north at all seasons. A small, simple furnished parlor, and a large chamber; I detest a pigeon box to sleep in. But you all want to hear about governor Shulze. Then you shall hear. I said I had discarded that fiend prejudice—not exactly as I expected to find G. S. a rough black faced old man at least. But to return, governor S. is about 45 or 50 years of age, though he might pass well for 40, and in a southern climate for 30. He is over six feet in height, remarkably straight and erect. He is athletic, with muscular handsome limbs, and rather of the two, inclined to corpulency. Now if you can imagine as much ease of manner and grace as not to spoil the thing—just as much as you would incorporate were you to mix the ingredients yourself, and one of the fairest faces in nature, with fine features, and a lively black eye, you have the exact portrait of G. S. His face could not be altered for the better, if any thing it is too fair and smooth for a man—rather too effeminate,

otherwise it is without a fault. His countenance is open and gay; and though he does not ware a barbarous brogue, you might perceive by a certain lisp, that he was a German—so much for his person and manners. Nor is G. S. at all that ignorant man he is represented by some; he is a man not only of a good mind, but well informed on the common affairs of life, and gave me some very judicious instruction on the subject of my tour; and pointed out the objects most worthy of notice. He was very affable and conversed freely on various topics, and laughed at the description I had received of him. He was a Lutheran preacher it is said, but this ought rather to enhance his character, as it will be seen they are the most honest upright men we have. Such is governor Shulze, a good honest German, who doubtless, like all public men, has his friends and his enemies.

I understood there were a den of blueskins in the place, but I had not time to look after them; they may prepare for battle against I return, as they wish to retain their acquired glory, and so do I. Having received several marks of politeness from Mr. Peacock, the Post Master, through the Post Office, and a letter of introduction to Mr. Stambaugh, the Editor of the Reporter—I called to pay my respects to them. Mr. Peacock is amongst the best men in our country, and Stambaugh excels him. To say more of these gentlemen would only mar their fame, but I shall see them again, when I shall have more leisure to notice Harrisburg, a very beautiful, flourishing place. Dr. Keagy, Mr. Buehler, and several other gentlemen will also receive particular notice. But I must proceed, as "my purse is light and I have far to gang." About 2 o'clock in the morning I was called to get up, but the stage did not arrive for an hour, when with a stage full as it could stow, we left Mr. Wilson's tavern, a very good house.

Nothing can be more provoking for a tourist who makes pretentions at all of describing the country, than to travel in the dark. Day was about dawning when we arrived at Carlisle; the road, from all accounts, passing through the cream of the state. This distance, 18 miles,

I travelled without light, save the stars. The stage travels from Harrisburg to M'Connelstown, over a considerable mountain, in a day, 84 miles.

Carlisle is one of the oldest towns in the state, and the head quarters of the blue skins, or stockings, as they are very improperly called in Pa. I had been solicited for two years back, to visit Carlisle and give them a dressing, as they had become formidable to the peace, safety and liberty of all who refused to receive the mark of the beast; and if they do not get their due now, it will not be the fault of the pain in my ancle; as it brings the sweet creatures to my mind.

It is useless to repeat a fact too well known, that these Presbyterians, glutted with women and money, have become not only beastly wicked, but are in every part of the U. S. aiming to overturn our government and establish the reign of terror.* The faculty of Dickenson, one D. "a mighty man before the Lord for corrupting the women, have gone no small length in the glorious enterprise. The time was before the reign of tracts, when Dickenson, as well as Princeton college, but particularly Carlisle, was distinguished for learning, virtue and talent. Some of our first men have been educated at Carlisle, and speak of the faculty at that time in the highest terms, and very justly, no doubt. But since the church and state scheme, which began with the host of missionary, bible, tract, education, and other societies, Carlisle being the rallying point, as it contained a number of "good sound Presbyterians," and headed by a large body of the clergy, has become a Sodom of wickedness. This I was told, and I found it ten times worse than any decent person would dare to repeat.

I was not long there before the only liberal or decent men in the place called on me, and amongst them Dr. Powell, of Kentucky. As I was from the western country, the doctor doubtless, felt not only partial but proud of me, and attended me to several of his friends, and walked

*I have had a little fore-taste of their government, and shall oppose them at the point of my pen, as I do not relish it at all.

with me to the editors, bookstores, and generally over the town. But when I talked of going to the college, behold, the courage of the hunter of Kentucky failed, and I, being seasoned to the wars, went alone. Although a female, I should be very sorry to have it said I would flinch from an enemy, though the cowards did take the advantage once.

I did not call till the second day, and in the meantime several of the students had waited on me at the tavern. As I drew near the college I saw a man peeping at me from behind it, and immediately drew back his head; (suspect he was looking to see if I was one of his pious friends.) Two or three of the students were standing near the college, and though they had seen me the preceding evening, they stood in such awe of these tyrants that they dared not attend me in. As I stood to obtain some sort of information from them with respect to the President's room, whom I designed to call on in the first place, (as I am not governed by hearsay) a stout, portly, well-fed young looking man passed by and kept his face turned from me. I asked who that was. "That is Professor Vetic. Had he been a gentleman he would have saluted me at least. Is he fit to teach youths?—Finding the young men shrunk from all agency in procuring me an interview with any of the faculty, I went round to the rear of the college to go in, the doors being fast shut in front. I should like to know the meaning of this order of things. I found some of the students in the entrance, and asking which was Mr. Vetic's room, "There it is, behind you." I knocked at the door, but received no answer. I knew he must be in or in the college somewhere. I turned the bolt and found the door was locked, and bending forward I perceived the gentleman screwed up in a corner, and the key taken out—so I gave that matter up. I then inquired for the President's room, but no one would give me the necessary directions. As I walked on through the passage at a venture, one of the students who called on me at the tavern said "Come in our room Mrs. R. and see Mr. Spencer, Professor of Languages?" I followed the young man in andsaluting Mr.

Spencer, apprised him of my name and business. The students whose business it was to introduce me doubtless were afraid. Mr. Spencer received me, however, very respectfully and invited me to take a seat, and bringing me a book showed me the lesson, and the students resumed their recital, which they had just commenced as I entered the room.

As may be supposed, the young men were much confused, blushed and stammered a good deal at first, but soon regained their self possession. I saw that Mr. Spencer (who was as serene as the unclouded sky the whole time) was aware of the cause and let them off on easy terms. I was much pleased with the incident, for their own sakes, as modesty and bashfulness in young men is the best evidence of intrinsic worth; and much to the credit of Mr. Spencer, a perfect gentleman; the students under his care are promising in study and manners.

When the recital was ended Mr. S. walked out with me, and upon expressing a wish to see the President, he sent to his room to know if he was in. He was not, as was supposed, the door being locked and no key. I would just as soon as not believe he, like V. locked himself in and took out the key to prevent suspicion. Of all men breathing priests are most fertile in mean resources. Both these are blueskin priests. Who under Heaven but a felon would have thought of such a thing? Well may they hide their wicked heads! I then expressed a wish to see the balance of the college, but Mr. S. who seemed afraid to speak above his breath, said he could not take the liberty. That he had no control or concern with any part of the college but his own room. This being the case I withdrew, and as I passed the door of V. I got a near view of the gentleman, as some one happened to step in at the moment. As I remarked before, he is a well-fed, friar looking man, with a large front and not unhandsome features.* But if you wished to draw the gallows, look at his down countenance. I could not forbear a word of sympathy to Mr. Spencer, an Episcopalian

*One Miss C---y who *keeps him* at her house, it is said, feeds him on dainty bits, and the choicest rarities.

priest (and one of my favorite fraternity) on the degraded state of this once flourishing seminary. Mr. S. is all of the faculty I saw. He is a gentleman of young appearance, tall and slender, dark complexion, oval face, soft blue eye, and of mild engaging manners. I told him "I did not like to hear that his sect had fallen upon the plan of educating pious young men too." Never was a phrase so abused; thief, beggar, conspirator, swindler, debauchee, is their true name. He replied that he had no agency in the business, nor did he approve of the plan.

The next morning I called at the Rev. President Neale's, when a wild beast (what abominable servants all these blueskins have) in the shape of a woman opened the door about six inches wide. I asked if the President was in? "No, he was gone to the college." I asked if he had breakfasted. "No." "Have you had your orders not to open the door? Do you take me for a robber?" She was silent. As I was determined to do the business I came upon well, I called again in about half an hour. The same she monster opened the door and flung it wide open, "Is Mr. N. in?" "Yes, but he is engaged—you cannot see him." I quit the house, not at all disappointed, as I expected he wanted both the courage and politeness to face me. As I walked across the street to visit the prison, I saw his daughters, as I was told, with their heads out of the windows of the upper story, peeping at me, and his neat polished domestics had all flocked from the kitchen, and stood at the gate to satisfy their curiosity. A fine President of a college, truly. Now if these people had not been fools as well as knaves, they would have treated me politely and have furnished me with the information I wished to obtain respecting the college; and had they read my books instead of tracts they would have seen that all the colleges throughout the country were proud to give me the necessary information. As it is I can only say, from a catalogue furnished me through the politeness of Mr. Van Bibber, a student from Frederick county, Md. that Dickinson college has a President, (or rather the name of one,) 6 professors, one a female, a teacher of modern languages, and

a teacher of grammar. It is governed by a Board of 33 Trustees, 12 of whom are priests or clergymen. There lies the root from whence all the evil and wickedness have sprung. As these trustees rule Dickinson and approve of no faculty but such as pay obedience to their will—mere tools, they draw up the rules and see them complied with. There are at this time, it appears, 126 students, and the charge for each annually $164, 25 cents, besides 5 dollars entrance money. . But, with regard to the funds, library, and every thing else relative to the college, I obtained no information. I was truly sorry to see the son of Mr. Muhlenberg of Reading, at Dickinson, when he had a much better Seminary at Nazareth; and if he had not, he had a thousand times better keep him at home, and set him to farming or some trade—for from all accounts, and from what I witnessed myself, a Joseph could scarcely resist temptations at this sink of iniquity. The priests, or what you please, have established the reign of terror at Carlisle. This appears to have been the hive, from whence all the swarms have been hatched. Remote from notice, they have manufactured their pious young men at leisure, and are able to furnish them by wholesale. Thirteen natural children were about to be sworn the week I was there, court being in session; ten, it was said, the court before; and some gentleman informed me subsequently there were ten to be sworn the ensuing court. In two years, it appears from the records which I have, there has been 30 in all.* This is a hopeful place to send youths. Well might they want me to call. I have been told that from 40 to 50 students have been seen in the yards behind the churches, waiting for the *godly* women, doubtless, as there are no other sort in Carlisle, and the churches prostituted to the vilest purposes! It was further stated to me while there (what I could not believe) that their reverences even keep at their houses women to draw boarders. But from a letter I received at Bedford, from one of these she monsters, I would believe any thing said of them. This letter was mailed in Carlisle, and was returned there

*They drown them in the canal, in Washington; suppose they have no canal at C.

with a view of finding out the writer. It was the most obscene piece ever penned. I showed it to a number of gentlemen at Bedford, and they pronounced it the most beastly and shocking piece of obscenity they ever saw, and said that it must be a woman's production, as no man could be found vile enough to pen such a piece. Thus our sex is scandalized by their shameful partiality for priests. I mention this letter in this place as corroborating testimony of the foregoing information and facts. The people of Carlisle well know I received the letter and its contents, as it was sent there to be identified by the Postmaster, after which it was forwarded to the School Committee of the Legislature at Harrisburg, in whose possession, with other papers, it now is. Let the letter be penned by man or woman, by priest or layman, it proves the effect of missionaries and tracts and priest-craft upon society. Now there is not a night in the week but there is a meeting in Carlisle upon some pious purpose.

I went to church one night merely to look at their pious doings. The great Pope D. as he is rightly named, was to preach. My friends had procured me a seat, and the hour arrived. As we walked along I observed to my friend that D. would *not* preach. "Oh, he is sure to preach." "Well, you will see." I was pretty well convinced he would not face me. "But he will not know you are to be there." What is it they do not know connected with their black scheme? My attendant had just pronounced the last word, when we approached a lamp post, and by it stood a stout boy, perhaps 15 years old. The moment I saw him I guessed his business—he was bending forward with his eye to catch my appearance, and seeming to ascertain my person, ran off before us at full speed. "That boy is gone to give them notice," said I—but still my friend appeared not to believe it. When we took our seat I observed a shabby dressed man, whom I took to be the sexton sitting where it was evident he did not belong, viz. upon an elevated seat at an angle with the pulpit. The priest had not arrived, and I kept my eye on the man. He, in his turn eyed me steadily.

Meanwhile the people were pouring in, mostly women; but at length I saw a man making for the pulpit, and my friend gave me the signal that that was Pope D.; and the moment he stepped into the pulpit, the watchman went up and whispered to him, stepped down, picked up his hat, and went out of the church with a hasty step, and, in a few minutes, another man came in, and delivered the sermon! and I never saw D's face, as he stuck his head close down behind the cushion-board. Now, if every one had the same independence I have, priest-craft would soon be banished from our shores. This fellow, though he hid from me, can step into the street, at any time, and say, "this or that *shall* be done," and no one has the courage to contradict him; and to such a pitch of high-handed tyranny and lawless villainy have they arrived, that people's lives are threatened, and they are now, even this moment, (I am noting it) selling off as fast as they can, and leaving the place, as those religious ruffians (tyrant is too mild a name for them) will suffer none to stay in the place who will not join them. But to the sermon. When the preacher was done—" the female tract society will meet on Monday night, the female bible society will meet on Tuesday night, the female education society will meet on Wednesday night, and then he ran on with the female foreign and female domestic missionary societies." Now, that any set of men would tamely sit and listen to such abominations, is not only degrading themselves to a poor pitiful herd of slaves, but to suffer the whole female sex, their wives, sisters, daughters, and future wives, to be so completely under the dominion of these wicked priests, argues them lost to all sense of shame, principle, honor, and virtue. I would say that such men ought to be chained to the oar for life. I should rejoice to see the priest take every man's wife from him who is so besotted as to think this money business is any thing but right down villainy. But the priests have them both altogether, as the Dutchman said, and may they forever hold them in vasselage!!!

I find these priest-ridden towns abound, however, in old maids, and it seems there are a goodly number of

these in Carlisle, at the head of which stands Miss C. called, by way of eminence, the *colonel* of the corps of old maids; she is also at the head of the college, and called the 6th *professor;* and any one who wishes to obtain holy orders, or obtain information on secular matters; if any pious missionary calls to reveal to the pious sisterhood the mysteries of faith, and urge home the truths of the gospel, Miss C. is the gamut. Should any misunderstanding take place between Dr. Ely and the other good sound Presbyterians, Miss C. is the woman. If any flaw or crack happens to mar the reputation of any pious sister, Miss C. is the one that can mend it. If any student is deficient in the qualifications for a degree, only give Miss C. a piece of poundcake, and that matter is settled. Poundcake is said to have been sent all the way from Tennessee to Miss C. If any extraordinary demand for money is made by the pious young men, a fair is knocked up, and all the pious old and young maids under Colonel C's command are clapped to work, and fancy articles are immediately prepared at their expense, and a day for the holy fair (as it is called) is appointed, and to make the articles go off, plenty of wine, &c. is at hand. A gentleman who attended one of these fairs at Carlisle, furnished me with the following account of it: "On the morning the *fair* commenced, I was informed that its object was to raise funds for *pious purposes;* but from professional vocations, I was not permitted to visit it till night.

Upon going to the door I found a door keeper, who took from me six and a fourth cents for admission. Upon reaching the room, I found about three hundred persons convened, consisting of white and black, old and young, handsome and homely, married and single, male and female, drunk and sober, and virtuous and unvirtuous. The room was fantastically decorated with pine brush and white paper; had a counter on three sides, covered with watch ribbons, watch papers, dolls, pin cushions, paintings of the most ridiculous and laughable character, various kinds of cakes, wine, wine sling, beer, &c. and about thirty of the handsomest young ladies that could be had to vend the articles, (to attract the gentlemen) with an

exception, which was an old maid to sell the wine, &c. She was very active, and discharged her duties well—her name is Miss C.

On the walls were inscribed the following bible quotations:

"God loveth a cheerful giver."

"Thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just."

"Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days."

"Give alms of such things as ye have."

Every thing sold remarkably high, when, in truth, they had nothing that was worth any thing, except the bread and wine.

To the above statement of facts, it seems mete to mention one little incident that occurred in the evening:

At one of the taverns was a jeweller in a fit of intoxication, selling his articles at very low prices. These young ladies learning the fact, sent a committee to wait on him at the tavern, to request him to make them a present of the articles he was selling, for "*pious purposes.*" They without reserve, did as they were directed, but he proved too drunk to aid them in their "*pious* purposes."

Do they learn these things from the *holy* bible? You never hear them say a word about the gospel, nothing but the *holy* bible. Have we not arrived at a fine pass? I would rather be a Turk, or any thing under Heaven, than such beastly hypocrites, such barefaced swindlers. Instead of converting the heathen, we are ourselves converted, as respects religion, into a nation, not of heathens, (the heathen is a respectable character compared to ours: he does not turn his religion into vile swindling, and cloak the blackest actions under it,) but into sacriligious knaves. What sort of a gospel is it that requires these fairs to support it? Was ever such a thing heard of St. Paul and the other apostles? Lazy hypocritical priests, who wish to enslave mankind and debauch our females, may want money to effect it; but if the favor of God is to be bought by selling wine and wares, cheating drunken peddlers, the back of my hand to such a God; he may be the

God of Dr. Ely and "sound Presbyterians," but he is not mine. Hottentots would detect the cheat.

But let us dispose of these old maids and missionary madams with a word to parents who send their sons to Dickenson—they are little aware of the dance of iniquity these young men are led by these she monsters. The moment a fresh man comes, these old maids beset him, and fairly run him down as a hound does a hare, and torment him while he stays; when he is gone, they seize upon another youth, and torment him in like manner. It is impossible, several of the students informed me, to escape them. These ladies, on the wrong side of 30, do all they can in the way of advances, and first enroll their names in all the missionary societies, which brings them in contact with the pious young men on one side; they then gad over hill and dale with these students, which they secure on the other side. Their reputation being out of danger, they gad about with these boys to the mountains, the springs, and churches, at any hour of the night. Col. C. (or professor) is at the head of this, and has regular drilling days to instruct the women under her command how to beguile the poor simple youth of his last penny. Oh shame, where is thy blush? It cannot be expected mere boys could escape the snares of these she wild cats, when the greatest of men have left us a lamentable proof of the wiles of women. It is

> "A fate no lover can divert
> With all his caution, wit, and art;
> For 'tis in vain to think to guess
> At women by appearances,
> That paint and patch their imperfections
> Of intellectual complexions,
> And daub their tempers o'er with washes
> As artificial as their faces—
> Tries all her arts to take upon her
> The government of the easy owner,
> Until the wretch is glad to wave
> His lawful rights, and turn her slave."

It is supposed by some that Col. C. the old maid, wrote the letter I received, now before the legislature of Pennsylvania; and many even of her enemies have written to

me to banish the idea—"oh pray, Mrs. R. do not believe that Miss C. would be guilty of writing such an obscene letter; let me beg you not to think she wrote it." I never did ascribe the letter to Miss C.; it is her own neighbors that accused her. The letter is a matter which lies amongst the citizens of Carlisle, and concerns them, and them only—it gives me no concern who was or who was not the writer—it is just the same thing to my purpose—it proves the degraded state of society in Carlisle, and sets tracts and missionaries and priestcraft in the clearest light, and proves their effect on society. It proves that, instead of spreading the gospel, they sink mankind into a set of wicked swindlers and debauchees. Every one in Carlisle knows the contents of the letter—let them say whether they ever saw so infamous a thing—it would disgrace the halter—well might the people wish me to visit Carlisle. I have travelled the whole Union over, and have never seen a parallel for the wickedness, tyranny, and hypocrisy of this den.

Doctor Powel took me in a chaise to the poor-house, it being too far to walk. As we drove through the streets, some of those godly dames made remarks which the inmate of a brothal would blush at. As I always have friends every where, it so happened I had one then in hearing, who communicated the following in a letter to me the next day:

"On seeing Dr. P. pass through Pomfret street yesterday with an elderly lady, a most infamous and demon like observation escaped the lips of some females belonging to old Mr. Cart's family, of Car. They observed to Mrs. B. that Dr. P. could, to use their own dirty language, "be after no good," or, in other words more plain, he galanted a harlot."

Any one may guess whether such females would be too good to do any thing. Did they learn this in the bible? this is the effect of tracts and priestcraft. Is this a proper place to send youths? The letter is too vulgar for human ear. Where do they intend to end?

Though not in the proper place, since I have mentioned the

POOR-HOUSE,

We will see how that is kept—not like those of Reading and Lancaster, the poor house of Carlisle is a wretched *old* building, and the paupers are left to take care of themselves, having neither keeper nor matron! this is pious. We found a few ragged paupers in the bar-room, the building having formerly been a tavern. The room and the paupers were covered with filth! what they had to eat I cannot tell—I saw nothing. The doctor saying "he understood there was a sick woman there," one of the paupers shewed us to her room—there was a sight which would melt the heart of any thing but a missionary. We found an aged female stretched on an old bedstead covered with an old thin rag, which had once been a quilt, and an old man, who was scarcely able to move one foot before the other, sitting by her. I applauded him for *his* humanity, though it was all he had to bestow. The doctor asked the sick woman "how long she had been confined?" "six weeks;" and "how often has the doctor (there being one attached to the place) been to see you?" "only twice, sir," replied the woman; "but," said I, "does none of the ladies of the town come to see you?" "no, she had not seen one at the poor-house in two years!" No more need be said of Presbyterians after this, and these are the people whom Dr. Ely wants for our judges, presidents, and rulers—may such a curse be averted even from Turks. Now what can Pope Duffield say to this? If they believe in a God at all, as it is clear they do not, they must expect to be sunk by an earthquake.

Next morning, at breakfast, my landlady, a "good sound Presbyterian," being present, and a table full of company, I opened the flood-gates upon her—she had inquired something about my visit, and I told her the situation of the whole. "Now, madam, you went to church the other day, and turned up the white of your eyes there for two hours, and we had to go without our dinner because it was the *Sabbath*—if you are so godly, why do you not visit that poor, aged, friendless, sick woman, at the poor house? not one of you hypocrites have been to see her,

nor have you sent her one cent, and, instead of giving money to great sturdy fellows who are able to work, why do you not give it to this poor woman? Do you not disgrace yourself by your partiality for men, and let your own sex suffer? You have a husband—what do you want with more men? let him, if he is fool enough to work for sturdy beggar-, give money to these men, and do you give to your own sex—do you not think it would become you better? and go to see them instead of running to these night meetings." "Indeed she had not time to go to the poor-house," with a look of indignant scorn. I knocked her *down* with a text of scripture—"I was an hungered, sick, &c." She got up again, and said, "they hired people to take care of the paupers." "But you see, madam, they do not take care of them; and why do you not *see* that these people take care of them, vile hypocrite? Pope Duffield, I dare say, never preached sounder doctrine to her in his life. It had little effect upon her, doubtless, though it might have had some on the company. One family, I am told, H—'s, who roll in wealth, dress very gay, are members of all these falsely called *religious* societies in the place; yet, when a poor uncle and aunt were lying on their death beds, without a morsel to eat or drink, they disdained to go near their wretched hovel, or give or send them a morsel. Is this charity? is this piety?

Thus much for she missionaries and gangling old maids, whose looks have terrified every man from ever making proposals of matrimony to them. There are more churches, more old maids, and more wickedness in Carlisle, than any town of the same population in the United States. It leaves Pittsfield and Newburyport far behind.

Whilst the women are thus piously engaged, the men are terrifying and brow-beating all those out of Carlisle, who dares to think differently from them. A poor but worthy young man, as it is said, by the name of Dodson, having incurred the displeasure of Cardinal N., the worthy President of old mother Dickinson, as the college is called in derison, is now selling off under cost, and compelled to leave the place! The young man, it appears

kept a small store, upon the profits of which he supported an aged mother, two or three sisters, and a younger brother. In exchanging houses, Cardinal N. became, by agreement, indebted to the young man, which, with all his piety, he denied on the day of payment—(well he might hide.) The young man, having no other alternative, sued him, and recovered the debt. This gave such offence to the blue-skins, that they all united in persecuting the young man—the matter was talked over in all the bible, missionary, tract societies, &c. and their dupes, and finally it was agreed that no one should purchase of him, or enter his house. The plan was completely carried into effect, the consequence of which was, that, at the time of my visit, he was sacrificing his goods at first cost, to enable him to quit the place, and was about to remove elsewhere, to escape the cruelties of clerical persecution.* This is a foretaste of what we are to expect from the whole of them, when they get a little more money—Carlisle and Burlington are merely breaking the ice, and getting in the wedge; and still those ruffians keep on the right side of our women. Shame on women, they are the mother of all evil, truly.

We will now unfold another black deed still more wicked, and quite alarming! if it were not for the enthralment of besotted fools! Every man in the United States is deeply concerned in the matter I am now going to spread before the world—let them judge whether these Presbyterians ought not to be strictly looked after, and guarded against as our deadliest enemies! as people dangerous in our country; and some efficient means ought immediately to be resorted to to check them. I have long sounded the alarm, and no one heeds till it be too late! Other people have sounded the alarm, and nothing but our having dwindled into a set of ignoramuses and cowards, governed by women, and women governed by priests, and priests governed by money, which they draw from our purses through women, can account for our supineness. We will now see, from a record of the Pennsylvania legisla-

* I have understood he is now in Washington---he has not mended himself much.

ture, (the only State that has had the manliness to act against those conspirators,) what we may all expect: this relates to Dickinson college, which goes hand in hand with Dr. Ely's plan of church and state, and doubtless the plan of church and state was hatched at Carlisle.

A steward, who was employed by the trustees to act for the college, was found to differ, in his religious opinions, from these sound Presbyterians, and the result was, that his life being threatened, the affair was brought before the legislature. The record is as follows:*

"During the vacation, after the summer session of 1826, the Rev. G. D. called on the then steward of the college, (in company with Mr. Joseph Knox, deceased,) who was at the time engaged in white-washing and cleaning the college rooms. After some common-place conversation, Mr. Knox left the room; the Rev. G. D. then observed to the steward, that he had called on him, as a friend, to communicate with him on the subject of his religious opinions. The steward inquired of the Rev. G. D. what he had to do with his religious opinions? He answered, that he had been induced to ask him the question, in consequence of being informed by a *very pious student* of Dickinson college, that he, the steward, held or maintained *infidel principles*. The steward observed, that he was pleased to learn that there were some pious ones among the students; but at the same time observed, that he did not think that he had any thing to do with his religious "opinions;" that they were matters that rested with *him* and his *God*. True, said D., but continued, that he had merely called upon him (the steward) as a friend, to advise with him on the subject. Well, said the steward, will you please to inform me what my offence is, and give me the name of that "pious student" who gave you the information. The Rev. G. D. refused complying with the solicitation, and departed.

"After he was gone some moments, the steward followed, and overtook him, before he had got out of the *campus*, and said, Mr. D. you have charged me with a

* Being in haste to return to Washington, I could not wait for the whole transcript.

crime in a *lump;* you have not told me what my *crime* is, nor the name of my accuser; now I insist on your telling me what I may have said, and the name of your informant; but Mr. D. would not give the desired information, and they parted.

"Some evenings after the above interview, the steward saw Mr. D. on Mr. Hamilton's pavement, in conversation with him and Mr. F. Watts, at which time and place the steward said—Mr. D. the more I reflect on what took place between you and myself a few days since, the more I am concerned about it; now I insist upon you, in the presence of these gentlemen, to tell me the name of the "pious student" who informed you of my misconduct, and also the particulars of that "misconduct." Mr. Duffield then, in a faltering tone, observed, that "a Mr. *So-lo-mon Pa-ter-son*, in Chambersburg, told him that he (the steward) was an *infidel.*"

A pretty long step from a pious student in Dickinson to Chambersburg A fine priest this; he would make a good judge and President for the Spanish inquisition! Now this fellow runs off with all the women—the woman who has the black children, in my cellar, is preferable to such women.

It appears, however, from the records of the college, that the *faculty* sent Mr. D.; but why need he lie?

The steward, meantime, narrowly escaped being murdered by those pious young men. It seems there is a part of the students of Dickinson that have become hopefully converted, that is, uncommonly *pious.* These keep by themselves, and do not pollute themselves by mixing with the ungodly students.

A number of these entered into a combination, and bound themselves, by an oath, under the name of the "invisible club," to do the wicked deed! Let the people of the United States take warning by this—the teachers of those dens of vipers have nothing to do but give the word, and every soul of us would be instantly massacred. These godly young men, however, failed, and the steward escaped. They wrote to him, in the first place, a letter that would curdle the blood of an assassin:

but why has this letter not been published before? I answer, I never heard of it before, and can give no other reason than that the people are afraid of their lives—they stand in such awe of these traitors, that those who came to me with complaints trembled like aspens! afraid to speak above their breath! We have boasted ourselves into a fine pass, indeed—"the most *enlightened* nation on earth"—well might foreigners laugh us to scorn! That we should become the derision of enlightened foreigners was to be expected of course, as none but fools or knaves ever praised themselves;* but we are the derision of small Indian boys,† "half Indian, half missionary." The child who made the honest confession deserves to have his name enrolled amongst our greatest men! There are a great many *halves* in the Indian country, and, from the records of Carlisle court, it would appear there are a great many *wholes* in this country; doubtless the manufactory will be encouraged by an act of Congress, so as to have whole missionaries amongst the Indians—they have only to extend the tariff. Here follows the letter:

"Sworn to by all—a warning voice from the Invisibles. Beware, beware, unfortunate man—thy doom is fixed, and death, harrowing death, awaits thee. It is decreed by the Invisibles that you shall be secretly, horribly, and cruelly slain! Your body is doomed to be exposed to the fowls of the air, and devoured by the beasts of the field, and your soul doomed to everlasting perdition, if, within one week, and no more, you do not leave the college, and no longer pollute the sight of gentlemen with your hated physiognomy. If you dare to divulge this letter, you shall be strangled instantly; therefore, take the warning voice, death-devoted man! depart and live! A warning voice."

This is worse than the Bastile, and a great deal worse than the Spanish inquisition, allowing for the difference between the two governments. Did I not always say these people thirsted for blood? it is their god. This

*I suspect it was a good sound Hecock, or Dr. Ely man, who made the remark.

† See the Indian boy's letter.

daring outrage, which defies comment, ought to settle the business of chartering and funding colleges forever! a most dangerous procedure! and, in short, the business of this dangerous practice of encouraging priests, by giving them money—stop this, put laymen in your schools, and all is well again.

Having checked my hobby, it remains to say something on the geography of Carlisle. This borough is situated in a vale of fourteen miles width, as rich, level and beautiful as heart could wish. It lies between the Blue Ridge on the west and another small mountain on the east. This valley extends nearly to one hundred miles in length, and as to soil and cultivation is a perfect Eden—all limestone land. Fine water and every species of grain and grass abound in greater perfection than in any part of the state; and excepting the Blue Mountains, which run through the county, this fertility extends to the Tuscarora Mountain, beyond Chambersburg.

Carlisle is the capital of Cumberland county it is already said, eighteen miles from the metropolis of the state, and 120 west from Philadelphia. It is regularly laid off, the streets are wide, and the town is close and compactly built. It has a court-house, a jail, a market-house, a *very poor* house indeed, Dickinson College, an academy, and a theological school, 7 churches,* and about 2,500 inhabitants.

Most of the old buildings are stone, but those recently built are of brick, and very neatly executed. The public buildings, excepting the poor house, are large fine buildings, particularly the churches. It exceeds any place for extravagance in the size and cost of churches in the United States. If one priest happens to have a finer church than his neighbors, all these are immediately torn down and rebuilt at incalculable cost, so as to outdo their rival. He, on the other hand, a spirited man, is not to be browbeaten, and retouches his church off, and so it appears they go on. This is the use to which they

*As I drove into Carlisle, I was astonished at the great number of massy churches, all in a cluster, and observed there was no religion there.

put the superabundant blessings of their fertile country? Do they learn this out of the Bible? One would think they were so pious they would lay up this treasure in Heaven, and lay a little of it out on the poor-house, in imitation of the Lutherans. The size, workmanship, furniture and unconscionable *number* of churches in Carlisle, all jumbled up into such a small compass, if we had no other evidence of the ignorance of the people on one side, and the knavery of the clergy on the other, would alone be sufficient. Rely upon it, there is danger in these great buildings. Besides the vile practice of turning them into brothels, I would not be surprised if all these great fortifications (which they resemble more than churches) were not filled with arms. If they are so pious as they would make you believe, why do they lay up so much treasure upon earth? Do they learn this out of the Bible? How many of these splendid gold fringed cushions had St. Paul to lean upon? These abominable priests always lead me (like they do other women) astray.

There are several beautiful squares in Carlisle. Old mother Dickinson, as the college is called, sits on one of these; otherwise it is a poor apology for a college, being a small old fashioned stone house. Thus much for the once learned, flourishing, wealthy and fashionable Carlisle. It has more the appearance of a besieged city than any thing else at this time. No cheerful voice—all sour and sad. Those in power have a fierce, savage look. Those who opposed them till resistance is vain are pale and dejected, and I would not be surprised, if the Legislature does not interfere, (as doubtless it can withdraw the funds of the college,) to hear of a massacre at Carlisle. There is not the smallest doubt on my mind, and I will be allowed to have a little experience on the subject, (having nearly fallen a victim to their ferocity,) but those gloomy, fanatical, savage-looking women, whom I saw at Pope Duffield's church, if they were so ordered by their priests, would plunge a dagger in every one's heart who differed from them in opinion. Such another collection of women, doubtless, could not be raked from the earth.

Some looking fire and faggots, and some loaded with frippery, outlooking impudence itself.

The poor-house and college I have noticed.

### THE PRISON.

It always gives me pain to enter those abodes of human misery; but the public, for whom I write, exacts it, and I must go through them, cost what it may. The prison was large and secured with a high wall.* They have a keeper here, though there is none at the poor house. The keeper, however, was a mild humane man, and the prison and prison yard were neat and clean. But my heart bled, when upon asking, as I always do, upon what they were fed, I was told bread and water; and one of them, a negro, said, while the tears dried in streaks upon his cheeks, "not enough of that." This is shameful, and is the law of the state, and relates to criminals, as there is no one imprisoned for debt in Pennsylvania who gives up their property. But one would think these pious females would give those poor creatures a mouthful of cold victuals. There were several men in the yard, and two females in close prison, for some trifling crime, doubtless. I was much pleased with the keeper. There were but 21 prisoners in all.

### THE ACADEMY

Is the best institution in the place, and the only one that is not ten times worse than nothing. But the moment this is known to the Popes and Cardinals it will go down, as they dread nothing more than an enlightened society.

Messrs. Skinner and Day, both yankees, are the principals of the academy. They have about 100 scholars, quite small boys, and the school under the best regulation. No people, I find, excepting the Moravians, are better qualified, or have better regulated schools than the yan-

*This is to be the Bastile when the *great struggle* is over.

kees. Keep away the blackcoats, and the theological dens.

You find very few instructors, excepting the yankees, who understand or teach grammar or geography. Though this could not be properly called any thing but a common school, yet I was pleased to see the progress of the children, their modesty and intelligent looks—also with the principals, Messrs. Skinner and Day, both very amiable, liberal minded men. This, upon the whole, is a flourishing seminary, and promises well. If the funds of Dickinson were applied to this academy it might benefit the community. Nor can I see any good purpose in chartering these colleges, and suffering them to be filled with swarms of priests until they have become the terror of the land. I did not visit the theological college, being told it was, as usual, a den of serpents. It was a large gloomy looking building, with the windows and doors shut up like a Spanish inquisition.

On my way to Carlisle I was accompanied by two very genteel, middle aged men; one of them proved to be the wealthy Dr. P. Shoenberger of Pittsburg, at once a man of intelligence, a gentleman and a man of business. He owns the iron works in Pennsylvania which go by his name in Huntingdon county, and a great many founderies, nail and other manufactories in Pittsburg. He was accompanied by his daughter, a most interesting female, though distant in her manners. I had merely seen them a few minutes in the parlour at Harrisburg, but had not exchanged a word with them. I saw they were people of distinction, though the dummy, Wilson, had not the presence of mind to introduce me, and very probably we should never have become acquainted but for an incident in the stage, of which, from meeting with a number of such, I remembered very little till Mr. S. mentioned it at the tavern. It was, however, a sharp reprimand I gave one of the passengers for some unlicensed liberties he took in conversation. In fact it was the business of the gentlemen to have reproved him, but if they failed in that respect which every one owes to himself, it was no reason I should. The fellow was much hurt, and was silent the

balance of the way, and I should never have thought of it again but for the Doctor, who was quite delighed with my spirit, and during the few minutes we spent together (as he only stopped for breakfast) we struck up an acquaintance. I had one of my books (in which I lashed the missionaries) in my hand, and learning it was the Blackbook, of which he had heard so much, he would have it. I was sorry I had no more for the other gentlemen, of whom we met several at the tavern. All had heard of the Black book, and all were pleased with the subject but one long black missionary fellow, he slunk out of the room, like a thief, as he was, when he discovered my name. I was truly sorry to part with Dr. S. and particularly his daughter, whom he seemed to doat upon, as well he might.

The first people I enquired for at Carlisle was the great Calender family. They had become extinct, excepting one old widow, who, I understood, was a Presbyterian, of course the name was enough for me. My next inquiry was for the Ervine family. There was one of these, who immediately called on me. I was much pleased with Mr. *John Ervine*, who was clerk of the court, and quite a gentleman. Mr. E. is a young man, low of stature, with an open, smiling countenance, very friendly and affable—he does not belong to the black-coat party, and of course rendered me (as he ought) many offices of kindness during my visit.

Honorable William Ramsey, member of Congress, also called in a few minutes after my arrival, and, in short, the whole population, excepting the black coats. These, however, few in number, were the cream of Carlisle. Mr. R. is mentioned in the 3d vol. of the Black-book, but I did not do Mr. Ramsey justice—I find he is described as having little expression of countenance, whereas he has much expression, particularly of benevolence and benignity, and altogether an amiable man.

I snatched an interval to call on my bookseller, Mr. Hoyt, and learning there was another bookstore in the place, kept by Mr. Shryock, I stepped across the street to see him; meantime the gentlemen of the town (not one

of the ladies) generally hearing I had arrived, were searching and inquiring for me in all directions. Amongst these, Dr. W. B. Powell, M. D. followed me to Mr. Shryock's, and introduced himself. The doctor, with all the liberal gentlemen of Carlisle, had read my Black-book, and was delighted with my visit, as they were all in terror for their liberty and lives, from the unwarrantable strides of the blue-stockings. The doctor being a Kentuckian, had all the warm-hearted sympathy which we western people feel for each other when we meet in a strange place, and our pleasure was mutual as it was unexpected. He attended me through the town, and attached himself to me during my visit, and gained no little upon my esteem from his courtly manners and respectful attention. I fancy the Atlantic people, with all their advantages of schools, colleges, and missionary societies, gain no great deal by the comparison. Let this be as it may, I felt proud of the hunter of Kentucky, who proved to be a perfect gentleman, with all the high sense of honor and independence common to the western people. The doctor is a dentist by profession, and also ranks high as a physician. He is a young man, rather above common height, a fine figure, with a thin oval face, fair complexion, and soft black eyes.* Never did any one feel more at home than I did, in company with Dr. Powell.

He brought in a number of his friends—I believe every liberal man in the place, except Captain Elliot, of the Navy, who, though "he would be pleased to see me, said he was afraid of giving offence to the religious people;" for it appears they were very hostile behind my back, though they dared not face me. This conduct in Capt. E. compared with that of several others, of which I have for some time been a close observer, induces me to think that our army and navy have dwindled down into a pitiful band of poltroons, without honor or courage. It would seem they, like the missionaries, have been scraped from

* Dr. P. is a great chemist, and has made considerable discoveries in the science, several specimens of which he showed me---the most extraordinary, perhaps, ever discovered.

the streets,* and it would take very little to induce me to believe, from what I have seen of these navy chickens latterly, that they are in league with these black-coats, or something as bad. I shall get through Carlisle after a while.

Besides the gentlemen mentioned, Messrs. H. *Gallagher*, M. W. *Biddle*, S. *McCrosky*, G. D. *Foulk*, G. *Smith*, Rev. *Ebaugh*, Hon. Judge *Lyne*, Col. *McFeely*, J. *Taylor*, Esq. and Doctors *Bedford* and *Sanderson* The latter lived some miles out of town, and being an author himself, paid (as he ought) much deference to my Royal highness. Mr. G. is a very accomplished *young* man, with a tall fine turned figure, a fair oval face, and a soft mild blue eye.

Mr. Biddle is a relation of Mr. Biddle, President of the United States' Bank, and resembles him very much. He is young and a stout good figure, round full fair face, and very expressive countenance; he is a very amiable man, of pleasing manners, and an attorney. I was much hurt that he misunderstood me as saying something disrespectful of Mr. B. of Philadelphia, which it was impossible I could do; and how he construed it as such I am yet ignorant. In consequence of this (as I understood) he never called afterwards.

Colonel McFeely is one of the finest men in the world; he is a middle aged man, and middling height, with a full round face, pock-marked, and his countenance and manners are benevolence itself.

Judge Lyne is one of the first men in Carlisle, and though rather silent, is a man of genteel easy manners, and, from all accounts, of sterling worth. He is a middle aged man, and stoutly made, with an open manly countenance; he is also an attorney. Mr. McCroskey, likewise a lawyer, is a tall good figure, fair oval face, and bright blue eye—(Pennsylvania is remarkable for blue eyes, as

* I met Capt. E. since at Harrisburg---he is just another Falstaff. He has been living idle at Carlisle so long, and fed and pampered till he resembles a stall-fed ox, while many a poor man has been working hard to maintain him. I cannot see the use of all this. If there be no employment for those lazy hulks, why do we feed, clothe, and pay them for doing nothing? What do the people want with these stall-fed oxen? Would they fight? Afraid of a few black coats---no.

New York is for black.) He is a young man of elegant manners, and very manly open countenance. G. D. Foulke, M. D. and Mr. G. Smith, are also very amiable and pleasant men. Rev. J. Ebaugh is pastor of the German Reformed church. I went to hear him preach while at Carlisle, and was much pleased with his delivery. He is a German, and very much like the Lutherans in his preaching and manners. He was free from those long prayers and long faces of his neighbors, easy and jocular in his manners and conversation. Nor did I hear him say a word about tract and other societies. He must be an infidel according to them—wonder they do not convert him. He has a good round honest German face, and gay open countenance. He preaches in the English language one week, and in the German the next. It was his turn to preach in English when I called—he spoke very well, had none of that hypocritical cant of the blue-skins, and, upon the whole, Mr. Ebaugh became a great favorite with me, and I would say he was an honest parson. Mr. Taylor is an Irishman gentleman of very gentlemanlike manners, a handsome person, and quite a young man; his complexion is fair, his face round and full, with a fine large full blue eye; his countenance is honest, striking, and manly.* Dr. G. Saunderson, of Mulberry farm, is an aged pleasant gentleman, and a great friend to the Greeks. He expresses his good will towards them in poetry, and brought me a specimen of his talents. I am quite sorry I have not room for the piece; and though I have neither taste nor talent for poetry, I suspect it is very fine. I was much hurt at one of the students, a little trifling fop, who endeavored to ridicule Dr. S. who is doubtless a very fine man. I ordered the student out of my room, as I make it a point never to suffer age to be treated with disrespect in my presence. This is a specimen of Dickinson.

Doctor Bedford, who kept an evening school, and Mr. Bayley, a teacher of music, also a Mr. Storton, were likewise amongst the number of those who called to pay their respects, and very agreable and pleasant; and lastly,

* This gentl eman, if I am not mistaken, is now in this city.

my greatest favorite, Mr. Wightman, an editor—I do not remember the name of his paper, although I saw it often enough, he having published a letter of mine in it, called the Carlisle letter, which flew over the State like wild fire. I admire Mr. W. for his independence, the only man in Carlisle who dare say his life is his own;* but he and I, between us, gave old mother Dickinson a foretaste of what she was shortly to sup on to the full—she, too, will doubtless have recourse to a little London particular, or perhaps Champaign. While conversing with Mr. W. one evening, I observed, "it was by the cowardice and bad management of the press, that these black-coats had become so rank and formidable in Carlisle: now, if I were to draw the attention of the public by an exposition of its vices in the papers, not one of you would dare publish it." "You are much mistaken," said Mr. W. "I dare publish any thing you dare write," and so it appeared, as he published a letter I addressed to him shortly afterwards, for which he gained great applause. I saw the letter in several papers afterwards, traversing the State in all directions. The Rev. Mr. Dwen, the Catholic priest, I had not the pleasure of seeing. I am told, however, he is quite a gentleman, of a humane benevolent disposition, free and easy in his manners, and much esteemed in Carlisle.

After leaving Carlisle, I received information that "Rev. McClelland, professor of belles lettres, &c. &c. was very sorry he did not know I was in Carlisle, (or rather that I left it sooner than he had expected,) as he intended to have called on me, and that he was much displeased with the conduct of President Niel and Professor Vetake." All this was not my fault—I was there four days; and why a *gentleman*, particularly a professor of *belles lettres*, should put that off to the last which he ought to have done first, remains for the world to judge

*There is another editor in Carlisle, a Mr. Underwood, a very independent man by the way. I admired his paper much, and though he did tell a few fibs upon me, (which my friends resented,) I like his editorial part very well; he does not appear to fear old mother Dickinson at all, though I suspect she pulled his ears for the liberty he took with her about me.

of the refinement of Carlisle. The "hunters of Kentucky," and even the Mohawk *squaw* herself, could teach them better on that subject.* I should have expected he would have sent the Colonel, at the head of her troops, to welcome me to his borough.

In justice to Mr. McClelland, he is well spoken of by all classes in Carlisle, and I regret not having seen him. I am surprised a man of his reputation would associate with such men as are now attached to Dickinson.

I saw a number of the liberal portion of the students, who, though they did not evince that improvement generally found in other colleges, were promising in their appearance, genteel in their manners, sprightly and entertaining, and bestowed upon me all the honor a going at Dickinson. These were, however, principally of the junior and sophomore class, who appeared to be gentlemen's sons, from the politeness and etiquette of their proceedings. They, in the first place, sent a committee to wait on me "to know when it would be agreeable for me to receive the salutations and welcome of the students of Dickinson college." I replied that evening, and they accordingly called, to the amount of about thirty very fine modest youths. The committee, to their honor, were Messrs. J. and T. T. Van Bibber, (brothers) of Frederick

* There appears no longer any doubt of Mr. Watterston, the Librarian of Congress, having gone over to the Black-coats! Going into the library the other day to search for some information on the subject of this volume, Watterston was very insolent, and even hostile in his language; ordered me out of the library, called me a squaw, alluding to my having been reared amongst the Indians---the *Scotch* TORY, no squaw ever sold her king for a GROAT. I have since found (as I am always upon the watch) suspicious persons---to be plain, Presbyterians---in the library, whispering to Watterston, with all the appearance of traitors and spies. Upon challenging one of these *break-leg* fellows, Mr. W. said, "*hold your jaw.*" He has not improved much latterly---a squaw would not have used a more vulgar phrase. "But, Mrs. R. Mr. Watterston was once your hobby---you liked W. once." True, but he has since turned a traitor to his country.

And, by the way, I find these traitors thickening in the city since the new President has taken his seat, and not only in the city, but round his person. The Lutherans of Pennsylvania, who promoted his election, will not like to hear this. I have great confidence in the integrity of the President, but it is a duty I owe to the public to put them upon their guard against this dangerous sect. It is no harm to watch them.

county, Maryland, T. K. Bull, of Chester county, Pennsylvania, William H. Davis, Hagerstown, Maryland, S. Allen, —— Blackburn, place not in the catalogue, and S. Traquire, of Philadelphia. These were promising modest youths, and quite gentleman-like, and respectful in deportment. But what I admired in them was a disposition to kindness and friendship—I never saw an evidence of more—they are perfect enthusiasts in friendship. This trait, however, is peculiar to Pennsylvania. Poor things, kind looks and words were all they had to bestow, as the old maids pick them like geese to spread the gospel. Besides the committee, Messrs. James L. Fisher, Philadelphia, E. C. Humes, Bellefonte, Pennsylvania, E. J. Lowry, do., P. N. Meade, Frederick county, Maryland; J. C. Spayd, Reading, H. H. Muhlenberg, do., James Noble, M.D. Carlisle, A. and W. Ramsey, do., W. White, of Philadelphia, and Augustus Shulze, rather excelled. This, however, may be mere fancy, and I would be the last to forestal genius, of which there appears, in the countenance of the whole of them, a superabundance, much more than is found north of Pennsylvania. They seemed to lack nothing but cultivation and example to render them useful members of society. I was much pleased with Mr. James L. Fisher, of Philadelphia, who proved to be a nephew of Robert Vaux, Esq. of that city; he was about sixteen years of age, and an artist, it appears, by nature; his countenance displays uncommon genius and fire, and doubtless, if he lives, will do honor to the American pencil, he being a limner. The saucy rogue took my likeness before I knew it, and I should not have cared at all about it, had he not have hit off my old flop bordered cap so exactly. I wondered at his assurance, but the little rogue saw I loved him for the sake of his uncle, and rolled his black eye at me as unconcerned as though he had done nothing at all.

An octavo would not contain the complaints, anecdotes, and letters, I received for the last two years, inclusive, relative to this modern Sodom. But I have already extended the article on Carlisle to a length comparatively

long, and shall notice but a few of them, principally of the wicked oppression and hypocrisy of Pope D.

The Sunday I spent at Carlisle was communion day, and he (as I was informed, for I did not go till night) refused to administer the sacrament but upon certain conditions, which are contained in the following extract:

"On the Sunday you were here, was communion in the Presbyterian church. Captain Elliott informs me that, on that day, and upon that occasion, no one was permitted to partake, without first taking a vow, or oath, that they would discountenance, take no part in, and use their influence to put down, and keep down, balls, parties, &c. also, that they would give of their substance, while they lived, to support the missionary cause."

Going a little further than the Pope. As this den of thieves gives law to Pennsylvania, (except the Germans,) and are in a fair way to give laws (with a vengeance) to the whole United States, we will exhibit a few more pious doings of Pope D. that the people at large may learn the character of their new masters:

In 1822, a Mr. Bullock, and wife, (both very old,) were in the habit of going to the Presbyterian church; finally they were called upon to pay their pew rent, which their indigence would not enable them to do. The account was put in the hands of a constable, who was a Methodist, to collect. Upon discovering their extreme poverty, he would not take what little they had in the house, but went to the Rev. G. D. and stated their indigent situation, and further stated, that he thought they had better *drop that*, as it would distress the man to collect it. Geo. Duffield replied, that he should collect every cent, or pay it himself; that he would not *drop* it. The old man's things were sold; they came upon the borough for support, and both were in the poor-house when I was there. If this be not religion with a "vengeance to it," I know not what is.

Another instance of the same kind took place not long since, within a few miles of this place, in which instance the collector was a member of the same church; but rather than distress the poor, he paid the debt and with-

drew from the church, and said that "he wanted no such religion." This man was a christian.

Many of the Presbyterians here have said that they would consider themselves disgraced to have me speak well of them. The Rev. D. told a gentleman of Carlisle, a few days since, that I was doing more mischief than any other person in the United States.

He had better serve me as Hecock of Burlington intended to do, or as his pious students were about to serve the steward.* More anecdote:

A few days since, the Rev. D. called upon Mr. U., editor, to subscribe to the bible society. Mr. U. in reply, asked him if there was any family in town without a bible; and, if so, to send the person or persons to him, and he would supply them. The Rev. G. D. then observed, that such a practice would prove a heavy tax upon him. Well, then, said Mr. U. send me half a dozen, and I will furnish them, and let every other family do the same that is as able to do it as I am, and there will soon be no family in town without a bible.

Such charity did not answer the reverend gentleman's purpose, and he soon departed.

The poor children go barefooted here in winter. I saw several at this early time, November 11th, with the blood running out of their feet! and, to vary the scene, I had the pleasure of seeing the dwarf Miss *Clark* at Carlisle.

It is generally known she has a brother also a dwarf, about her size, and both support themselves by singing and exhibiting their persons. The brother, I was told, was very dissipated, was then sick from intemperance, and in the hospital at Philadelphia. She was a pretty little light figured, neat formed old maid, about 30 years of age, 28, or something like that. She was about the height of a child of five years old, and elegantly shaped, conversed very intelligent, and sung delightfully.

My tavern-keeper, Heaven knows his heart, but I should take him to be a sly Holy Willy sort of a man,

* I have this moment heard of them stopping the mail by force of arms, in New Jersey. Good, give them more rope.

though, in justice to him, he keeps a good house, very fine servants, and I spent my time very comfortably at his tavern, though there were three beds in my parlor!!! told it was the fashion in Carlisle.

It was amusing to hear him tell the people at his tavern, who were standing before the door chatting, (on the holy sabbath) "to come in the house till the people would go by to church." Think he believes in a God? I should think he did not. *Postmaster* Mr. Lamberton was a clever good looking man—no blue-skin about him; also my bookseller, Mr. *Hoyt*—he was free from the blues too, and sold a few lottery tickets, but the greatest coward in the world; he trembled and turned pale from fright when he heard me address any one in his store. See what priestcraft has been able to do in one little spot in about twenty years—every one afraid to speak above their breath, and so melancholly and dejected. Shocking! what a mistaken notion it is for people to bend to these tyrants for fear of loosing custom. If you wish to be respected, assert your rights, defend *them*, and let every thing else go; for what is wealth without liberty? The tyrant himself is awed into respect by independence; see how they run and hide from me! Apropos, I must not forget Honorable Judges Reed and Gibson, who both reside in Carlisle. I met Judge Reed on my way to his house; he saluted me very friendly, and as my business was merely to see him, he walked on with me towards the tavern, but having some business at my bookseller's, I stepped in there; after attending me to a chair, Judge Reed went out, and brought in Judge Gibson, to whom he introduced me. It is needless, after this specimen of their politeness, it would be useless, to say more of them as gentlemen. I had understood, or at least I had heard before, and since, that both these gentlemen were rigid blue-skins, but I saw nothing like it in their looks or conversation—they were both stout young looking men, particularly Judge G. and had all the appearance of gentlemen, free and easy in their carriage, and friendly in conversation. They did not call on me, as court was in session, and every one knows the duties of a judge both

in and out of court. Had mother Dickinson behaved herself with half the politeness of these judges, her and I would not have gone to loggerheads, as we did, for I never take any thing upon hearsay.

### HISTORY.

Carlisle is one of the oldest towns in the State, and was originally laid out under the proprietary government of the Penn family, and ornamented, formerly, with extensive commons, which have, within *thirty* years, been sold.

Carlisle is the only town I have seen in the State without a Jackson pole.

About the same time in the morning I arrived at Carlisle from Harrisburg, I took my departure for Chambersburg. Some of my kind friends (I suspect the hunter of Kentucky) paid my bill, or some of the masons, brothers every where; and, from that day to this, I never knew what it was. I should call this *piety*, charity, &c.

Now for another treat of beauty and wealth. All these wealthy towns and the thickly settled part of Pa. lies on the southern edge of the state. This is owing entirely to the circumstance of the western road having been run by the armies prior to 1762 through the towns of Lancaster, Carlisle and Bedford, and thence to Pittsburg.

For the purpose of turning the tide of settlers from this old channel into the unsettled parts of the state, (also fertile in lands,) another road has been made, called the Northern rout, which I design to travel back from Pittsburg. It runs through Huntingdon, Lewistown, &c.

Shortly after leaving Carlisle we cross the Blue Mountain, which is quite low, but affords a grand view of the rich valley behind us, Carlisle, and the mountains beyond it. This is the most extensive view of rich farms I have met with in the State. To say the country is rich and the improvements beautiful would scarcely convey any idea of it—the appearance cannot be conveyed by language. It has all the fertility and wealth of Lancaster

county in addition to the mountain scenery, than which it is impossible for any thing to exceed it in beauty. We arrived at

### CHAMBERSBURG

About dinner-time, 31 miles from Carlisle. There were several men in the stage; (women do not travel much in Pennsylvania,) one was a Mr. Underwood, to whom I was introduced by my friends of Carlisle as we entered the stage.

What my friends told him previously I do not know; they merely said to me at the moment, "Mr. Underwood will take care of you madam." "Yes madam," said the gentleman, "I will attend to you with pleasure," and never did a man fulfil a promise more faithfully, nor do I ever recollect to have received such marked respect and studied attention from a stranger. He lived in Greensburg, where I had the pleasure of again meeting him. But this day we were doomed to part to my great regret. There was another man from Ohio, whom I took for a missionary, and the poor fellow had to suffer my whole artillery, just from one silly word which escaped him. It was something about the election: He happened to say it was a good thing to have a religious President. From the boasting of the blueskins about President Jackson's piety, I took it he was a blackcoat, and I laid it on to him till the poor fellow shed tears, and told me he had nothing to do with tracts. I gave him my hand, and we were good friends the balance of the way—Underwood never interfered. Chambersburg is the ancient *Conocoheague*, which name I remembered well from a child. At that time I lived in Westmoreland county, Pa. and never knew what became of Conocoheague till this day. I found it in Chambersburg—both long names. When they did alter the name I wish they had given it a shorter one, for it tires my pen—my hand I mean—to get to the end of either. But we of old cut it very short, we pronounced it *Conogogig*! It appears there used to be a fort of that name at this place, which took its name

from a stream upon which Chambersburg now stands. which took its last name from a gentleman by the name of Chambers, and why they could not call it Chambers without the burg, or Burg without the Chambers, I should like to know. But to resume, as soon as I heard the old names, Bedford, Sideling Hill, Laurel Hill, Chesnut Ridge, Alleghany, Juniatta, (Greensburg was not then in being,) Legonier, Conemaugh, Loyalhanna, &c. &c. suddenly popped into my head. I remembered too, when the packhorses used to travel by our residence to Pittsburg by hundreds, with their bells gingling, and scores of us little ones used to elope from the forts and sit by the road side to await the arrival of the packhorses, being fond of the music of the bells, and the men would occasionally stop and relate the wonders of the way.

The presant generation have scarcely any idea of the privations and trouble of settling the country—no such thing as salt had we for three months at one time, and as for sugar we could make enough of that from the trees, but for tea we drank the johnsworth, and pinned our clothes (when we had any) with thorns, and I have had a great love for thorns ever since. I do not recollect of seeing a *pin* to know what is was till I was nearly as large as I am now, and as I did not know the use, I did not know the want of them.

Chambersburg is the capital of Franklin county 157 miles west from Philadelphia upon the Conocoheague, (a most romantic stream) at the junction of another stseam equally a curiosity. It contains a court-house, a jail, a poor-house, a market-house, three churches, a bank, three printing offices and about 4000 inhabitants. It is situated in a different valley from Carlisle, being about midway between the North and South or Blue Mountains. It is however, if possible, in a richer soil, is a very flourishing business town, and promises to rival the first towns in the state. It has great resources in water privilegs, and is one of the loveliest and most romantic spots on the globe. There is a spring about two miles from Chambersburg, of which I was apprised by Governor Shulze. This spring is a great natural curiosity.

It uniformly keeps the same thing and puts various machinery into operation. It never freezes, overflows, or goes dry, it approaches the Conococheague nearly in the centre of the town and precipitates its waters into it down a perpendicular steep in a broad sheet of about 12 or 14 feet fall; and to add to the novelty, there are several mills just above the junction, and the ingenious proprietors stop this sheet or let it flow when they please. When the mills are not going the stream flows, and when they go it is turned another course to the wheels. But when flowing over the precipice, which it does on Sundays, it forms a most beautiful cascade, and roars very loud.

This stream furnishes water for a woollen manufactory, a cotton manufactory, a paper mill, an oil mill, a brewery, and two grist mills, all within a few steps of each other, and near the main street. Besides these, Chambersburg owns a foundry, a cutlery manufactory, and tilting mill.

The cutlery was quite a curiosity to me, having never seen it manufactured before. The articles consist mostly of edged tools, which are finished in superior style, and are said to be in great demand. I saw them making adzes, drawing-knives, hatchets, hammers, &c. They are made by first heating the iron in a furnace, and shaping them, while hot, on an anvil; they are then taken to another shop, and ground to a sharp edge, which is done by water; they are then conveyed to another shop, where they are polished, also done by water; this finishes the piece. All is done in the same building; it has six furnaces and 20 hands, at $20 per month, has a capital of $10,000, and is calculated to employ 60 hands when properly in operation, it having but just commenced. It is the property of Messrs. Medway, Dunlop, and Shugel, very enterprising men.

It appears all these manufactories have just burst into being. The people seem just to have awakened from a long dream, and the beauty of it is, the raw materials for all those articles, excepting cotton, abounds in the neighborhood, and why they never thought of it before is sur-

prising. I suspect some Yankee pointed out these bounties of nature, for Jonathan travels sometimes, and is very discerning as respects water-power.

Thus Chambersburg seems to be upon the high road to wealth and opulence, as well as on the great road to Pittsburg. But I am quite provoked at them for changing the name—I was partial to *Conogogig*.

I could obtain no information respecting the woollen factory; it is hardly in operation, only a few looms being finished. They have, however, finished several pieces of cloth; but the proprietor, a Mr. Chambers, does not seem to possess either mind or enterprise enough to carry on the business—I only found one boy at the spinning, and that was done by the hand. The looms were not going at all; nor did I see any thing like business about the building, which is very well adapted to the purpose. The cloth is fulled in the same building, the only part of the business that was in operation, and the spinning. I sat down a while to look at the boy, and asked him "why the looms were not in operation?" he said "they did not care much about it till they had all the looms ready." The cloth was firm and good, though not very fine. They do not manufacture the cotton into cloth at all, that is, they only spin the cotton, and sell it to the people much faster than they can spin it. The cotton factory is conducted by an English gentleman, whose son it was I saw spinning at the other factory. He was a singular man, with a rough exterior, but a man of superior genius, taste, and reading. He was covered all over with cotton, but the moment he saw me, he snatched a book which I had in my hand, and began to devour it. His name is Thomas Wharton, Esq. a most useful and excellent man.

### STRAW PAPER.

But the greatest wonder of this fertile town is the manufacturing of paper out of common straw. The mill where it is made belongs to Mr. G. A. Shryock, whose father I had seen at Carlisle. Mr. Shryock purchased the patent-right of the inventer for a certain district of

country, and had but recently commenced the manufactory. The paper is of a yellowish color, and very strong in texture, more so than the common brown paper. It is made in large sheets, is very thin and smooth, and has a great advantage over the common brown wrapping paper, inasmuch as the ink does not spread on it as it does on brown paper. The writing on the former is as fair and legible as though it were written on the best letter paper. This paper will doubtless be in great demand when its properties are known as wrapping paper, for which it answers a better purpose than any paper made from rags.

Being curious to know how so singular a discovery was made, Mr. Shryock informed me that the inventer, whose name I do not recollect, followed the pursuit of making salt-petre. It is generally understood that the earth, from which salt-petre is made, is put into a hopper similar to those used in mills, or running ley, for soap. In the bottom of these hoppers, as in the case of running ley, from ashes, straw is used, to cause the water poured on the earth to run clear. This man was in the habit of chewing the straw after it had been used in this manner, merely to pass off the time, or without thinking, perhaps, of what he was doing at the time. But at length, from a certain acid it contained, he grew fond of it. Finding the straw, by long chewing, became gluey in his mouth, he had the curiosity to inspect it, and spreading it on his hand, found it to adhere in a close solid mass, by a slimy or glutinous substance, and found it to adhere in an unbroken sheet, howsoever thin it might be spread; and from this he conceived the idea of making paper, which will doubtless save him, in future, from the drudgery of making salt-petre. Mr. Schryock also manufactures other and very fine paper at his mill, which being some distance, and I being very lame, I did not visit.

Chambersburg is quite a museum. Another curiosity is a bridge over the Conococheague, just finished. It is built on a single inlined arch of 75 feet cord! the greatest in the United States! and quite an ornament to the town. The masonry of the work is executed in a superior style,

both for beauty and strength. It is a short way above another bridge, on the main street; from this last, the new bridge, from its symmetry and great height from the water, exhibits a most astonishing display of beauty and ingenuity. The name of the gentleman who planned and built it is Silas *Harry*, Esq. a man of fine appearance, and much esteemed in the place.

It has already been observed, that Conococheague is a romantic stream. It is a deep small river, or rather creek, confined to its channel by steep rocky shores, studded with cedar and willows of uncommon wildness, particularly above the main street, and below it assumes a perfect contrast. Amidst these rocks and wild groves of cedar the new bridge is seen, and thence, down its shores, stand a row of high manufacturing buildings; at an angle with these, on the *spring* stream, stand another row of mills, &c. You may therefore stand in the same spot and see the Conococheague bursting in sight, through the wildest rocks and thickly tufted evergreens, bridges, mills, dams, manufactories, stores, streets, churches, &c. on one side; on the other side, the spring stream, deep and silent, stealing along through a flat rich grove of locusts, crab-apple, bowers, rose-trees, and shrubberies, grass plats and gardens! added to the roaring and thundering of the machinery, it is hardly possible to conceive a scene more variegated—it affords matter of delight alike to the man of taste and the man of business.

Chambersburg is principally settled by Germans, of course there is not much priestcraft there, and yet there is too much, and is increasing—all, or mostly all, who are called English, go the whole length of tracts and other swindling societies, and night is their time. I find, too, that, upon drawing near the south, (as Chambersburg is near the line of Maryland,) there is a visible change in society, one part rising higher, and the other sinking lower, than in other parts of the State. The females are proud, lazy, affected, and dressy, and old maids, by the gross or dozen, as you like, and every one of these counts a missionary. I find old maids are mostly missionary ladies—the servants and kitchens are not so neat, nor have

the females the same modesty and innocence of countenance on this road as further north. There is, however, a great deal of hospitality, taste, and learning, in Chambersburg—the bar, particularly, stands high, I should think the ablest in the state. The females are very handsome, fair, well shaped, and sprightly; the children of Chambersburg are exemplary, intelligent, modest, and respectful in their manners. I was particularly struck with the children; they were entirely free from that brass and impudence too common in towns. This is the first town in the Atlantic country that deserves the remark, or that you are not stared at and gawked out of countenance by rude children.

I put up, as I was recommended, at H. Snyder's tavern, a good portly black looking German. I was partial to Germans, and gave them the preference. Mrs. Snyder, and three or four daughters, were clever enough; I had a comfortable room, and was well attended.

It was court week, and the old man was trigged up in his best coat and hat, which last had some two or three yards of black crape swinging to it—he was all bows and palavering, but I soon discovered he lived too near the south to be an honest ingenious German. He went to Carlisle before I left his house, and boasted there (to please the black-coats, doubtless,) that "he had left orders at home to have me well charged." He little thought I had friends listening to him at the time, who very soon apprized me of his knavish design. His wife, however, took the wisest course, and charged me quite a moderate bill, and but for her sake, I would advise every traveller to avoid his house—such men do not deserve patronage. Were he not a fool, had he known his interest, he would have charged me nothing.

The stage-house was kept by a *black-coat*, but I liked appearances there very well, and they have a great run, while the Snyders', (there are two adjoining) get no custom worth naming.

Shortly after getting out of the stage dinner was announced, and, upon going into the dining room, I found about half a dozen rather indifferent looking men, though some were country lawyers. Snyder had the politeness

to name them to me one by one, and was particular in introducing one of them, a genteel looking man, whom he called *Dunlap*. Mr. Dunlap proved to be the great lawyer of that name, already mentioned as one of the proprietors of the cutlery manufactory. He had a family, lived hard by, and, beyond doubt, had no other business there but to see my ladyship. He is a very eccentric man, which soon proved visible; he took his seat opposite to me, and eyed me very attentively, without seeming to eat; and after a long pause, raising his eyes, and dropping them again, he observed, "you are a very small woman Mrs. R., I expected to have found you a very large woman." I made some reply, which I do not recollect, and he said no more for some time, but kept his eye on me. After another long pause, he asked, "which way are you travelling now, Mrs. R.?" I told him "I was making the tour of the State, which doubtless he must know from the papers;" he never said another word, and I treated him with very little ceremony, and I am afraid rudely; but imagine my surprise, upon going to see the great wealthy Dunlap next day, to find the same man! He and I both laughed it off—I suspect he had seen the hoax in the papers of my being Morgan in disguise.

Mr. Dunlap is a young, tall, good looking man, with reddish hair, rather a small face, not remarkably handsome, or the contrary; his eye is a pale blue, his countenance open and ingenuous, and his manners, as the fit takes him, sometimes familiar and frank, and sometimes diffident and distant. He is, upon the whole, a very fine man, distinguished as a lawyer and for goodness of heart, and owns large possessions.

I had a letter of introduction to Mr. *Crawford*, member of Congress elect, but, as he was engaged in court, I did not send for him till court adjourned. It was, however, late before Mr. C. called, from his pressure of business, but I found him a very amiable friendly man; he gave me a cordial welcome, and every assurance I could ask of his friendship and regard. Mr. C. is also a member of the bar, and was in deep affliction when he called on me, on account of his mother-in-law, who was then dying.

She died, and was buried, while I was there. I therefore feel under great obligations to Mr. C. for his polite attention; it was a mark of respect I ought not to have expected at such a time. Mr. Crawford is quite a young looking man, tall and slender, with a thin fair face and a piercing black eye; his countenance is placid and humane, and his manners those of a perfect gentleman. He is said to be a man of taste and talents, and will doubtless discharge the trust reposed in him by the people with honor and fidelity.

Mr. *Washington*, likewise of the bar, is amongst our best looking men, and is doubtless a man of abilities. I should think Pennsylvania need not go abroad to seek for her judges, or at any time for talent. Here in this little spot is a constellation of talent. Mr. Washington* is a tall, spare, keen made, young looking man, very handsome, though delicate features, and a black eye of eagle keenness; his manners are lofty, dignified, and chaste, and his countenance serene and steady. I should make a wide distinction between him and any *horn-flint* Yankee; and forsooth, instead of appointing one of these liberal intelligent men judge of the court, whom should we find head judge again, but another double forged blue-skin. I am sorry I do not know whence those judges derive office; *there* lies the fault.

I addressed a note to his honor Judge *Thomas*, (as he lived some distance from town,) stating I wished to see him at the tavern, if perfectly convenient. The judge was on the bench: the note was handed to him—no answer! nor did he call. Now, for his own sake, for that respect which every man, who lays claim to the character of a gentleman, owes to himself, he ought at least to have replied to the note, as he might even, at a rough guess, suppose I knew something of civility, if not etiquette—common sense (if he had any) ought to have dictated that, as a judge, I would expect him to be upon a par with common gentlemen. This man, a few days since, came out with a long piece in fa-

* Sorry I do not happen to know the christian name of any of the gentlemen.

vor of tracts, and in support of Sunday schools.† Mark that, ye Germans, who are making such a pother about Jackson and liberty! Better watch nearer home: what is the use of singing a long song about Jackson and liberty, when ye suffer these black-coats to beguile it in the face of the world?

Mr. G. *Chambers*, another member of the bar, if any thing, exceeds those who have gone before. He certainly does possess the manners of the highest class of gentlemen. I received a complimentary note from Mr. G. C. which none but the most finished courtier could have written. He is a grandson of the Chambers who first settled Chambersburg, and will doubtless hand down the name unsullied to posterity. He is likewise a man of young appearance, plain, but very dignified manners, and his countenance displays unquestionable evidence of superior genius and talent.

Of Mr. J. *Chambers* I cannot speak so favorably.

Mr. *Denny*, another of the corps, appears to have descended from another distinguished family, also a young and very handsome man. His person and features are quite interesting, and his countenance and conversation prove him in no way inferior to his brethren of the bar, and in his manners still more affable and prepossessing. Seeing him the morning after my introduction, which was simply by leaving a book on his table, he observed, with much astonishment, "until I saw your book, Mrs. R. I thought Dr. Ely an angel, a perfect angel." Had Mr. D. been an ignorant man, my book would have been lost upon him; but it is impossible to impose on people of information—I am only sorry it has not the same effect on every one who reads it. They must be blind, indeed, who cannot see that Dr. E. is a traitor of the blackest die, thus to cloak his treason under the mask of the christian religion. He thought to get immediate possession of the great wealth of those honest industrious Germans, and make them slaves; but Pennsylvania was not to be taken

† We met, after this, at Bedford, and some one saying he was one of my favorite fraternity, I gave him my hand, and conceited if I did not, I saw repentance in his soft black eye; but I told him to give up the tracts and Sunday schools.

by surprise, and doubtless he has done his business (I mean for the General Assembly) forever.

Mr. Frederick *Smith*, another gentleman of the bar, is of common size and good figure, and likewise a young man. He is rather diffident, but a perfect gentleman in his manners, and ranks equally high with his brethren. His complexion is rather dark, but his features are proportionable, and his mild blue eye and open countenance beam with good nature and good sense.

Mr. *Findlay*, another lawyer, and the son of Governor Findlay, is also eminent as a gentleman and an attorney, and distinguished for politeness and friendly manners; he is likewise young, of stout make, and handsome appearance; his face is round and fair, and his features good, with a mild full eye.

Messrs. Jasper *Brady* and *McCullough*, also of the bar, I had not the pleasure to see.

There is a bar for you!! Remote from noise, fashion, schools, and colleges, at the base of the mountains, on the skirt of the State, greatly superior to that of Philadelphia, allowing for the difference of population, and yet it is scarcely known! I should think it one of the first law schools!

The physicians of Chambersburg are no less distinguished for learning and talents, and rank equally high as gentlemen! Of these I had but a moment's interview, nor did I see them all for want of time.

Doctors Culbertson, Lane, and Fahnestock, were all I had the pleasure to see. To say one excelled another would be doing them injustice, being alike amiable and gentleman-like men.

I regret much that my means and pursuits deprive me of all the pleasure derived from society, and but for which my tours would be as pleasing as they are perfect drudgeries. It was a mere accident I saw Dr. Lane, and never was a more pleasant rencounter. Dr. Lane is a brother-in-law of my *friend* and favorite Mr. *Haman*, of Georgetown, D. C. and much such another man—many expressions of kindness, therefore, passed between me

and Dr. L. The Doctor is a young man, with a fair face and friendly open countenance, and a mild soft blue eye.

But I could fill a volume and not go out of Chambersburg. There are Messrs. *Heyser*, *Ruby*, *Hetick*, J. *Brown*, *Wray*, half a score of *Fahnestocks*, and George A. *Madera*—the latter of the cutlery firm; also *Calhoon*, of the bank. To describe these as they really are, admitting it possible, would extend, as I said, to a volume; nor would it be pleasing to them, as "conscious virtue is its own reward." I must say of the gentlemen, at least, (I saw, but did not become acquainted with many females,) that Chambersburg, to the population, is behind *no* town, if it does not exceed any in the United States, in talent and polished manners, so far as respects the gentlemen.

The females, I am sorry to say, are here, as elsewhere, excepting, always, the Germans, too much under the dominion of missionaries, which is paying a poor compliment to their understanding—of course they are *ignorant*, *proud*, *haughty*, uncharitable, and scornful. Mrs. *Dunlop* is a very fine woman, very affable, and quite a beauty, but she did not like the masons, the worst thing about her; and I will venture to say her dislike did not arise from her personal knowledge of any misconduct on their part.

The Miss Dennys called on me once, sisters of the gentleman mentioned a few pages back. They were handsome and intelligent, but were rather partial to the missionaries. Those rogues, I find, are fond of beauties—what taste they have! A gentleman, one of the first in the place, informed that all his authority over his wife had been exerted in vain to prevent her from herding with them, and giving money; and that he was certain, if she found my book, she would burn it. We have arrived at a lamentable state, indeed—that our women should have such a paramount *taste* for such a set of insolent, ignorant, lazy, monkish, bold, impudent, sturdy beggars, it is preposterous and degrading to the last degree, and every *sober* woman ought to be ashamed of it—no wonder there are so many old maids. Whenever I see these missionary ladies, I think of the "half papoose, half missionary."

Since I find my sex so lost to shame, I will show them no mercy—"I am an enemy to religion"—I do not know who would not (that had three grains of sense) be an enemy to such a religion as that. I have just heard of another scheme, called *anxious meetings*—this bangs all the rest, but of this further on.*

My booksellers and my editors, in which last there appears to be a mutual claim: I claim them—they claim me. My bookseller is the same who manufactures the straw paper, *Mr. Shryock*; and though one of the best of men, he had sold but a few of my books. This was, doubtless, not his fault. No reading here but missionary books. Mr. Shryock walked with me to Mr. Harper's, a good natured, half German half Englishman, and a relative to R. G. Harper of famous memory. Mr. H. gave me the right hand of fellowship, and we were as intimate in a second as though we had been acquainted for years. Mr. H. is a small, light figure, of middle age, and one of the best disposed men in the world—easy, mild and good natured. He says, "Now you will expect a puff—I shall not puff you. What makes the editors puff you so much?—it just spoils you. What could I say!—nothing left for me to say—get along." His soft blue eye was moistened all the while, and his face displayed the most striking evidence of ingenuous benevolence. My reply to him may easily be guessed, as I never sought praise. Before I left the place, however, I saw a very neat and a very chaste notice in his paper. He took rather a middle ground in politics. There was a warm Jackson editor in the place, a very young but genteel friendly man. He committed a great mistake in his notice, which he had the politeness to correct. He said I was unfriendly to the masons. I am sorry I do not recollect his name.

I called twice on the other editor, who publishes a German and English paper, but never had the fortune to find him in.

I suspect it was merely for their amusement they sent me to Judge *Riddle*, one of the most abominable wild

* I saw a paper stating the amount paid by these Chambersburg ladies in one year—it amounted to some thousands.

beasts imaginable in human shape. I met him at his own door, which he shut in my face and made his exit down the steps, growling like a bear. He is a hopeful convert for a judge. He is not a judge now, but I would as soon think of making a judge of a horse as such an uncouth illiterate animal as he was.

The Post-office seemed to be badly conducted. I never found the Postmaster in, though it is a distributing office.

Mr. Findlay, the former member of congress, keeps a tavern in Chambersburg, and being partial to the name from having seen the much admired Mr. Findlay of Westmoreland, (who I believe was a relation,) I called to pay my respects to him. I met him at his door, and after saluting, mentioned my motives in calling to see him, and being much fatigued I sat down upon a bench I found on one side of his door. He sat down also and chatted dryly, but never asked me to walk in his house, or any thing of the sort. He is quite a grum-looking man, and I should think he was well superseded. His barkeeper was more vulgar than himself, and both are of the true brimstone race.* Such I found my old Conococheague, a most delightful spot.

### HISTORY.

The settlement of this town was begun about the year 1745, and as late as 1758 was known as Conococheague Fort, which stood on the west bank of the Conococheague. The proprietor of this town was the grandfather of the present family of Chambers, who still reside there, and continue to receive annual ground rents from every holder of a lot.

At this place a well was lately discovered several feet below the surface of the ground, neatly walled and in

*I have just heard he is appointed Postmaster in Chambersburg---a very injudicious one indeed. I should, with all deference to our new Postmaster General, have preferred an *honest* German. Our people do not seem to be aware of the worth of those incorruptible Germans.

good order. No one can give any account of it, nor can it be traced to any of the present inhabitants, and is doubtless one of those many vestiges of former inhabitants.

On a cold raw afternoon I left this pleasant town to encounter the Tuscarora or North Mountain—three good farmer-looking men in the stage. This is always pleasant, as nothing relieves the hardships of travelling so much as pleasant company.

We passed through several handsome farms, however, and had delightful views, but the stage was so closed in by thick cloth that it obstructed the view.

It began to rain by the time we reached the mountain, and the front of the stage being open, it proved unpleasant.

Two of the farmers were from Ohio, whence they had moved, some years back, from the neighborhood, and both were Germans—one an old and the other a young man, son-in-law to the former. The old man was very pleasant and sensible, and pointed out the difference in the land in Pennsylvania and Ohio with rather more than partiality to the latter. He was thickly clad, but still suffered from the keen air of the mountain, as well as myself. He said "dem missionaries did come out dere aready, and make a great prain' 'mong de vimens, but da never got much from him—he did not like dem lazy fellers."

The road does not proceed direct over the mountain, but winds in zigzag, like our back-woods fences. But the scenery as you approach the top, which we happened to do before it grew dark, affords a view of mountain scenery of which I had no conception. The Tuscarora being the highest moutain I ever was on, we had a splendid view of the Blue Mountain behind us. Chambersburg and the fertile valley in which it lies, all are seen to great advantage. The Blue Mountain particularly is seen stretching in a bold line to a great distance each way, and then the rich valley. The eye of taste is gratified to the full.

Upon looking in front you have frightful crags and precipices, covered with stunted pine, and the cold was ex-

treme. We passed a solitary stone house on the side of the mountain, situated in a pile of rocks. It was inhabited, and the people who lived there (doubtless live by the road) looked comfortable. We passed another large tavern, on the top of the mountain, where we saw a great number of wagons.

### M'CONNELSTOWN,

Or McConnelsburg, is at the foot of the mountain, which is 8 miles across, 4 miles up and 4 miles down. I was so pierced with the cold that I would gladly have stopped at the tavern on the mountain had I been sure of a conveyance in the morning.* We were but a short time, however, running down, and the comforts that awaited me were such that I soon forgot my cares—for a better house or a better man than Col. Lindsey, who kept it, could not be found—unmatched in kindness and unequalled in generosity. I found a blazing fire, a warm heart, a warm supper and a comfortable fire in my chamber. Col. L. is one of the proprietors of the line, a native of Pennsylvania, but spent most of his life at sea amongst the yankees, and was, like myself, partial to the yankees. Col. Lindsey is a stout man, rather under middle age, with a noble, fine figure and dark complexion, but the finest eye ever placed in human head. After this description of the man it is needless to add that had I remained with him forever it would have cost me nothing. His family were alike amiable, and his sweet little daughter often beguiled me of my heavy toils and cares with her piano.

M'Connelstown is quite a small town, consisting principally of one long street, and lies between the Tuscarora and *Sideling Hill*, 35 miles from Chambersburg. It is a perfect thoroughfare of wagons, which are seen for miles in length. These wagons are very strong, large, and covered, and carry 30 hundred weight. They are

*We were enveloped in a thick cloud the whole way over the mountain.

drawn by from five to six large horses, and travel about 16 miles per day.

Here I found a wonder—not one lawyer in M'Connelstown!—but the whole town except Col. L. were missionaries. There was one only very trifling Doctor. But there is little business for Doctors in the mountains, the people being the picture of health; and being an ignorant place from its limited population, Sunday schools are here in all their glory. Here, too, we have the tinkling cowbell and cutting wood with the axe. It is sawed in all the towns, generally with a small saw. The wood is laid upon what is called a horse, in the great towns, and sawed with much facility—this is done to save wood. Also the bark of the dog. These, being my earliest associations, filled me with the most delicious feelings. Happy now, and at no time miserable, I strove to solve an admitted truth: Why are we pleased in age with the recollection of things which in childhood passed as the idle wind?

But I have no time to philosophize. M'Connelsburg sits in a little neat cove of the mountain, hemmed in on all sides, and watered by a nimble flowing creek which runs under the corner of Col. Lindsey's tavern, with a pleasant murmuring sound.

I remained several days at M'Connelsburg awaiting my baggage, which I expected by way of Hagerstown. In the meantime a number of strangers called at Col. Lindsey's, and no few of the Blackcoats. I challenged them every one, and accused them to their teeth, but ever since the Burlington affair their lips are sealed. They are uncommonly long and black in this part of the country, and their over coat pockets stick out on each side with tracts till they look like the ladies' old fashioned hoops, so they may take them out with the more facility and scatter them along the road. It is very clear that many of these are perfect simpletons, mere tools. I was upon the point of being displeased with a poor innocent traveller for bringing me a large bundle of these tracts accompanied with a most sickening letter, which I did not read. He said the tracts (a large packet) were handed to him by

a gentleman whom he met on the road, but had he been aware the thing was unpleasant he would not have taken them from the man. But the man who wrote the note and knew my name perfectly, deserved pity instead of censure, it being the silliest scrawl in the world. "I hope we'll meet in Heaven." The fool—Heaven is here if we are virtuous; and while I am on the subject, a heavy fine ought to be exacted from these plunderers for their impositions on the Post Office Department. They are constantly sending those bundles to people who do not want them, and franking them to Postmasters free of postage, and thus loading the mail, and, with useless trash, defrauding the government. The thieves—they break in every where and steal! Is this gospel? Fine Presidents and Judges truly, Mr. Ely. I find bundles of these tracts and religious trash in many of the post offices, sent for distribution to people, perhaps, who never read nor never ought to read one of those tracts in their lives. Now let me ask these men why they waste the money of the poor in sending *me* these tracts? They well know I never read them; on the contrary I tear every one of them to pieces, and have often to petition the Postmaster General to release me from the unjust postage of these letters and trash. Is this swindling to be tolerated?—I trust not. Every postmaster ought to be heavily mulct who receives those papers. If people want the tracts, let them pay for them.

Finding my baggage did not arrive, I took leave of my friend, who promised he would write on, through the line, and bring it up in his own chaise to Bedford, where I intended to stop several days. Such was Colonel Lindsey, of McConnelsburg! and he was as good as his word.

It happened to be a *Sabbath* morning,* I mean Sunday, and a most beautiful warm still morning it was, when Col. L. handed me into the coach, from his high porch, and, with seven other passengers, I bore away for Sideling Hill. I should have been much pained but for the

* It is astonishing that people will be so gulled as to take Sunday for the Sabbath. What fool would not know better?

pleasing hope of meeting my friend again; and as for his amiable wife, we parted forever, doubtless.

> "Yet the sweet seraph peace is here,
> Lost to the world, she dwells with thee,
> And brings from Heaven an angel's tear,
> To shed its pitying dew on me."

Amongst the passengers was a stout young gentleman, from Ohio, to whom I was introduced at Lancaster. He knew me at sight, and saluted in the soft voice of kindness; his name was Burket; he was a man of handsome manners and agreeable person, and paid me much attention on the road.

Another thin faced small man, wore a cap, and had a countenance of iron hardness.

Another was a dark visaged black-eyed German, of little weight, except to the horses; he was rather silent, and had an insupportable breath. He lived either in or near Pittsburg.

The fourth was a young tall good figure, quite genteel, and agreeable company, though he was sorely afraid the old coach (which had one of the boots broke) would break down. It was proposed by some of the company to stop and have the coach repaired, but the driver seemed to object. I threatened him with a black-booking, which set them all a laughing, and having one of the books in the stage, they read and laughed by turns, with the exception of a tall gaunt missionary, who took the stage a short distance on this side of McConnelsburg.

The sixth was a chunky good natured man, fine company, and entertained us with pleasant stories. He proved to be the sheriff of Pittsburg, where I saw him afterwards.

The seventh was a giant, who took a seat with the driver. He made several attempts to get in the stage, but whenever he came to the stage door there was a general murmur, on account of his size.

Upon leaving McConnelstown, by way of introduction, we first ascend the *Cove* mountain, and, without descending much, we come to *Sideling Hill*, the steepest of

the Alleghany range! But why it deserves the name of *Sideling* more than the other mountains, I am at a loss to tell, as they are all not only side*ling*, but side*long* and *head*long.

These are by far the *steepest* mountains I have ever been on in the United States; and nature has placed them in such attitudes and relation to each other, as though she aimed to refine upon her own plan. From the first of these mountains, viz. the Blue mountain, near Carlisle, to the last, the Chesnut Ridge, near Greensbury, it must be at least 150 miles, allowing for valleys and streams between them, the whole of which might be seen from the summit of Sideling Hill, were the organs of sight adequate. The view is more extensive, and much more grand, than the Cumberland mountains, the Cumberland being a jumbled mass, in points, rocks, and ridges, and spread out like the ocean. These are in straight, distinct, parallel, unbroken lines, and pursue their course in pompous pride, stretching north-east, forming regular steps in so many tiers, while the valleys between are distinctly seen, presenting the grandest display of mountain scenery, next to the White mountains in New Hampshire, doubtless in the United States; and though not more sublime, are more beautiful and extensive. The day was fine: not a breeze disturbed the tick-tack of the winter bird, nor were we frightened by terrific rocks.

I found a mountain not named in the geography, called *Ray's* mountain, and from this we have the Blue, the North, the Cove, and Alleghany mountains, with rich fields and valleys, all in one view, than which nothing can be more beautiful. Pennsylvania lacks nothing but lakes to be far superior to New York in point of scenery, and, in point of wealth, it greatly surpasses it. No one can form an idea of its wealth who has not travelled through it—every farm is a perfect principality.

But we will try to get safe down Sideling Hill, which doubtless took its name from the west side, which presents a yawning gulf at the base of a frightful precipice; to our right, one false step would have dashed us all to atoms! the sight of it fairly turned one's head. How they

could think of making a road over such headlong steeps is astonishing: had the horses taken the least fright, we must have been plunged to a distance of untold feet. The driver, however, the best of his corps, took us safe to the bottom, to a large tavern, where we took breath, and expected to get dinner; but the tavern-keeper, rather a pleasant German, said, "people not often eating, he did not prepare dinner." I pitied the passengers, as I knew some of them were very much in want of their dinner; and pretending I wanted a snack of something myself, any sort of pies or cold victuals, bread and cheese, &c. he brought out one thing after another, till the table was pretty full, nice pickles, cheese, and cold beef. I then stepped to the bar-room door, and invited the passengers in, and we had a fair feast of it—every one dined heartily, and the tavern-keeper was no less astonished than the gentlemen (the first) that I should give that up to others which I had so anxiously provided for myself, and the latter, that I had been able to procure it at all—they never would have thought of such a thing, but I had traveled more than they, and always take those matters on myself.

Some of the gentlemen, for their amusement, asked the tavern-keeper "if he had never heard of Mrs. R. and the Black-book?" "No, he had not"—a little surprising! Shortly after leaving the tavern, we come to a branch of the Juniata, which we cross over a bridge. It is a pretty, smooth, narrow, but deep stream, and we pursue our way on its banks to Bedford. It breaks through a considerable mountain, called *Tussey's* mountain, and through clifts of wild rocks, defiles, and vast steeps, we arrived at

## BEDFORD,

Twenty-eight miles from McConnelstown, as rough a country as I ever travelled. We crossed the celebrated *Bloody Run*, near the tavern, where we dined. This run took its name from the circumstance of Gen. Forbes leaving his cattle at this run, which he was driving to

Pittsburg, in Braddock's war, for the army. He left the cattle, with a guard, to follow him, and the Indians, who were lying in ambush, fell on the guard suddenly, and shot several, three of whom were killed, fell in the run, and stained it with their blood, which name it has borne ever since. I had the history of the run from the tavern keeper of Bloody Run, who called at Bedford while I was there—his name is Talt, and we will doubtless remember each other again.

Here is another garden spot, completely surrounded with mountains, a perfect amphitheatre of hills, and, as if nature was sporting with experiments and trials of her skill, we have young and old mountains,* great and small hills, one circle after another in regular succession, each lower than the other, precisely like the seats of a theatre, until we come to the last, for which nature seems to have reserved all her dexterity. The last circle is broken into conical mounds of imposing smoothness, and as variegated in size as fancy could form them, and of the most accurate symmetry—not one of these rounding elevations interferes with the other—each stands on its own base, and looks more like statuary than the work of nature; and as the dame was a little moodish, she has, for the sake of variety, made some great and some small, and thus Bedford is adorned with circles, and studded round with cones and pyramids. It certainly is the most luxuriant and over-flowing scenery that ever environed a town—the Juniata running over a gravel bed on one side, and another stream on the other, accompanied with a little of the wild. Some of those cones are covered with lofty slender trees, and some are smoothly grown over with grass. Every traveller must have noticed the singular beauty of the site of Bedford.

I had been recommended to Mr. Dillion's tavern by my friend Col. Lindsey. The other travellers got out at the stage-house, and the driver drove me to Mr. Dillion's,

* A little girl hearing great talk of mountains one evening, and having never seen one, asked a gentleman present "to bring her a *young* mountain when he came that way again"---he lived in the mountains of course.

only a few steps. In fact, Mr. Dillion's house is as much the stage-house as the other, the stages stopping at the one in the evening, and at the other in the morning. When the stage stopped at his door, Mr. D. was soon out, and by the friendly pressure of the hand, as he assisted me out of the stage, I conceived a good opinion of the society of the place, but this opinion increased when the gentlemen flocked into the parlor to see me.

But this was not all—the ladies, though they had retired, it being late, also came forth, and never was joy more mutual—I found myself in a perfect paradise. Amongst the gentlemen, I was no little gratified to find a nephew of my old acquaintance and relation Capt. *Jack*, whom I understood was still living.* I was sorry, however, to find Mr. William Jack in delicate health, though he was sprightly and gay, and one of the best men living; he was six feet three inches in height, and his figure is symmetry itself. Being much fatigued, I tore myself from my friends, and retired highly pleased with Bedford.

Next day was spent in receiving calls and walking over the town, which, for scenery, situation, pure air, neatness, convenience, and society, exceeds all that has gone before, of Pennsylvania. The situation is no comparison handsomer than Chambersburg, sitting upon the bosom, as it does, of the Alleghany mountain, upon a rich level spot, compassed with circles and rings, wreaths, cones, and pyramids, like so many fairy mountains. Here, like a queen adorned with jewels, remote from the toil, and strife, and noise, and vice, and smoke of towns, steamboats, and cities, abounding in every blessing, and free from every evil, beautiful and happy, it is the most delightful and romantic village I have met with in my life.

* Nearly fifty years since I knew Captain Jack, one of the finest men in the world, though very wild. About the time Hannahstown was burnt by the Indians, giving chace to a woman who had a young child. Captain J. took it from her, and told her to run for her life. He ran with the child till he found the Indian would overtake him, and being nearly spent, he threw the child into a hemp-field, and made his escape. The child lay in the hemp all day without crying, and is now, I am told, a stout man.

Here are the celebrated Bedford Springs, which attract all the taste and fashion from every part of the country, which accounts for the highly polished manners of the inhabitants, which is much superior to any part of Pennsylvania.

I never knew where these Bedford Springs were before, though I had often heard of them.

Bedford borough is the capital of Bedford county, and regularly laid out, and contains a court-house, a jail, four churches, and 1000 inhabitants. It has two academies, one for boys and one for young ladies, and two printing offices, and free from the curse of tracts and missionaries, there being but one missionary woman in the place, an old maid of course, whom I shall introduce by and bye. Bedford is about equally divided between the Germans and English, perhaps the latter have a majority. There are, however, French, Irish, and Yankees; and all are highly improved, kind, generous, and hospitable, and live in the utmost harmony. The citizens of Bedford, as respects society, with the exception of the Moravians, is the cream of the country, doubtless to be attributed to the society who resort to the springs. Besides, Mr. Jack, Esquire, one of the best of his species, so kind, so thoughtful, he watched me every step, though in bad health. If I stepped across the street, he stood on the pavement till I returned, and, from the window, his eye was always upon me. But I was devoured: Col. Lindsey came up next day—the court commenced on Monday, and the lawyers poured in from the neighborhood, alike kind and sociable. All the boarders, Mr. Dillion, each vieing which should show me the most kindness—I never was more happy.

Besides Mr. Jack, Mr. N. P. *Fetterman*, a member of the Legislature of Pennsylvania, also a boarder, was equally kind. Mr. F. is an attorney, and was shortly after this married to Miss Dillion. He is a young and small man, though a keen good figure, with an oval fair face, blue eyes, and open ingenuous countenance; in his manners he is diffident, modest, and affable.

*General Smith*, of the bar, lived in the neighborhood. The General has been some time at the bar, and reckoned one of the first men in the State, both as respects his legal and general knowledge. He is a tall spare man, of sprightly intelligent manners, in the prime of life, and remarkable for wit and shrewdness; his features are very delicate and sallow, and his countenance open, humane, and good natured.* He has the finest eye in the world, and his manners what we might suppose, candid, frank, and genteel. Now why do they not make this man a judge? perhaps he would be too keen. I often met with General Smith, after this, on my tour, he being upon his circuit, and always received from him those marks of attention which none but gentlemen know how to bestow.

Mr. Jos. *Williams*, my favorite name, was from Somerset, in the adjoining county, likewise of the bar. Mr. W. was little behind his friend Gen. S. He is a small and very young man, the very sole of philanthropy, with the manners of a courtier. Mr. W. also combines talent, taste, and judgment, unmixed with pride and untainted with affectation; his appearance is manly and handsome, with fair features, and a noble blue eye—he is said to be a bold, independent, and animated pleader. Hon. Chauncey Forward lives in the same town with Mr. Williams; also Gen. Ogle, the patriarch of the mountains! an old soldier of '76. He also called at Bedford, and Hon. Chauncey F. was expected; so, with the citizens of the place, and the

* It is generally supposed this gentleman wrote a book (or was the principal writer) called *Harry Hemlock*, one of the greatest satires, I am told, ever produced in the country. The very name indicates humor, and the subject was one of the best for his talent—it originated from some trial in court, (so goes the story.) It must be understood that the common courts of Pennsylvania have three judges, one of these was a *Scotch*, the other an *Irish*, and the third a *Welsh* judge, (was there ever such fools as the Pennsylvanians?) none of them overdone with sense. But let this be as it may, they deported themselves on some trial, so as to draw down the satire of Gen. S. said to abound with wit and talent. The scene was as well laid as possible, in a Welsh town, on the top of the Alleghany mountain, which sits in a thick grove of the tallest hemlocks of the American forest. I have seen the town since, and the hemlocks, but never could get hold of one of the books. I am told the work is quite a treat.

members of Congress passing on to Washington in stage fulls, it was a fair jubilee at Bedford during my visit.

Mr. W. *Boon*, a distant relation of the celebrated Daniel Boon, of back-woods memory, also of the bar, is a tall slender well made man, and quite a gentleman in his manners, which were plain and composed, but elegant and sincere. Mr. B. is of a fair complexion, good features. and round face, with a full blue eye, and young in appearance.

Mr. George *Burd*, another member of the bar, is likewise a young man, of good size, round face, and very humane benevolent countenance; his manners are easy, familiar, and affable. Mr. J. A. *Blodget*, also a member of the bar, is alike amiable and genteel; he is a spare figure, of middling height, with a thin oval face. Thus is the bar of Bedford filled, very little, if any, behind Chambersburg. Mr. James *Russel*, Dr. *Barclay*, and his Honor Judge *Todd*, were the only gentlemen in the place who did not honor me with a call.

But none is more distinguished for learning, taste, and embellished manners, than Rev. Thomas Heyden, the Roman Catholic priest of Bedford! I always find these men humane, modest, mild, polite, and gentlemanly, wherever I meet them; and I must say, I am pleased to find them increasing in our country, as they are universally mild and tolerant, and lament the strides of clerical tyranny which now pervades our country, more, or fully as much, as any other sect. It is well known they have ever been distinguished for toleration since they first settled in our country, and you always find them intelligent, sensible, liberal, and sociable.

I had left my card but a short time at Mr. Heyden's house, while he happened to be out, when a servant came up to say to me he was below, and wished to see me. What was my astonishment to find one of the most accomplished and polished gentlemen in the person of Mr. H.! elevated, chaste, and refined, in an eminent degree. Mr. H. gave me his hand and cordial salutation. His personal appearance was no less captivating than his manners, nor do I recollect having met at any time with a more finish-

ed gentleman. Rev. H. is in the bloom of life, and adds no little to the society of Bedford. Intending to visit Emmetsburg in the course of my tour, this amiable man, unsolicited, gave me a letter of introduction to Rev. Egan, the President of the young ladies' Academy at that place, and he did *more!* he gave me something to aid me on my journey. I find those Roman Catholics never forget that *first* principle of the gospel.

Messrs. *Brown* (the teacher of the boys' academy) and George R. *Davis*, are also entitled to notice. Mr. B. is a Yankee, and is said to be esteemed as a teacher; and though I called at the academy, I did not see the pupils, as they had just been dismissed to their homes. I was much pleased, however, with Mr. B. quite a modest genteel young man.

The best view of the scenery of Bedford is from the academy, standing, as it does, upon the highest part of the borough.

Mr. Davies, a citizen of Bedford, is an amiable and warm-hearted man.

But my particular favorite is yet to come, one of the best of human beings, no more nor less than Mr. McDowell, the editor!

No people in the United States know (or practice what they do know) better how to treat strangers than the Pennsylvanians. The lowest wood-chopper or ostler shows a degree of welcome and kindness, mingled with respect, which the stranger seldom meets, in fact does not, in any other of the old states, so far as I have traveled. I have paid scarcely any thing in the state, and find the most studied kindness throughout. This kindness is not a common attention to major wants; it descends to the most trivial circumstance, your wants are anticipated, or rather prevented. Every one will understand this, but *none* will understand that burst of joy, that downright gladness and eager salutation, warm from the heart, which meet you in every face where'er you go, and so undisguised! But all put together would not come up to the burst of joy and feeling which distinguished the meeting of Mr. McDowell and myself.

He was sitting down in his office, with a bundle of papers in his lap, and I think a proof sheet of his paper, and a pen in his hand: but the moment he discovered who I was, he jumped up, and down went the papers, and never was mortal more pleased—"I am just printing your Carlisle letter; now I am so glad, I declare, to see you; I thought you would come, but I did not think you would come into such a dirty littered up room as this, and catch me in this shabby working dress." But the dear man, I did not see his dress or his littered room, it was his noble soul, displayed in his words and actions, that took all my attention. But the letter. The people had borrowed the paper till it was worn out, and he was then in the act of republishing it. This letter excited much interest in the State, as it was the first attempt to expose the wickedness of Carlisle. Mr. McDowell is an Irish gentleman, though he left Ireland when young; he is a middle aged man, and at once one of the most pleasing, mild, and interesting of men.

Upon leaving him, I accidentally met with Dr. Watson, a distinguished physician of Bedford. He is also one of your frank, noble, warm-hearted men. I had heard of him, and took him to task for not calling. He said, in truth, he was just on his way to see me, and attended me home. The doctor is a student of the old school, being advanced, or about middle age. He was actually educated at Dickinson college, and informed me "it was at that time highly esteemed—there was no such thing as tracts and nonsense then—they played cards, danced, and partook of every amusement, and the professors were fine liberal jocular men themselves, and all men of education." The doctor is a stout robust man, with a full round face, and fair complexion, gay countenance, and one of the most lively, facetious, open-hearted men in the world; his manners and conversation proved him a man of reading and general knowledge, and perfectly skilled in those common acts of hospitality and politeness found in the first circles of fashion.

So much for the *gentlemen* of Bedford and its vicinity. The ladies were also polished and refined, and very

handsome. Miss Anna M. Dillion, the daughter of mine host, is one of the most accomplished women in Bedford, or in any other town; she sings and plays delightfully, and is by no means ignorant of domestic qualifications. She was shortly after this united to Mr. Fetterman, a most deserving man, already mentioned.

Most, in fact all, the *ladies* I saw, were accomplished sensible women. Amongst these, Miss McCalvy, at the head of the young ladies' academy, deserves particular notice, not only for her own personal endowments, but for the good order and regularity maintained in her school. The pupils were mostly very young, but evinced the best order and decorum in their manners, and certainly were the most beautiful children in the State!

But of all the earthly beings for beauty and innocence, a Miss *Moss*, on a visit to Bedford, was the most so. She was a citizen of Brownsville, Virginia, and was the most lovely being in human shape.

Mrs. Dillion herself was an amiable woman, and Mr. D. the landlord, a worthy man, and keeps one of the best houses on the road. Mr. Dillion is a descendant of the French Hugonots, who came to this country many years back, and appertains to one of the noble families of France. He is a middle aged light man, with handsome features, and the blackest and keenest eye in the world.

To accommodate the numerous strangers who visit Bedford Springs, Mr. Dillion has been at much pains to erect a bathing house, where those who wish to bathe can be furnished either with a warm or cold bath, and the whole of his establishment is admirably adapted to the comfort and convenience of strangers.

There are, however, several good public houses in Bedford, particularly one kept by Mr. Reynolds, a most amiable and gentlemanly man. I feel no hesitation in recommending Mr. Reynolds to the patronage of the public: and Mr. Leader is not a bad fellow, though I believe he stole a book out of the wagon and lent it to every man who wanted to read it—a good sign.

I had almost overlooked John H. Hofius, Esq. the Postmaster, a very excellent man. It was at this Post

Office I received the memorable letter from Carlisle, in a female hand, and signed by a name that would disgrace a savage to repeat. I showed the letter, all base as it was, to every gentleman in Bedford as an evidence of the refinement of Carlisle. Doubtless they will remember it while they live.

I spent several days at Bedford in the Society of my friend, the amiable Col. Lindsey, who discharged the part of a brother—he was seldom out of my company, and there was Capt. Jack, Mr. Williams, Mr. Fetterman and Gen. Smith constantly at my side, and to crown the whole, Gen. Ogle, of Somerset. I could have spent my days at Bedford. One of my Black books, on their way to Pittsburg, dropped out of the wagon, as it passed through Bedford. This made a great noise, and was eagerly read by the citizens and visitors at the springs. But this was not all. I had sent one or two copies to Somerset, to Hon. Chauncey Forward. Gen. Ogle, who dislikes missionaries as much as I do, got hold of one of the books, and used to carry it about under his arm and preach out of it. I had heard a pretty accurate description of the General from his friend Mr. Williams, and was prepared for the interview. He was to call at Bedford, on his way to the Legislature of Pa. of which he was a Senator. At length the arrival of the General was announced, but the throng was so great around him that it was sometime before I was introduced. Being the idol of the people, the whole town flocked in to see him. At length Mr. Williams found an opportunity and the interview was mutually pleasing, but as he is worshipped as a deity, the throng could not be restrained. They rushed into the parlor, and I saw him but for a few moments. The general, who carried his musket in the Revolution, is at this day one of the stoutest active and noble-looking men in the State of Pennsylvania. He is considerably over six feet in height and proportionably made, and though muscular, contains not an atom of superfluous flesh, and his limbs are a model of symmetry. His attitude is erect and lofty, his gait is active, light and graceful; but his *face* is now and has ever been one of the

finest of nature's moulding. Every feature is inimitable and unrivalled! His forehead high, smooth, and retreating, and his fine full eye of unrivalled lustre, his countenance majestic and commanding—he is, beyond doubt, the most noble and princely looking man of his years in the Union, and I would suppose in the world.* But his character for benevolence and disposition surpasses all the rest, of which I have heard many anecdotes. I shall relate one, which is sufficient to show the unbounded charity of the man: A friend of his was walking or standing in sight of his door one day, and observed the general standing in the door talking with a colored man, who stood before him. What passed between them his friend could not overhear, but supposed the black man was asking for charity, when the general actually pulled first his coat off and then his vest, and gave the latter to the negro, and putting on his coat, walked into the house.

I am now going to present to my reader a very opposite character. It has been seen that I have but one fault to find with Pennsylvania, viz: that of overlooking their own citizens in the appointment of their judges. Like myself, they seem partial to the yankees; but, unlike me, they prefer the tin-pedlars and horn-flint Yankees to the genuine, honest and learned Yankee. There is not a more noble race than the true yankees, nor more ignoble than the scum which are driven from their towns, and these give the whole nation a bad name. But to come to the point, whom should we find as Judge in Bedford but another yankee. His Honor was rather mentioned to me in favorable terms, though the Pennsylvanians generally hate the Yankees (as well they may) worse than Beelzebub, and thinking his honor, as I had written favorably of his country, would be quite pleased to see me, I took a copy of my book and walked to his honor's dwelling. I knocked at his door, which was opened about three inches by a black woman. She said the Judge was not at home, and held the door fast to prevent my entering the house. I was, however, determined to see the

*It is said his sons are, beyond doubt, the handsomest men in the world.

Judge, if possible, merely to notice him in the work, for I judged him to be a mean man at once by the servant. I told the girl if her master had no more manners than she had, it made little odds where he was; seeing a genteel black man passing toward the rear of the house, and supposing him to be one of the domestics, I called him to me and asked if he would aid me in procuring an interview with the Judge or his family. The man was very polite, and replied he would do so, and proceeded on in the same direction he was going when I called him. After some time the woman came to the door again and asked me to walk in; as I followed her along, I was met by a white woman who, though she had been taking a *little*, saluted me very friendly and invited me in. I took a seat for a few minutes, while the lady said the Judge had rode out and would not return for some hours. Stating my name and business, I told the lady I would leave the books there, and would call in the evening and receive them again, should the Judge not feel disposed to take them. She took the books very friendly, laid them on the table, and said she would mention me to the Judge when he returned. This was early in the day. Meantime I adverted to my reception and observed it was the first time I had found any difficulty in obtaining access to any person in Pennsylvania—the missionaries always understood—hoped the Judge was not one of their number. "Oh! no," she replied, and I withdrew.

In the course of an hour or two I received the books with a letter from his honor. If I was surprised at the sudden reappearance of the books, I was still more so at the contents of the letter. From the appearance of the hand I attributed it in my own mind to the woman with the spotted face; but shewing it to a friend, who knew the Judge's handwriting, he said it was the handwriting of his honor. I remarked, he must, after all, be a bluestocking, as all the Yankees who are not never fail to purchase my works, let me find them where I would. The gentleman still maintained the Judge was not a bluestocking. "Then," said I, "the lady must." "You are right," said the gentleman, who appeared rather friendly to the

Judge, and holding the letter still before him, evinced great surprise, and seemed much hurt.

The whole mystery now burst upon us. The red faced woman, another old MAID by the way, had doubtless misrepresented me to his honor. "Who lost Mark Antony the world?"—"a woman." Here we have another evidence of the mischief of women and priests—all the evil that has befallen man can be traced to women, and women to priests. But the circumstance has gained me a complete triumph over old maids, missionaries, and Yankee pedlers, as will be seen by his honor's letter, which follows verbatum:

Mrs. ROYALL—

*Madam:* Returning, this moment, from a ride of six miles, I find two books in my house—the Black-book, vol. I, and the Black-book, vol. II, which I am informed were left by you, accompanied with some noise and some abuse, and with a threat, designed, as I understand, to put me on the look-out for Black-book No. 3.

I return the books herewith, and wish you to excuse me from purchasing any of them, past, present, or to come.

You will, madam, do me great injustice, if you suppose that, by this, I mean to under-rate your talent at blackening: I mean no such thing. The real truth is, it has been my lot already to receive a pretty deal of pelting in your line, so that I have grown indifferent or hardened. And though the Black-book, vol. III, might at one time have startled me a little, yet positively I would not now, by any bargain whatsoever, consent to buy off any quantity of abuse. It is but bare justice to yourself, as well as to me, to believe that it is owing solely to the reason I have stated, that we have not, both of us, the gratification of seeing my mite added to your $10,000.

Wishing you, madam, with the utmost sincerity, a prosperous winter campaign through our mountains, and a most triumphant round of it, that you may at least collect $10,000 more from those who are disposed to contribute, and that your temper may improve with your luck.

I remain, yours, &c. JOHN TOD.

*Thursday, 1 o'clock, P. M.*

He must be the man who

"Lately, in the noon,
Found a new world to th' old unknown."

There is a Judge for you: if he judges no better of law than he does of authors, he had better be dismissed to selling tin buckets again. The booby, every book I ever had printed, exclusive of expenses, would not amount to the *fourth* part of $10,000. Every one acquainted with publishing, however, knows this. It must be a popular work, indeed, that pays for itself; and I owe, at this moment, for the first work I ever had printed.

But the face of the thing is a sufficient evidence of the malice and falsehood of the remark, as every one of common sense might know that, if I had half the sum, I would not, at my advanced age, encounter the fatigue, dangers, and difficulties of travelling over mountains, and through storms of winter snows, to say nothing of the insults of unprincipled men—I was going to say such as his honor. As he is kind enough to wish me success, I, on the other hand, wish him the same. If he is not a missionary, he doubtless will learn after this the benefit of keeping one in his house.* From the handwriting and the diction, I would suppose he took a little too much, merely for the sake of good company. It is well known that the missionaries, amongst other slanders, circulated that I was making a fortune. I am only sorry it happens not to be true. But I hope to hear no more of appointing tin peddlers, wooden nutmegs, &c. &c. to the office of judge in Pennsylvania.†

About to conclude the 1st vol. at Bedford, I hasten to relate another missionary anecdote before I advert to the Bedford Springs, by far the most interesting object under the head of Bedford. But the anecdote:

I generally spend a good part of the night in writing; wherever I am—"the poor sleep little." One night,

* His wife is dead it was said, and the old maid, her sister, whom I saw, keeps his house.

† My friends will be sorry I missed seeing the Judge, as a description of his person would have seasoned the whole volume.

about ten or eleven o'clock, Mrs. Dillion tapped at my door; supposing it to be the chambermaid, I told her to come in—the door opened, and Mrs. D. stepped in, and after apologising for disturbing me at so late an hour, said there was some gentlemen and ladies down stairs, who had just arrived from Pittsburg, and hearing I was in the house, expressed a wish to see me that night, as they were to depart early the ensuing morning. These were not the words precisely, but the amount of the message. Mrs. D. further remarked, that neither Mr. D. the bar-keeper, nor any one about the house, was willing to disturb me at so late an hour, and she had undertaken the dubious embassy herself—"Mr. Wilkins and lady, of Pittsburg," and a Reverend Blue-stocking, who had just married the Cardinal's daughter, (as he is called) of Cannonsburg.*

The latter lived in Winchester, Virginia, it appeared, whence he was taking his bride. No name, however, was mentioned, but that of Mr. Wilkins, to whom it happened I had a letter of introduction. Mrs. D. made many apologies, and the gentlemen and ladies compliments, and all that, and all that. I laid down the pen, and walked down, but, upon entering the parlor, found no one there! but Miss D. and Miss Moss; they were at supper, and would soon be in. I was surprised, however, that Mrs. D. should hang back, and instantly conceived an unfavorable opinion of the party, and, by the way, I was almost displeased to be hindered from my labor. I determined, however, to knock them down for their impudence, by a text of scripture, and make "all things work together for good;" and picking up a newspaper, I amused myself with it till their highnesses came in, and determined to punish them for their impertinence. I never took my eye from the paper, nor did any one attend to introduce them. All this must have been arranged previously, by whose authority Heaven knows. Miss D. I

* Mr. Brown, President of the College, and a very amiable man by the bye. I have seen him since. It is not the President, but the *trustees*, who ought to be blamed for the wickedness of that college. I have a rod in pickle for them.

think it was, said, "this is Mrs. R," but did not name the party, whom probably she did not know. When she said this, of course I turned my eyes upon the company, bowed, and resumed the paper, till I thought it time to return to my chamber, without paying any attention to the company, whom I discovered, at a glance, to be coarse, uncouth, low bred blue-stockings. In the mean time, the bride, the most brazen looking woman of her sex, asked, "are you going on to Pittsburg, Mrs. R.?" I was in the right humor for her brass-ship, and replied, that, "if it would afford her pleasure to know, I was, but I did not conceive it any business of hers," and added, that "I was much wanted there, as I understood there were dens of blue-skins in the place." Meanwhile, the bridegroom, a slim snivling looking man, with spectacles on, had seated himself close on my left: "we have modest females there," said he of the spectacles, with the true assassin look—"I suspect this lady is a specimen," said I, pointing to his bride.

Their curiosity being satisfied, they set off, in a body, up stairs, preceded by the landlady and chambermaid, each with a candle in her hand—I followed, and running up briskly behind them, I exclaimed, "move yourselves, you black-coats, out of my way:" they ran, and those with candles ran, and we had a fair race of it; but the wind of the race blew out the candles—they tumbled over each other; the bride ran into one room, the bridegroom ran into another, and such squalling—"where are you?" "here I am, where are you?" My room being just at the stairs' head, I slipped in snugly, and enjoyed their confusion in triumph.

### BEDFORD SPRINGS

Are a mile and a quarter from Bedford, the road from which commands a delightful view of the surrounding scenery. When you draw near the springs, you are struck by a stream, which is damed across, so as to form an artificial lake, and just above is an artificial island, in the

middle of the lake, which is, I have understood, to be adorned with shrubbery, flowers, and rare plants.

Around this island are several sail-boats, in which the visitors sail in summer for their amusement. The vale is very narrow, but as level and beautiful as nature could form it. The whole, up to the springs, one quarter of a mile, is as smooth and even as though it were swept, and I am not sure it is not. This vale is studded with trees, some appear to have been planted, while others are the natural growth; but the whole have undergone the hand of taste, and are neatly trimmed, and formed into shades and bowers. On each side of this fairy vale, to heighten the picture, arises a steep hill of towering height; at the base of the eastern hill, or mountain, rather, a beautiful stream steals along, whilst the mountain, like a rough wall, variegated with evergreens, wild rocks, and shrubberies, of nature's planting, frowning in one place, and smiling in another. On the other side, another hill, equally wild; the long boarding houses, and their double porticos, stretching along its base; the familiar bath house, a bridge over the stream, called Shover's Creek, and the stream itself shaded with lofty trees; the serpentine walks, and the fairy summer houses, from some towering rock, peeping down at you through clusters of the wildest trees, from which the whole below must have more the air of enchantment than reality, and as if it actually were intended to play you off with enchantment. A female, fantastically attired, is standing in front of the boarding house, handing you a bowl of water, which she emits from an urn! The water falls into a canal which surrounds her ladyship, while she is pleased to stand high and dry on a mass of wild moss covered rocks. The figure represents the goddess of health, neatly done in *filigree*, and the whole is enclosed by a splendid balustrade of Chinese work, and the *tout* ensemble has a most pleasing and romantic appearance. But the wild hills, the thick natural grove, and, (it is perfectly in the woods,) chiefly, the sweet purling stream, was so inviting, I could have expired on its banks. This surely is one of the most delightful summer retreats ever discoverd: the scenery is

greatly superior to the New Lebanon springs, the handsomest of all the watering places I have met with. But the comfort of sitting and walking under those lovely trees, or reclining on the bank of the stream, walking in the level vale, or climbing up the mountain side, or sailing on the lake, must in summer be a perfect luxury.

It was much regretted by my friends that I had not called earlier, before the trees were stripped of their verdure. But I could easily supply the leaves by fancy, and not only those, but the parties of pleasure. But to express my taste, I am fond of seeing hills and mountains in winter's wilderness.

I was not more than *ten* minutes there in all, and merely saw two of the springs.

The sun was setting when I left Bedford, and understanding the keeper of the springs was on a visit to Philadelphia, I drove on to the bridge, where, getting out of the carriage, I crossed the bridge, which landed me pretty high up the hill, where a broad street made on the hill side, which, and the gentleman who accompanied me, led me to the nearest spring—if I am not mistaken, Anderson's spring, which flows from the side of the hill, (there are seven of these in all.) While we were looking at the spring, and I was all admiration at the romantic walks, Shover's creek, the valley, and the tall trees, &c. we saw a gentleman walking towards us, from the house, with a glass in his hand. He was an assistant, and seeing us, rightly guessed we wished to taste the water, which, though uncommonly limpid and sparkling, was not very pleasant. This, and one near it, runs out of fissures in the rocks, and are very transparent: one of these was cold, and the other rather warm, but the atmosphere must have had considerable effect on both. The bath house stands near these two springs, from which the water is ingeniously conveyed to it under ground. We were compelled, by the approaching darkness, to return, but I stole a few minutes to visit the interior of the boarding house: this was elegantly furnished, and adorned with wreaths and flowers. The building was 250 feet in length, with a dining room of 100 feet! It had a beauti-

ful portico, the whole length. This house stands at the base of *Federal* Hill, the opposite being called *Constitution* Hill.

Near to this stands a detached boarding house of 130 feet in length, which I did not visit for want of time.

We found some ladies in the building, and amongst them a *wood* nymph, as I should call her, a most beautiful creature, the daughter of the proprietor, as I supposed.

Doctor Watson very politely furnished me with the names and properties of the springs, which are as follows, viz.

1. Anderson's spring.
2. Fletcher's do.
3. Limestone do.
4. Sulphur do.
5. Chalybeate do. and
2 Sweet springs.

The water contains salutary and medicinal qualities of the highest order. It has been found so valuable in the cure of diseases, that it is carried away, almost daily, at a great expense, to the cities and neighboring states.

It furnishes, by an analysis made by one of the first chemists of the nation, the following results:

1. Carbonate of lime, with excess of acid.
2. Sulphate of magnesia, or epsom salts.
3. Sulphate of lime, small quantity.
4. Muriate of magnesia.
5. Carbonated oxyd of iron.

To which may be added sulphurated hydrogen, as a property of one of the springs, this *gas* having escaped in the transportation of the water to the place in which it was analized.

The gentleman who made the analysis observes, that, "in relation to the salts of these waters, they are rich;" and adds, "I feel much interested on this subject, as I think that the Bedford waters are entitled to stand high in the public estimation."

The country around is calcareous and silicious, abounding in various minerals, interspersed with hills and vallies, blessed with delightful streams of the purest water, and

a fertile soil. The air of this region is so pure, that bilious and intermittent or autumnal fevers are unknown. The temperature of the summer, as well by night as by day, is cool, agreeable, and highly refreshing.

The great western turnpike, passing through Bedford, and now completely finished, furnishes an easy access to those springs, which, comprising their active properties, the cheering temperature of a pure atmosphere, and the elevation of the country, may be considered a healthful and pleasant summer retreat, from the heats and diseases of the cities and warmer regions.

The public houses in the village, and those at the springs, are large and airy, and well fitted up for the accommodation and comfort of visiters: the cold, shower, and warm baths, are constructed in the most convenient manner, and can accommodate at least 500 persons. The walks, and other public improvements, are greatly extended for the last year or two, and are annually beautified and increased by the appropriation of *all the yearly taxes and contributions* received from visiters using the waters.

These springs are distant from

| | |
|---|---|
| Philadelphia, | 195 miles. |
| Baltimore, | 130 do. |
| Washington City, | 130 do. |
| Pittsburg, | 93½ do. |
| Wheeling, | 140 and |
| Cumberland, on the national turnpike, | 30 miles. |

Merely an excursion, and the pleasure, would, in any case, greatly outweigh the trouble. The expense of the proprietors, I have understood, is immense, and they are still improving. I shall certainly, if possible, pay these beautiful regions a visit every summer. Even the citizens of Bedford, and the scenery, exclusive of all other considerations, is worth the pains.

The gentleman who so politely attended us at the springs, proves to be an English gentleman, of elegant manners, and very engaging in his appearance. His name is Walton.

## SUMMARY.

In summing up my remarks as respects that part of Pennsylvania through which I have travelled, to this place, I would at once say Pennsylvania is the strongest pillar of the Union on every account. She is more wealthy and more united, and her resources are infinite; salt, marble, coal, and iron, abound. Salt water, I am told, can be obtained in any of the streets of Pittsburg! But her chief strength lies in the astonishing fertility of her lands, the industry, sobriety, and union of her citizens. This is altogether owing to the nature of its inhabitants, and chiefly to the Germans. The Quakers are also wealthy, but they mostly reside in the towns. You may soon discover the difference between the farm of a German and that of any other nation, or his cattle and horses. Look at an Irishman's horse, and look at the German's, and you may readily tell one from the other. In short, the Germans are the main stay of Pennsylvania. The German differs from all other nations that have settled in America; he is not fond of change; he sticks to his old way. All others, Scotch, French, Irish, and English, are always changing from one thing to another, and from one place to another. The German sticks to the same place, and pursues the same business—they speculate, and are rich to-day, and poor to-morrow. The German never ventures his cash—they are given to drink and gambling. The German is sober, and never gambles—they are sometimes of one sect, and sometimes of another. The German is always the same honest and independent Lutheran—they will run in debt and cheat, and are ambitious. The German avoids all these: he is in politics as he is in religion, firm and steady: he chooses his man, and sticks to him; but, of all things, they are to be admired for universally excluding those missionary or blue-stocking schemes. This has saved them from being plundered by these harpies: and these are the ignorant *Dutch*. Show me a more industrious, sensible, or judicious man, than the German—they are the cream of our country. But the most distinguished trait in the character of a German is,

that he is master in his own house: there lies the secret of his wealth. If these Germans (I thought, when I discovered their great farms, three story stone barns, with their great glass windows and corresponding wealth,) are so ignorant, how comes it they are the wealthiest people in the country? and setting myself to search into the cause, I traced it to his authority over his wife and children. This independence is found amongst no other set of men—nor are they so ignorant: I find them as well informed as other people, and generally more so; and no females are more exemplary in industry, innocence, and modesty. But, Mrs. R., said a gentleman to me since my tour, how do they live? like hogs. He ought to travel too. Their domestics lived better than he did, perhaps, that moment; and as to charity and hospitality, you may travel through the whole State and not pay one cent, particularly if you are poor; and one farm is worth a whole county in the southern states. If a person were taken up from the old fields of Virginia and Maryland, and set down on some farms I have seen in Pennsylvania, he would think he was in Paradise!.

### HISTORY.

Bedford, originally called Fort Bedford, and was known as auch during the old Indian wars, as far back as 1756. Among the original settlers and founders of this town, were George Croghan, grandfather of the present Col. Croghan, and George Wood, well known, and the original surveyor of that country.

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## ITEMS.

Having finished the 1st volume of my tour through Pennsylvania, my friends there, and elsewhere, will expect to hear a word or two upon our Metropolis, particularly as I am in the habit of subjoining short summaries, by way of desert, or bulletin, which you please.

Therefore, without preface or apology, I have put the *Henglish* to flight, and gained several victories over the copper-heads, (the Presbyterians, so called in Washington,) but they are true game, and as often return to the charge. They are something like *Paine's* dry hide—when I tread them down in one place, they rise up in another. I think, however, if I were properly reinforced, and more *efficiently* sustained, I would soon compel them to surrender at discretion.

If the cowards would meet me in fair fight, the victory would soon be decided; but they sculk, and hide, and stick to their strong holds, now and then hissing and lolling out their tongues at me, (the only part I can get sight of.) I have strong hopes, however, as I have silenced their battery: I have not heard a shot, or even latterly a squib, but I shall, nevertheless, be on the alert.

I adverte to the advantage they gained in Washington during my tour in Pennsylvania, in the person of a youug, beautiful, and pious snake, called *D*——. It certainly was a master stroke to send this pious young copper-head to Washington, as the others were grown old and rusty, and had helpmates of their own, while this young one has no mate; and he is so young and beautiful, and, withal, so gentle, that the ladies can stroke him with their fair hands; and he is endued with a secret charm, by which he charms great flocks of women to his den.

They have also instituted another new scheme for making converts amongst the women—this is called *anxious* meetings, or meetings of *inquiry*. These are held at night, in the den of the copper-head, and is only open to *young* ladies who are anxious to hear the truths of the gospel. These young ladies speak in very high terms of this beautiful snake—some call him a shining light and a dear man, and some a precious man, and some an angel sent from Heaven.

Wishing to see this beautiful copper-head, I called at his den one day, and gave the usual signal. He was slow in coming forth, but at length he did come, when, seeing I was a wrinkled old woman, he wheeled suddenly, and disappeared with the fleetness of a black snake. I wonder he did not try to convert me.

He now and then addresses tender things to the ladies through the Columbia Register, which doubtless have the desired effect.

I have silenced Preacher Thunder, of the White Church: perhaps his ammunition has run short—I have not heard him for some time.

The catterwauling is, however, still kept up in the Engine House, rather in an under tone: some of the corps, it appears, have deserted. Young holy Willy and Pompey Poplar-head have joined some other corps, and their places are as yet vacant.* There is, I perceive, however, an addition of two young ladies, Miss Ogle, an old maid, and Miss Biddy Bunch. Tom Oyster Tongs, Hallelujah Holdforth, and Simon Sulphur, (the latter seems to have lost flesh,) attend as usual. Miss Riggle has laid aside her fine bonnet.

By the way, I have a crow to pick with Congress about this engine house: I would like to know what right Congress had to appropriate $3000 of the people's money to build this engine house, and let these black-coats have the use of it gratis. I ask them whether the black-coats would let the people have the use of such a sum! They have money enough and houses enough—let them find houses themselves; and if Congress is so charitably disposed, let them give the house to some poor family: these black-coats have turned it into a school-house and praying house, if nothing worse. Another thing: there is $1500 of the people's money goes annually to a commissioner—what for? What service does he render the people? lie down on his soft sofa five hours in the day, or loll in his easy chair, and read newspapers, or take a tour of pleasure through the country! While in his office one day, in comes a negro boy—"mistress says send her some paper:" the thief, he did not get the paper then, you are sure; but doubtless paper, wood, (I saw both go myself,) and candles, are taken from the Capitol daily!

There are four men who receive $1 25 per day, under the name of a guard, who do not render the people 25

* Old holy Willy and the silver tankards in our next.

cents worth. The Capitol is rotting down for want of airing! the windows and doors are kept close shut! the walls are black with mill dew! and the national pictures in the rotunda rotting! This has four doors in number, closely shut up, unless now and then to admit some traveller! From the great mass of stone, and the immense size of the building, the dampness of the atmosphere, and always shut, the water runs down the columns in a stream, and this building, which has cost the people so much, is going to ruin! It is a perfect sepulchre! It is next to death even to walk through its damp long passages! If these four men, who receive such high wages, were to keep the windows and doors open every fair day during summer, it would be dry, and somewhat comfortable to receive Congress; instead of which, they go into it wet, from which, and the putrified air, they are immediately taken ill, and one half of them are sick the whole winter, unable to attend to their duties; others, to defend themselves from the putrefaction of the air, resort to drink, while the people are the sufferers!

There are four doors to the rotunda, and two furnaces, to keep it dry; the doors are kept shut, and no fire ever put into the furnaces: thus are the people gulled.

About ten days since, five gentlemen called on me at 2 o'clock, P. M. They were all strangers—had never been in Washington before; and four of them being compelled to leave the city the ensuing day, had spent the morning in going through the Departments, Patent Office, &c. and being told they could see the interior of the Capitol at any time before *three* o'clock, left it for the last, and coming a little after one, all the officers and clerks were gone, and the doors locked up, excepting Congress Hall: but the Senate Chamber, the library, all fast! They found but one man in the building, and offered to pay him to go for the key of the Senate Chamber, which they were anxious to see, but he refused.

They showed me their watches—it was just then two o'clock! They lamented the disappointment bitterly, as some of them observed they would "probably never have the opportunity again!" These were all gentlemen of

distinguished appearance; some lived in Charleston, S. C. and some in Boston; had paid their portion for building this Capitol, and pay men to take care of it, and wait on them, and, when they came, found no one there. Mr. Elgar, as a gentleman, I have nothing against; he is a sober man, and has always treated me with marked respect; but, to use a popular phrase, the *people* expect me to apprize them of every thing going on at Washington, and the use to which their money is applied. One member of Congress will not interfere, another one will not, and so the people's rights are neglected, that they may have an easy time of it. It is hoped that some system respecting the Capitol may be adopted and *enforced*, since the people have been at such a shameful expense.

And this expense, it seems, is never to end: they are now engaged in painting the outside instead of attending to the inside, of much more importance.

Thousands of dollars are squandered away here upon useless and childish improvements, merely because Congress have not the courage to dismiss a gang of swindlers who plunder the government, and have this many years. They need not, however, give themselves much more trouble, as doubtless the seat of government will be moved. The Congress are getting sick enough of it, while it has sent many of them to their graves. One of them, last winter, said "he had voted many thousand dollars to finish it, and he would now vote for a sum to buy powder enough to blow it up!"

I cannot conceive how the citizens can expect the seat of government to remain amongst them. To say nothing of the insolence of the negroes, who have absolute possession of the city, and assail people with insolence, noise, and stones, to the danger of their lives: forsooth, armies of boys go regularly through the streets, by night and by day, overturn houses, break windows, stone and blackguard women and children, and commit all manner of riot, no less than the sons of judges and magistrates, and our first men. What other place ever tolerated such doings? What would become of a boy in New York or Philadelphia, who would deliberately, in open day, take aim at a

pane of glass with a stone, and one boy flinging against another, to see who will knock the pane out first? Who would live amongst such brutes? worse than brutes, by great odds. Here is one poor man, Mr. Hughes, the principal of the academy, is assessed, or is to be, several hundred dollars for glass broke out of the windows of the old capitol by the boys; and if you attempt to put the law in force against white or black, they are screened by their parents and masters. One of these boys, nearly man grown, stalked slyly into my house one day without knocking, and after remaining clandestinely in the house some time, stole out, and stole the key out of the front door. I apprised his father, one of the first men (if there be any first) in the place, and requested the key to be sent back, to which I received neither reply nor key, and the consequence was, that, in a few nights afterwards, a goodly army of these boys assailed the door, for what purpose the world may guess: the door having a strong bolt, they missed their aim.

I was engaged writing at the time, and, upon going to the door, some ran away, and some jumped under a cart that happened to be before the door, not, however, before I saw who they were. Who would live in such a place as this? and preaching and praying all the while. As for a police, there is none. A den of women got into my cellar, and no officer would dare to remove them until I applied in person to the Corporation; and Mr. Coote, a very gentlemanly man by the way, was kind enough to send two constables to remove them. But I am not done with the Capitol.

We pay a librarian $1500 per annum to take care of the national library, and the books are moulding on the shelves! We pay $1500 to a door-keeper, who is not, nor has he been, able to attend to his duties for two years! It appears Congress are very liberal, indeed. I wish they would be just before they are generous, and pay what they justly owe to me. This is shameful, and downright robbery.

Another old half-witted man, a brother-in-law to the doorkeeper, who, for making fires in *two* fire places only,

receives $700, and found in wood and candles, and doubtless his whole breed and generation never wants wood. "But he has been in twenty years"—the very reason why he should go out; and if the public are to be swindled in this manner, let it go round, as our government is one of rotation in office: let some other fully as deserving man have a taste of the loaves and fishes: we want no hereditary offices, nor officers.

And here we have Foy scratching like a hen for her chickens, round the trees (or an apology for trees) in the Captol square, a twenty years' man too: an old woman would have done as much good. And see the effect. These fellows have been in office so long, that they consider it their inalienable right, and have raised a fair hue and cry, within a few weeks, that their employers thought proper to dismiss them, and employ others. "They have been in since Jefferson and Washington—they are faithful servants." What is that to the purpose? Have we not the right to employ who we please to do our work? And why one set of men should be suffered to monopolise emolument at all, to the exclusion of another, I should like to know. Even our Presidents, members of Congress, &c. are elected, at short periods, from the mass of the people, and, upon the same principle, all the subordinate officers ought to be often changed. The best of men, we find from history, never have been proof against corruption; and to guard against this evil, the framers of our constitution wisely provided frequent rotation in office. It is essential to the existence of republics, and the only security of the liberties of the people. I know it will be said that it requires practice to do the business of a clerk. No such thing: enough can always be found who understand book-keeping, which is sufficient, and the measure itself will act as a stimulus to qualifications, where office and places are alike open to all. What incentive has the youth of our country, if offices and emoluments are to be perpetual. Contrary to all principles of justice, or the principles of our government, we find several lucrative offices, next to perpetual, in one family—the Burches. What good reason can be given for this? whilst others, equally

qualified, and certainly with as good claims, are overlooked. It is right down corruption, and contrary to every principle of justice. "Because a man has received $20,000, he ought to have $20,000 more." A good reason, truly: what an enlightened nation we are: and because another honest man never has received a dollar, he never ought to receive one. It resolves itself into this question, turn or twist it as you will: and because one man receives his $1600 or $1500 per annum, his son and wife, and their whole clan, must have their share. It is high time to check this vile corruption; and no clerk or officer ought to be retained longer in office than our Presidents. I hope the people will instruct their representatives to do away this vile imposition upon their common rights. It is well known I am of no party in politics, or sect in religion. I am neither (as the phrase now is) an Adams-man nor a Jackson-man—I am my country's man. or woman, which you please, and the people will always find me on their side, no matter who rules: I never was, nor ever will be, a tool for any party; nor will I conceal faults on either side, which I deem a violation of the people's rights, so far as comes within my very limited sphere. I owe this, at least, to my country, for its kind and generous support since I was cast friendless upon it; but, above all, I owe it to my own reputation. I should be a demon were I to re-pay my beloved country in ought but truth.

But to go on with Washington. There is a most lamentable outcry about reform and turning out—nothing but weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth. One man ran to me one day, and said, "Mrs. R. do go and see Auditor Lee, he is dying with the bilious cholic." It was a great deal worse, he was turned out of office. But to hear my friends the Journal and Intelligencer is sickening on the one hand, and the Telegraph playing Missouri bear pranks on the other, savors of arbitrary power. The Journal laments bitterly that Mr. Brown should be "turned upon the commons!" outrageous, to be sure: I wonder how they dared to presume such a thing! Was his office entailed? So it appears, that, by letting these men remain so long in office, it has become criminal to dismiss them.

and put some other poor fellow in his place. This is the mischief arising from continuing them in so long: they have the insolence to claim their place as a right. But pray, Mr. Journal, how many have been on the commons all this time, while Mr. B. was faring sumptuously every day with $1500 per annum? Tell me that. Why have we never heard you lament their case? How compassionate you are all at once. What is Mr. B. more than another man? Is he made of finer flesh and blood? I have myself been on the commons this seven years, and very short commons, and received many kicks and cuffs besides. "But what will his poor wife and children do?" Let her take the half yard flounces off her dress, and go to work, and let him go to work too: they will have no worse time of it than those have had who were on the commons before.

I had no idea that we had so much corruption in the government till I saw these abominable impudent remarks. I have heard a hundred times, latterly, "what is to become of his poor wife and children," as though they had met with some dreadful loss by fire. What becomes of every man's wife and children who have never received one cent from government? Is government bound to take care of every man's wife and children? Preposterous impudence—a great pity, indeed, that Mr. B. can no longer put his hand in the treasury, and squander it to his kindred. I think, in fact I have been told, his sister received $100 for the envelope, worth about $10, designed to cover some treaty: and the country in arms for turning out such fellows! they ought to have been turned out long ago.

What would the people say if these men were not turned out? The cabinet are not to blame; they were placed in office for this very purpose. It would be as much as their places are worth, were they not to do so. I know a little more about this matter than any editor in Washington, as it may be supposed, though I do not meddle with politics. I am not deaf, and am perfectly aware that it is expected of the present administration to make a general turn out, and they were elected upon no other

understanding: and why not? is it not right? It is the voice of the people, let it be right or wrong; and I am not to stand still and hear the people charged with things of which they are innocent.

If these men had possessed the delicacy and independence of gentlemen, they would not have waited to have been turned out—I mean those opposed (as it is said they were) to General Jackson's election: had they had proper spirit, they would not serve under a man whose politics they did not like.

Doubtless there are many amiable men in the Departments; men that I know to be such, and I would go all lengths to serve them; nor do I know the politics of one of them, excepting one Steuben Smith, Esq. whom, I believe, (the saucy Yankee) is a Jackson man: but the will of the people, and not mine, or any individual, must rule.

And from the Post Office, too, we have lamentations! Horrid! Other 20 years' men! "Innocent as angels." I am sorry for my Sweeny, a most amiable man; and the Messrs. Munroes I always esteemed as gentlemen, but they will not feel their removal like Mr. S.; and as he was always a friend to the poor and needy, I hope he may, in his turn, find a friend. But Dyer: "all his crime was his politics: nothing was ever laid to his charge." Look in the Black-book. And Gen. Jackson and Gen. Green can now manage the Post Office as they please:" not by a great deal, Mr. Intelligencer. The Post Office will be managed by the proper officers, and doubtless will be managed to the satisfaction of the people. Does the Intelligencer want spies in the Post Office? The remark would indicate as much. Judge Barry appears to be an intelligent man; and Doctor Jones, who used to tell me "lay aside the brush and take a hickory broom, and paint them with that—lay it on well." I was going to say that Dr. Jones becomes his office very well, much better than he did his shop, and will doubtless prevent strangers and every rif raf from fingering the letters.

But General Green, the cattle drover, as he is called, appears to be fulfilling the proverb. I think, for one, he has had too sudden a hoist. Besides a savageness which

marks his victory, he was, a few days since, within an inch of giving me the second edition of Hecock. But I have not room for so great a man at the end of this book: he shall appear in front of my next sketch of Washington, in a filligree, instead of his long black coat. I was suspicious of his coat at the time; and he is a Baptist, it seems, another of the Calvinistic race. And our neighbor Skinner, of the Register, appears in a fair way to unite with them, since he finds they are so powerful in Washington: we will then have Satan on one side, and Beelzebub on the other—may the Lord protect us from either. If we had no other evidence of their danger, that of the Register's preference for them is sufficient.

Poor Mr. Gales, though he was partial to the Henglish, was always a gentleman in his greatest prosperity. He did not suffer his good fortune to turn his head. But more of Washington ere long.

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## TRADE OF THE SCHUYLKILL

### IN 1828.

J. R. and J. M. Bolton state they have received, from April, 1826, to December, 1828, 5,360½ tons of coal at their wharf on the Schuylkill, of which 1,898 tons have been shipped in brigs, schooners, and sloops, to New York, Salem, Providence, Massachusetts, and New Brunswick.

They have received, also, at the same wharf, 26,316 barrels of flour, 1,811 barrels of whiskey, 633 hhds. of whiskey, 17,468 kegs of nails, and 1,170 tons of sundries, that is, wheat, corn, iron, butter, flaxseed, &c. &c.

They have sent into the country, from the same place, of plaster, fish, salt, and merchandise, 5,670 tons. 8 cwt. 2 qrs. being an increase of 50 per cent. over their business of 1827.

Waln and Morris state that the following vessels, consigned to them, went into the river Schuylkill, landed

their cargoes on that part of the city, took other cargoes on board at the same, and sailed for foreign ports, viz.—May 15, Schr. Post Boy, 162 tons, Capt. Dodge; July 30, Brig Freighter, 280 tons, Capt. E. Saule; Aug. 22, Brig Two Sons, 220 tons, Capt. J. Stevens; Aug. 30. Brig John Harris, 313 tons, Capt. Geo. Dennison; Sept. 18, Brig Clothier, 190 tons, Capt. J. Davis; Sept. 19, Brig Mary Jane, 203 tons, Capt. Jno. Thomas; Oct. 7, Schr. Post Boy, 162 tons, Capt. Dodge.

J. Harman, Jr. whose store is on Spruce street wharf, on the Schuylkill, states that he has received, from the 5th of July to the 23d of December, by the Brig Arthur Donald, 446 bbls. mackerel; Schrs. Volga and Henry, 778 bbls. do. and 291 half bbls. do., all of which were sent up the Schuylkill canal. He has received, of flour, 122 bbls.; whiskey, 24 hhds.; butter, 205 barrels, kegs, and tubs; lard, 40 kegs; soap and tallow, 10 barrels; nuts, 11½ bushels; lumber, 124,746 feet; pig iron, 20 tons; coal, 3,489 tons: 1,576 tons of coal were shipped by sea vessels, brigs, schooners, &c. to New York, Boston, Wilmington, &c.

Isaac Stoddart states, that, from the 31st of March to the 18th of December, he has received, at the North America Coal Company's wharf, on the Schuylkill, 11,825 tons of coal, of which 8,054 tons have been shipped in sea vessels, the residue sold to citizens of Philadelphia.

J. W. Wynkoop states that he has received, since March last, at his store on the Schuylkill, 1910 tons of coal, of which 508 tons were shipped to New York.

John Shippen and Co. state that they have received, since March, 4,978 tons of coal, lime, and limestone, of which 1,878 tons were shipped to New York and New Jersey.

Daniel Wentz and Co. state that they have received, from the 4th of March to the 23d of December, 8,445 bbls. of flour, 342 hhds. of whiskey, 482 bbls. of do. 147 bbls. of tallow, 136 bushels of oats, 1,262 bushels of corn, 158 bbls. of flaxseed, 10 hhds. of linseed oil, 60 bbls. of do., 60 bbls of butter, 905 kegs of do., 110 tons of bar

iron, 160 tons of castings, 289 bushels of clover seed, 15 bbls. of potash, 50 bbls. of soap, 12 bbls. of beeswax, 40 bbls. of dried peaches, 15 tons of leather, &c. 1,635 tons of coal, 51,312 staves, 740,000 feet of lumber, 327 tons of pig metal, 2,563 bushels of wheat, 189 bushels of rye.

That they have sent into the country, from the same place, 3,792 bbls. of fish, 7,613 bushels of salt, 1,001 tons of plaister, 2,081 tons of merchandise.

James Donley states that there have been sent from the Pennsylvania Canal Boat Company's wharf, on the Schuylkill, by way of the Union Canal, from the 17th of March to the 17th of November last, 3,061 tons, 17 cwt. of merchandise; and that, between the same periods, there have been received, through said canal, the following articles:—8,735 bbls of flour, 41,145 bushels of wheat, 499,823 feet of lumber, 181 tons 17 cwt. of iron, 253 tons of coal, 9 hhds. of whiskey, 251 bbls. whiskey, cider, &c., 17 tons 15 cwt. of lard, butter, &c., 39,000 shingles, 119 bbls. of flaxseed and cloverseed, 7,034 hoop poles, 35,953 staves.

Robert Fleming certifies that the amount of coal received by him, from Mount Carbon, since the 1st of March, is 2,500 tons, of which 2,200 tons have been shipped to New York and Albany.

Morris and Johnson state that they have received from Mount Carbon, during the last season, 4,470 tons of coal, of which they have shipped 1,217 tons.

Benjamin E. Valentine, the former agent of the New York and Schuylkill Coal Company, states, that, up to the 1st of July last, about 500 tons of coal had been received from Mount Carbon; and the present agent says, that, since that period, about 2000 tons have been received, and that about 2,200 tons, altogether, have been shipped.

Joseph Haines states that he has received about 2,200 tons of coal during the last season, of which about 2,000 tons have been shipped to Boston.

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MRS. ROYALL'S

# PENNSYLVANIA,

OR

# TRAVELS CONTINUED

## *IN THE UNITED STATES.*

By MRS. ANNE ROYALL,

*Author of "Sketches of History, Life, and Manners in the United States," and the "Tennesseean."*

IN TWO VOLUMES: VOL. II.

WASHINGTON:
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.
1829.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, *to wit:*

SEAL.

BE IT REMEMBERED, That, on the Ninth day of March in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty-nine, and of the Independence of the United States of America the fifty-third, Mrs. ANNE ROYALL, of the said district, has deposited in the office of the Clerk of the District Court for the District of Columbia, the Title of a book, the right whereof she claims as author, in the words following, to wit:

"Mrs. Royall's Pennsylvania, or Travels continued in the United States, in two volumes," By Mrs. Anne Royall, author of Sketches of History, Life and Manners in the United States, &c. &c.

In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, entitled "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of *Maps, Charts,* and *Books,* to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned;" and, also, to the act entitled, "An act supplementary to an act entitled, "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of *Maps, Charts,* and *Books,* to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned," and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

*In testimony whereof,* I have hereunto set my hand, and affixed the public seal of my office, the day and year aforesaid.

EDMUND I. LEE,
*Clerk of the District Court for the District of Columbia.*

MRS. ROYALL'S

# PENNSYLVANIA.

## JOURNEY TO GREENSBURG.

On the 28th of November, 1828, I took leave of my friends in Bedford, and pursued my route to Greensburg. I would fain have visited Somerset county; but had I done so, I would have had to give up Greensburg, which place I was anxious to see, from having spent some of my infant years in the neighborhood. This circumstance alone induced me to forego the pleasure of seeing Somerset, much the largest town, and inhabited, (as I was led to believe from the samples I had seen,) by a generous and intelligent people. But I longed to see the place my infant feet had pressed, and where, unsheltered from the storm, I braved the wild beasts, and trod the lofty forest fifty years since.

Hitherto I had had an agreeable time of it through the state—the country delightful, and the people, generally, kind and hospitable; and though satisfied to the full, I anticipated still greater pleasure, and panted once more to see the beautiful forest, through which I used to glide, and for which, we have no parallel in the Union.

So far, all had gone on smoothly; but the scene now changed to perils and adventures, by no means pleasing.

We had a stage full of Pats, and one or two Americans. Two of these Pats were rather above the grade of *canal* Irish, in appearance; but far below them in honor and principle. These were brothers: one was a narrow-faced, narrow-souled man; wore a cap; dressed well; was a merchant; lived in Nashville; was proud, empty,

and arrogant as a Haytian negro-colonel. The other was broad-faced, also a shop-keeper; and lived in Louisville, Kentucky.

These Teagues were quite consequential, and looked down with impudent contempt upon ourselves and our soil. These low Irish always remind me of free negroes; and the only difference is, that the latter are more respectful in their manners, more moral, and, by a long way, more sober and industrious.

Another poor, pennyless, Teague; shabby, friendless, disconsolate, and thinly clad, sat in one corner of the stage, with a red face, and shivering with cold. He was, by far the genteelest man in the stage. There were two Americans, whence I know not; nor is it material, as they were alike depraved and dangerous; which will appear in the end.

I had received a packet just as I stepped into the stage; and the hand-writing being difficult, *Teague Sharpface*, with the politeness common to men of business, offered to read it. The letter itself ought to have protected me from Irish impudence, if, indeed, any thing can.*

*Teague Broadface*, who had all the appearance of an impudent wag, and a friend to the other, after reading the letters, seemed disposed to sing; and though he, like his brother, was rather overdone with brass, I encouraged the song, particularly as I am fond of lively songs; and, to do Pat justice, he sung equal to a play-actor; that is, with a good deal of taste. He had taken a good charge at the tavern, and was uncommonly disposed to conversation and mirth; and to use the old adage, give an Irish boor an inch and he will take an ell.

Perceiving I was familiar and free in my conversation, Teague, with all the characteristic of his national impudence, tried, without a selection of words, how far he could go in the use of unlicensed conversation. It may be supposed he soon found himself mistaken; and between myself and the driver, we forced his Teague-ship to as-

*I am told this impudence is confined to certain portions of Ireland; and this I believe, as I have met with many worthy Irishmen

sume a more decent behavior. He begged pardon, and conducted himself well for several hours. He became serious, and conversed about Alabama, and repeated the names of several of my friends in Moulton, Lawrence City; was familiar with the towns about the Muscle-Shoals; and became quite (as he was doubtless very capable,) entertaining, and respectful in his deportment. He repeated anecdote after anecdote; and I was charmed and delighted with my Pat, who was by no means as vulgar as the sharp-faced one. I am the more particular about these Teagues, as by holding them up to public view, it may serve to put people upon their guard, and not by any means meant to reform them, being beyond every thing but the rope. Nothing but whiskey and the rope can cure Irish impudence.

After the first fracas, however, we went on very well; dined at a small town, where I offered a few cents to the friendless Irishman, which his noble soul refused, while the big tear stole down his cheek. Neither he nor any of the company dined, but myself and the two *adorable* Teagues. One of the passengers, a one eyed knave from Pittsburg, it appeared, was one of the gang, and doubtless, often makes the tour from Pittsburg over the mountains; for what purpose, I leave to those who have hardly escaped with their lives, to tell.

I heard, afterwards, he was a paper-printer in Pittsburg. Every body knows him, I find; and many a better man have I seen in the state prison. All these fellows, and several hundred more, (though, doubtless, some have met with their well deserved fate,) are leagued together with a design to rob travellers; and the road is strung with them from Bedford County to Pittsburg, and far beyond, doubtless: and though they have escaped hanging, they are in a fair way to take the *lash*. The woman where we dined, was an English woman; that is, *not* a *German*. She was, of course, a tract-woman, and, as I am a missionary too, I tried to convert her to common sense. She was very ignorant, very pious, a great fool, a great hypocrite, and to crown the whole, (as all those priest-ridden women are) very insolent. She had plenty

of whiskey, however, with all her piety, which suited the Pats better than her piety, as she was rather old and ugly.

I do not know the name of the town; but it was precisely at the foot of the Allegheny mountain.

Meantime, the pleasure of the scenery, notwithstanding a very cold drizzling rain, more than compensated for all the difficulties.

We begin to rise rapidly, upon leaving Bedford; the streams dwindle down to little rills, and the vales narrow as they draw near the mountain, till at length they disappear; and the little rill continues to run between two steep sloping points of the mountain, called spurs; at length *these* disappear, and we have nothing but the genuine mountain, called, I think, Jack's Mountain.

These mountains have no rocks visible, nor evergreens; but are thickly covered with very handsome timber; the whole breathing an air of wild independence.

A most charming valley lies at the base of the Allegheny, as smooth and level as a calm sea. It is enclosed, for the most part; overgrown with timothy, and thickly studded with lofty sugar-maples. I ought to have mentioned the maple, or sugar-tree, appears as soon as we arrive at the Juniata. This vale is very rich, watered by a handsome stream, and makes a fine appearance from the road as we ascend the mountain. I observed in Vol. I. that all the rises of the Allegheny have valleys running between and parallel to them. This is the narrowest and most romantic of the whole, as the sudden pitch of the mountain on both sides, the elegance and symmetry of the beautiful umbrella-topped sugar-tree, standing, as it were, by magic, on the smooth shorne green. I kept my head turned, as long as it was in view, admiring its beauty.

I had taken a receipt for my stage-fare, at Bedford, specifying my pleasure to travel to Greensburg, as I thought proper—wishing to travel by day-light, with a view of seeing the mountains; I intended to stop at the Inn on the top of the Allegheny, and take the next stage, which passed in the morning.

Within two miles of the top, we changed horses and drivers, at a very suspicious, mean-looking house. My courage, which had often been put to trial by the impudence and rudeness of the passengers, almost failed me at the sight of the house and its inmates. As we stopped at the door, a gang of robber-looking men, to the number of eight or ten, rushed out of the house to view the passengers, who all descended from the coach but myself, to take a fresh priming of whiskey. While they were in the house, those ruffians, who were impudence itself, surrounded the coach. Some would come up to the door and peep in; others would walk round to look at the boot, as if examining the baggage. At length, one of them addressed me in a style of insufferable impudence. I assumed an air of courage, and ordered him to begone. The new driver, who was little better, by this time had come out of the stable with the horses, and hearing what passed, resented the affront bestowed upon his companion, with a volley of oaths, and said, "if I did not mind he would break my neck." Meantime, the Teague with the pewter-dish face, came to the door, and grinned from ear to ear. The ruffians being encouraged by his approbation, redoubled their insolence; and had I not been sustained by the hope of being rid of them at the distance of two miles, I should have given myself up for lost. The driver, pretending some chain or something was broke about the coach, purposely, as I believe, detained till dark. Meantime, the passengers, who had charged themselves well with whiskey, entered into a plot of no honorable nature, while in the house, of which the driver was a partner, as appeared in the end.

At length the passengers entered the coach, all more than half drunk; but imagine my feelings at seeing one of the ruffians, after whispering to the Pats, mount the seat with the driver, for which, he (the driver) ought to have been sent to the state-prison. This ruffian, as well as most of those at the house, were discarded drivers; and being drunken, vicious, and lazy, gathered about these Inns in the mountains, with a view of robbing and murdering passengers, and riding in the stages from one stage to another, free of cost.

It was dark, raining, the road very deep, and we were without light, consequently were in danger of upsetting every moment from the steepness and winding of the road.

We arrived safe however, at the Inn on the top of the mountain, where I got out and ordered out my trunks; but the ruffians had laid their plan too well to let me have my trunks. I had observed the sharp-faced Pat of Nashville jump out with the one-eyed Pittsburg man, and run into the house before I got out of the stage; being lame, and the mud half leg deep, it was some time before I could enter the tavern. But imagine my surprise, when the landlord informed me, he could not let me stay at his house! nor would he take out my baggage, saying he kept no tavern, and as no stage office was kept there, he would not, nor dared not, take out my baggage. I saw through the thing at once; the Teague, with his fellow ruffian, had put the landlord up to this, to carry their plot into execution, whatever it might be.

I appealed to the humanity of the landlord, showed him my receipt, but all in vain, he said I must go on to the next tavern where the stage office was kept, and there they would be obliged to take out my baggage. I saw it was useless, and though it was seven miles further, I was forced once more to enter the stage with the ruffians!—meantime the Teagues and Pittsburg were indulging in winks and smothered laughs.

After charging well with whiskey, again they entered the stage and I with them, the brutal driver swearing, and cursing me the whole time.

It appears his highness took offence at my ordering the robbers from the stage at the house back, as he often repeated my words. We had proceeded but a short distance from the house, before the horses getting out of the road, the first place we found ourselves was upon the top of a high bank, and found it impossible to regain the road without upsetting. The Teagues were not so drunk, but they were afraid of their necks, and got out of the stage; I also got out in the mud again, the driver being now alarmed, abated somewhat of his savageness and assisted me out of the stage, it was dark, cold, and rainy. But

such were my presentiments of *greater* evils, that I was insensible to the less, that is standing half leg deep in mud and water, and the rain pouring upon me in a torrent.* After so long a time, the driver got the horses and stage into the road, and travelled at a snail's gate to the tavern, which took him over two hours, the longest two hours I ever spent before or since.

When we arrived at the tavern, as I expected, the same game was played over again. The same Irish man, the other being too unwieldy or too drunk, it matters not which, jumped out as before and ran into the house. I knew he, with his Pittsburg friend, went into prejudice the landlord again, and as they were to travel all night, their plot whatever it might have been, was to be effected. But I was *determined*, and as we were to have a new driver at this house, I had some hopes of defeating the plot of the robbers, as they proved in the end.

Whatever they told the people of the house, I neither knew nor cared, as I was determined not to move from the house at the point of the sword. I began to perceive, in fact had for some time, it was but death, and I might as well meet it in one place as another. Upon entering the house, I met another appalling sight, another gang of ill-looking men, and here I must remark, that nothing but my courage saved my life. "What, another band of robbers here too!" I exclaimed. I heard one of the ruffians whispering to somebody as I entered the house, of which I only distinguished the word *crazy*. This was done to intimidate the people of the house, what else passed between them, I have never learned from that day to this. The landlady, the greatest savage in petticoats, met me at the door sill with a candle in her hand; "come this way good woman," said she, leading the way into a back parlor, "what is the matter," I told her, "nothing was the matter, that I had stopped for the night and intended to take the Accommodation in the morning, that I was wet and cold, and wished to have a cup of tea as quick as pos-

*Had they been any thing but *bog* Irish they would have loaned me an umbrella which they had.

sible." "You cannot stay here, we don't keep any body." "You have a sign, what is that for? and whether you have or not, would you be such a savage as to turn a female out of doors such a dark night as this! besides there are robbers in the stage and I shall not travel with them." "You cannot stay, we dont kept any body, you cant stay." "I *will* stay, and get me something to eat this moment or I will have you fined and your license taken from you." She then went off for the landlord, and I went to order out my trunks, but the Pats and the *mud* driver had come to an understanding with respect to the trunks, nor would I suppose, it was the first time either had committed robbery. But admitting this, what are we to think of the landlord who, after attempting to force me into the stage, suffered these robbers to carry off the trunks before his face? To come to the point, I have little doubt but the landlord, one Hawk, was the worst of the gang. But you must know before we go any further, that the woman was one of the godly ones, and had you seen her efforts to force me into the stage, you would have thought she was converting a heathen. "You can't stay, and you ought to go and take care of your trunks, you will never see them again, they will go to New-Orleans, you will never see them again, you can't stay, you can't stay, you must, you shall go." She would every now and then, (putting her face close to mine, as though she were going to kiss me,) bring my cloak and bonnet. I went to the door however, and the driver, as great an *old* v——n as ever went unhung, being pointed out to me, I told him to take my trunks off at his peril. The Teagues and Pittsburg, would whisper to him; mean time I told the landlord, he was a party concerned and I would prosecute the whole of them. "You must go and take care of your trunks." "You ruffian, how dare you say I *must* go, I *will not* go an inch;" "I will make you go," said the brute.* "Touch me if you dare, you ruffian, are you all robbers?" At this I turned from the door, the landlord turned pale, and the

*I showed the driver Col. Lindsey's receipt, he "did not care for Col. Lindsey."

she-wolf growled and gnashed her teeth; she followed me up however, with my cloak and bonnet, and seemed to enter warmly into the interest of the Teagues. There were two young women about the house, who were clever, good-looking women, and looked displeased with the movements of the enemy. One of them prepared to set me some refreshment; but kept her eye upon the mistress of the house, who was in great agitation, repeating, without intermission, "You will never see your trunks again;" and the driver, old *Folk*, at the door, "The stage is agoing—the stage is agoing;" he cracked his whip, but all in vain. I was determined to meet death in the house.

When she heard the stage drove off, she threw herself on a chair, (my cloak still hanging on her arm,) and almost expired from despair.

The young women then set the table out, and brought me some tea, and bread and butter, and attended me very politely. Meantime the table was set with profusion and variety for the ruffian of a driver, in the same room!—This driver, who drove from the last stage, was the principal in the affair, as it was his business to interfere and see that I was treated well; and the robber Folk ought to be sent to the state prison for carrying off my trunks, which he did, after I ordered him not. But what astonished me was that these Teagues should have been able, in so short a time, to succeed so effectually with the woman: their bringing over the scape-gallows Folk was a matter of course. The landlord kept mostly in the bar-room, and here I was with a gang of robbers—no bed or private room to repose in, and the whole of my baggage carried off!

After some time the landlord, with his band of ruffians, came into the room, and I addressed him as follows: "I am, doubtless, to be murdered, as I have been robbed, through your means, whose business it was to take my baggage out of the stage; but you may rely upon it, my friends will make you a public example; they will revenge themselves by nothing short of your life; being well assured of this, I shall die contented: you are a pret-

ty ruffian to keep a public house, and be trusted with the mail; were you the robber that shot the man lately, instead of Mr. Ramsey?* He was confounded, and slunk off out of the room. I then asked if I could get a place to lie down, or was I to sit up all night. "You ought to have gone on with the stage," said the landlady. I told her not to give me a word of her insolence; "I will fix you, madam, for the game you have played to-night: speak, —am I to have a bed or not?" She then called the young woman to her, and said something which I did not hear; and the girl picked up the candle and told me to follow her; and, taking me through the decent chambers, entered a dirty room over the kitchen, used, doubtless, for stage-drivers and dirty travellers. The room had two doors, both without locks. I saw the drift, but was perfectly undaunted. There were two beds in the room; one was tolerable; the other, a straw bed with one sheet as black as the pot, and an old dirty rug; and the whole stunk. The girl led me to the straw bed, and said, that was the bed I was to sleep in. "Not I, indeed; I'll never go into that bed: why may I not go into that bed?" pointing to the best one. "She says you must sleep in this." I told the girl to go and bring my cloak, and a glass of water, that I should sit up all night. She went off, and after some time brought another bed in, and laid it on the top of the straw bed, and putting a clean sheet and some dirty covering on it, went off, and I lay down in my clothes; but do not imagine I slept. I lay and listened attentively when the murderers would make their appearance; for an attempt I knew they intended to make, by their putting me in a room without any means of fastening.

One door was at the foot of my bed, and one at my head. I watched both, and had also put out my candle.

About eleven o'clock, I heard footsteps approaching up the kitchen stairs, at the foot of my bed; and presently the door opened softly, and the landlord entered with a candle in his hand! My face was only covered with the

*Every one knows the narrow escape of Mr. Ramsey of Pittsburg, another man being shot in his stead, near this place.

sheet, through which I saw him plainly. He passed round my bed softly, and walked to a pile of apples that lay in a corner, and picking up one of the apples, stood and listened, and walked back again, close to the side of my bed, and seemed to be ascertaining whether I was asleep or not. Just as he was opposite my bed, walking on tip-toe, I sprung up, and accosted him with— "You ruffian, how dare you come into my room at this time of night? begone this instant, or I will shoot you." But never did a fellow run down stairs faster, while I had neither gun nor pistol. After his flight, I got up, and put a chair against each door, and, concluding from his cowardice, he would not return, I betook myself to sleep with all possible composure.

Next morning the conduct of the family was, by an accident, suddenly changed into something like fear and respect. After taking my coffee, I procured a pen and ink, and was about to address a note to Cononel Lindsey, of M'Connel's-town, informing him of my misfortune, and the conduct of the whole posse; and taking my papers out of my reticule, to look for a piece of blank paper to write on, I put my hand on a letter of introduction (I had several) from Capt. Jack to his brother of Greensburg. I asked the landlady who was standing by "if she could read writing." "Not very well." "Well, then, I will read it for you;" and read to her the letter. "Now, madam," said I, "what will the public think of your conduct, and that of your husband?" "It was them people's fault." "It was your fault. Had I not as much title to credit as the people? What *did* they say?" She would not tell. "Then you are as vile as they, and I will have the whole of you punished." She then asked me to let her take the letter to her husband in the bar. I gave her the letter, and in a short time they both came in, very much alarmed. "You see, now, sir, whom you have to deal with, and I am glad to find you are a man of property sufficient to pay the damage, I have doubtless sustained by the robbery." This cut him to the quick. "Why did you not show me the letter last night?" "Because a letter cannot make an honest man of a rogue." They

were both apparently much distressed; but the man said, I would be sure to find my trunks at the next stage office." I replied I cared nothing about it: I had several hundred dollars worth in the trunks, which the line was liable for, and I was not at all uneasy; I was safe enough. I fancy Hawk did not spend the day very pleasantly, particularly as he discovered I was *no* way concerned. To warn all travellers of this dangerous man, he lives two miles from Stoystown east; that is on the side next to Bedford. He lives upon a bold running mill stream, through a thick forest, as well as I recollect at the foot of the Allegheny Mountain. I feel no hesitation in saying from what has gone before, and what followed, that it is a dangerous house, and is, doubtless, connected with a band of robbers, which forms a line from Pittsburg to Philadelphia. Many of these robbers way-lay the road, and attack those travellers whom they suppose to have money. Several murders and robberies have been committed in these mountains: and as it happens in point; a lady, one of the first in Pittsburg, was travelling in her own carriage down Sideling Hill. She was accompanied by a young gentleman on horseback, who had rode on before and was out of sight, leaving her and her daughter with the driver, some distance behind. This being her situation as she drove down the hill, she saw a man get up out of the bushes before her, and walk slowly along the road. At length she passed him, and he seemed to eye the carriage suspiciously. As he dropped behind, she turned her head, and watched him through the coach window. In the course of a few minutes, she saw him take a pistol from his right side, and look behind him, when to her great joy she saw the mail-stage! This saved her life! I saw the lady (after this, however,) in Pittsburg. But, to resume: I wrote my letter, intending to drop it in the next Post Office, and amused myself in looking at the scenery, till the accommodation should arrive.

To compensate for the difficulties and dangers of the night, nature had reserved for the morning, one of her choicest treats. Thus is life checkered with curse and blessing, woes and wonders.

Upon going to the front door, I was transported with pleasure, and carried away with delight and astonishment. A bold mountain reared itself in front, and the stream before-mentioned, swollen by the rain, dashing, foaming and thundering to the skies. The great fall of the river over a mill-dam and a multitude of rocks—the heights on each side, the dark hemlocks, while the raging river shook the shores—it certainly was the grandest assemblage of objects I had met with in the mountains.

Meantime, Hawk, who used to catch all the chickens at Stoystown, (where he formerly perched,) tried all his art to conciliate my favor, and, to my infinite relief, the Accommodation arrived, and brought one of my favorite Tennesseeans—one passenger only; and I leave the Inn.

I ought to have described my lord and lady of the Inn. They were both rather young, tall, lean, sallow, and gaunt, like all the missionary gang, with the looks of midnight pickpockets. The proprietor of this part of the line is equally guilty with those robbers, for patronizing such a knot as these innkeepers and stagedrivers; and it is very evident they are all combined.

Stoystown is a considerable and most romantic village upon the top of a hill, two miles from the inn of blessed memory. It contains about two hundred inhabitants, and commands a view of the wildest scenery, being surrounded with lofty heights and deep chasms of unequalled wildness—not an acre, however, of tillable land was in view; and Stoystown, in appearance, is quite an ærial city amongst the clouds.

I had a delightful drive along the stream to Stoystown, where we leave it. This stream is a branch of the Youghiogeny. It had no name that I could learn. I was truly mortified that I was forced, notwithstanding my arrangements, to pass through so great a part of the finest mountain scenery in the night; which I ascribe wholly to the Teagues, whose character for tipperary improves as we go on. We shall overhaul them presently; as all know that I am slow, but sure. The curses of Pennsylvania will ever pursue them wherever they

go; as it has, through them, lost the most interesting part of my travels; and it is very probable their Teagueships may end their travels with a rope or penitentiary. This was the place it was supposed my baggage would be left; but no baggage was here. I was on the winning side, however, as I was sure of my baggage, or the worth of it; and the incident was of no little value. Those mock gentlemen want a little Tipperary fun—they shall have "their fill."

The distance from Bedford to the summit of the Allegheny is fourteen miles, seven miles from there to Hawks, and two to Stoystown; which we leave, after taking in a handsome, well dressed little boy, who was going to Greensburg.

I was much pleased with my Tennessecan, who combined all the elevated, cool, steady bravery of his country. Had he been with me the previous day he would soon have settled the business with the bogtrotters; and it is hoped that every Tennessecan in Nashville will show a proper and dignified resentment towards Teague Sharpnose, who may very easily be known, having still one of the *praties* in his mouth, which rather impedes his speech. And as for the ladies of Nashville, I trust they will, for once, act becoming, and cease to patronize those bogtrotters. An Irish gentleman I admire; but those Teagues, even to the canal diggers, make it their boast, to our disgrace, that "all the American ladies love the Patts." I should be gratified never to hear the expression again; and, still more, that the man who would use it might be kicked out of doors. What can our women see in them? I see nothing but impudence. Curious taste.

But I was pleased with my driver as well as with my Tennessecan. He had heard of the conduct of the people behind us, and resented it highly. He very politely inquired at every stopping place for my baggage; and my Tennessecan, also, showed a very becoming resentment, and deported himself with the manners of a gentleman, although a plain farmer. He was a young, stout man. Here I have a remark to make, which never struck me before, that the dress and manners of a Tennessecan

are always the same, let him be of what occupation he may, mechanic or philosopher; and their philosophers are mechanics and farmers; and though I never acquired the gentleman's name, I felt proud of his company and his country.

We descended very little in passing from the Alleghany to the Laurel hill; from the summit of which to the summit of the latter is twenty-six miles. I have elsewhere remarked that these chains are several miles distant from each other, with handsome rich valleys of meadow-land between them. These vales are well watered, and in a high state of cultivation. [Now John Bull laughs again. He thinks nothing is cultivated out of Hengland—suppose the reason why he sent Pishey Tom's son as a specimen—wish him safe over the water again.] The cattle are not so large but equally sleek and thrifty, particularly upon the German farms; and these are most numerous. Sheep run at large on the mountains, look very white and clean, and are larger than those farther east;* and the water is the purest in the world, doubtless. The land is rich and level here, but rather cold and moist.

In the course of six or seven miles we arrived at the foot of Laurel hill, now and then crossing some of the finest streams imaginable. The Laurel hill, which is a mountain of some height, has very little in it, at first sight, indicative of a mountain. It merely presents a gentle swell, and very little laurel to be seen; and by casting your eyes forward to see the celebrated Laurel hill, so famous in history, you are entirely disappointed; you see the sky through the trees, and I, no little mortified, asked the driver in a pet, "where are the Laurels?" "You will see enough of them by and by." I was sure the man was mistaken. But after driving a mile or so, I found laurel and rocks and steeps in profusion, and a real mountain, three miles to the summit: and, also, three to the base—the whole a barren forest of evergreens, and some of the most beautiful transparent

*The wolves often attack and kill many of them:—vile missionaries.

fountains I had met with. The features of this mountain are precisely similar to what is called Sewell's Mountain, in Virginia, on the Kenhawa road, except that it is steeper to the top. But on the summit, you would imagine it to be the very same which it is. We find the same deep vales, shaded to darkness, and the same rushing streams, (running over white sand,) as clear as crystal.

After descending from the Laurel hill we enter upon a beautiful plain, lying between the *Laurel* hill and *Chesnut* Ridge, the last of the Allegheny range. This vale is fertile, and covered with handsome farms of grass, grain, and orchards; and here the beautiful timber begins to appear, so famous in the western parts of Pennsylvania. One of the handsomest situations I saw in the mountains lies at the foot of the Chesnut Ridge. A rural stream runs swiftly through a rich meadow, of uncommon beauty. The stream is broad and shallow, and meanders and ripples and murmurs in a most delightful serpentine, as far as you can see.

Though the Chesnut Ridge is low, compared to the other ranges of the Allegheny, it has all the appearance of a mountain as you approach it, and is of considerable extent; but you hardly perceive you are on a mountain while crossing it, either from the aspect of the timber or the surface of the soil, which is nearly the same with that of the valleys, and is susceptible of cultivation.

The distance across these mountains has been noticed in the first volume, which is one hundred and sixty miles, viz. from the Blue Mountains to the foot of Chesnut Ridge.

From the commencement of the mountain to the end, the appearance of the inhabitants gradually but sensibly change in size, manners and complexion. The small stature, sallow face, and uniformity of manners, gives place to a stout robust figurge, fair complexion, and manners very different from the people east of the mountains.

The difference in complexion and size is easily accounted for, which is the salubrity of the air and water. The beautiful bloom, the lily-white forehead, and plump cheek of the young women and children may be traced

from Carlisle, where it begins to dawn, to this place; and presents the very same distinguishing traits, found in East and West *Virginia*.

The distinctions between the east and west of the Allegheny Mountains had long been familiar to me, as respected the great State of Virginia; and why it should be expected to differ from Pennsylvania but one reason at all can be given, as these two States present a like resemblance as respects these mountains; and are, so far as I know, the only States that exhibit the identical ridges of Appachian Mountains.

But the state of society in the mountains of these two States are very different, which is doubtless owing to the different periods each has been settled, and the great flow of emigrants, which has been a thousand to ten in favor of Pennsylvania. The cause of this has been already noticed; which is, that the armies clearing the roads through the latter at a very early period. From this cause the people on this Great Western Road have become a set of sharpers, vicious and insolent; which they have doubtless acquired from the character of the vast number of that description of people, called the scum of the Old States, who flee from justice, and those who live no where longer than they are found out. Of the latter, there are multitudes continually on the wing, seeking for prey. From this cause, as in all countries where society is infested by vicious characters—the transportation of commerce from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh—the vast number of stages, and the powerful effect of money upon these innkeepers and stage-proprietors, it is no longer safe for people, unarmed or unprotected, to travel; and the tide of travelling will, without doubt, be withdrawn so soon as the Pennsylvania canal is finished, which lies to the north of this route. This character of the route is only applicable to the mountains; from which, however, we must exempt all who have no concern with travellers.

It is quite the reverse in the mountains of Virginia—there is not a more noble race upon earth than those who inhabit the mountainous part of Virginia. I never heard

of an insult, much less a robbery or murder committed there, where I lived many years; and the reason is obviously to be attributed to the causes I have mentioned.

Not only the complexion and size but the dress of these mountain people differ from the lowlanders. We always see these cherry-cheeked damsels, as well as children, dressed in domestic woolsey, mostly red and blue stripes. They have very handsome features, but are not well shaped. Their hair is generally fair, and their eyes blue. But the children astonished me by their activity and beauty. I saw one of those little urchins, as I drove on through the mountains, who could not have been more than seven months old, trolling along upon his hands and feet, on his way to the barn *by himself*. He was about a hundred yards from the house, when the mother missing him, sent one of its sisters after it. The little fellow apprehending something of the sort, would often look behind, and when he discovered he was pursued, never did a pick-pocket mend his pace with more desperation to escape from his enemies than the little *crawlaway*.

The farmers in these mountains cultivate all kinds of grain, and prefer timothy to clover, to which the soil is very favorable; flax and potatoes grow in great perfection, in short, nature has blessed them with every thing but a discriminating respect for strangers, which I can by no means allow them; they are a mixture of Germans and Irish, and most of them are great admirers of priests and tracts.

We dined at Laughlintown, the place where it was finally supposed I would find my baggage—but no baggage excepting a small bundle was to be found; and the old ruffian who kept the inn at Laughlintown, was a party concerned in the robbery I am pretty sure, whether he had the property in possession at the time or not. The moment I entered the house I saw guilt in the countinance of the whole of them, and bribing one of the domestics who was upon the point of disclosing something relative to the party who robbed me, whom she said took supper there about midnight, when the old

ruffian of the tavern discovered her, and sent her into a another room under pretence of preparing my dinner. He watched me so close afterwards, that I had no opportunity of conversing with any of the family, who though they evidently knew something of the baggage, were afraid to divulge it; all I could get out of the old man was the bundle which was of little value, and that the driver when interrogated about being late said, "they had a troublesome woman in the stage." I told the old man the driver's words would probably prove true to him as he must, when shifting the baggage, (which he did into another stage,) have perceived there was more baggage than passengers, and that my name being on my trunks as well as the way-bill and the bundle, and no female being in the stage when it passed his house, he must know that the trunks with a woman's name could not belong to the men in the stage, of course must belong to the woman mentioned to you by the driver. "It was your duty by an established custom at all stage-offices to not only see that the passengers and baggage was safe, but to have stopped the extra baggage till I came up." Had this man been any thing but the most hardened ruffian, he would dread punishment; and as he owned a part of the line he must have expected to pay his part of the loss, should it prove to be one. I told him he might expect the rigour of the law, to all of which he testified the unconcern of the most hardened v————n. It is needless to *warn* travellers against this house. I do not know the ruffian's name, but he may be known by his picture.

The Tennesseean and the little boy (who came with us from Stoystown,) as it was late did not dine, but took a glass of cider apiece, for which it appeared the innkeeper charged them double price. I could not forbear laughing at the Tennesseean (after we left the tavern,) he paid the exorbitant price for the cider, and watching his opportunity laid the glass behind the fire and covered it up carefully to roast; our driver this day was a very clever man and was highly displeased with the innkeeper for suffering my baggage to go on in the stage, but we now changed our good driver for one who was a match for the

innkeeper and the teagues. He was about two-thirds drunk in the first place, and in the next place, he stopped at every tavern on the road to drink more, and finally came very near getting his jacket trimmed by the Tennesseean; we had taken in a very genteel man a little after dark, who interfered, or doubtless there would have been war. This drunken driver after taking his portion of grog at one of the inns, sat down before the fire very contentedly and commenced smoking a cigar, the door being open we had a fair view of the gentleman who joined the company of the house in all the mirth and frolic of drunkards. The night was extremely cold, and just beginning to snow. The Tennesseean had the misfortune to have his over coat stolen, and was in no humor to wait in the cold, and finding the driver in no haste to relinquish his situation, after calling(the whole of us) till we saw it was useless; the Tennesseean took hold of the reins and began to drive off. This soon brought the driver out, who cursed and swore furiously "Who was it moved them horses? "I did sir," said the hero of Tennessee, "do you suppose we are going to suffer with the cold all night, and let you sit by smoking your cigar?" "D——n you, I'll stay as long as I please and give you the stage whip besides." He had the wrong hand to deal with, the other replied "if he did not get up on the seat and drive on instantly, he would get out and kick him to pieces." The driver being charged high with whiskey, was all spunk, and high words ensued, and had it not been for myself and the other gentleman, the driver would have felt the effects of one Tennesseean, at least. Had the man not been so drunk I should have been pleased to see him get a good drubbing.

The gentleman mentioned after the driver vouchsafed to get on the seat, observed very mildly to the man to be cautious as it was very dark, "D——n you all to h——l, said the fellow, I have a great mind to upset the stage and break all your necks." This is a fine line to travel in; but we could expect nothing else from robbers. This line is owned by one H. of Greensburg, of whom I shall speak hereafter.

I was provoked at passing through *Leginier* in utter darkness;* and also, *Loyal Hannah*, both familiar to me, from having often heard of the one in my childhood, and lived upon the banks of the other. I merely had a glimpse of the Loyal Hannah as I crossed it over a bridge which alone filled me with unspeakable sensations of pleasure, thus to hail an old acquaintance after an absence of 48 years, viz: since the burning of Hannah's town by the Indians.

I ought to have mentioned a laughable incident of the morning. One of the innkeepers on the road had been at much pains and expense to erect a great hickory Jackson pole, and some of the Adam's men had come in the night and cut it down. It was done the preceding night, and the innkeeper was fuming with rage as we drove up, at the fellows who perpetrated the unpardonable deed.

I do not know the name of the innkeeper where we spent the night four miles on this side of Greensburg. He is another old ruffian, who, had he lived in any country but the land of fools, and tracts, and the bible, and the Lord's doings, would have been hung. It is certainly our aim as a nation to command respect—to effect this, we have only to respect ourselves, but patronizing vice and infamous men in this barefaced manner, is only proclaming to the world, "We trample on virtue, insult and annihilate it." But I shall speak more fully on this subject at the end of my journey.

I met with a very genteel man at this tavern, from Washington, Pa. he was a noble fine fellow, and gave me a laughable account of the power of the Priests over the females at Washington; "We want you there, Mrs. R. very much, to expose these men; they have the whole population of our females at work for them. Was there ever a country so besotted? I should, as I have no children to suffer, be glad to see these religious thieves and robbers triumph, and, (though I destest cruelty,) slay every man who suffers his wife, daughter, &c. to work for Priests, ten times worse than ever Popery was. The gentleman

* I am pleased to hear they are going on rapidly with the canal as it will break up this den of robbers.

told me many anecdotes of those abominable swindlers, and expressed much pleasure at my visit to his State. He was a young, stout, pleasant man, an attorney, as I afterwards heard, though I never knew his name.

We suffered a great deal this day with the cold, the little boy, as well as the Tennesseean, was without a cloak, and I having a thick shawl, loaned them mine.

### GREENSBURG.

Early in the morning we departed to Greensburg which we reached by breakfast-time, where I was dissolved in extacy, it being in the county of Westmoreland, where I had spent some years of my childhood. It had snowed during the night which just covered the ground, though not so as to conceal the rank wheat which checkered the country on each side of the road, but I was more delighted with the country, and trees of the forest, which for height and symmetry is unequalled by any in America; these trees are very tall, straight, and slender, and terminate in a luxuriant diffusion of slender drawn branches of surpassing beauty. I can liken them to nothing but the broom-corn magnified. Greensburg is the capital of Westmoreland county, one of the handsomest and richest counties of land and water in West Pennsylvania. The land lies in gentle swells, and is of the richest quality. Greensburg is a very handsome borough town, of about one thousand inhabitants, and occupies one of the most delightful situations to be met with, off of the waters, in the State. This town, which is mostly built of brick, was built since Hannahstown was burnt by the Indians, if I am not mistaken, in 1782: but it doubtless will not improve much more as it is some distance from navigation. It will, however, always allure the eye of taste from the beauty of its scenery and fertility of the surrounding country, which arises around it in swelling hills of unrivalled beauty. The Chesnut ridge is seen plain from Greensburg, stretching along to the east, in an unbroken line.

I was recommended to the tavern of Col. Rohrer, in preference to the stage-house, one of the most dangerous

houses perhaps, from Bedford to Pittsburg, and though I had nothing to lose now but my life, I was much pleased I had escaped the house.

When the stage stopped at the door for the passengers to get out, I enquired, if my trunks were left there; they were not; I had understood, he was proprietor of the line, and shewing my receipt taken for my fare at Bedford to Greensburg; I informed the man who came to the stage, that I should look to the proprietor for the baggage, stating at the same time the manner it was carried off—he was not the stage owner, he said, but he would mention it; I then requested them to drive me to Colonel Rhorer's, which is customary with all stages that I have ever travelled in—no—I must get out there, the driver would be d——d to h-ll if he would drive me any where, (he ought to have a few tracts.) Meantime a perfect rabble gathered about the stage, doubtless many of them were highway robbers, but she had been robbed before.

By chance a ragged old man pointed out to me the house of colonel Rhorer, and I trudged along on foot to the colonel's. The first thing I said upon entering the house, was a charge of unkindness against the stage folks of the other house, and the next thing was "I wanted breakfast." Col. R. however, stood still and looked at me in amazement; meantime I was taking out some letters, I happened to have one which caught the eye of the Col. it was directed to a Mr. Barclay, next door but one, and instead of ordering breakfast the colonel stepped into Mr. Barclay's and brought him in. I saw in a moment, the colonel had no idea of giving a woman breakfast who came alone and on foot to his house, without baggage; but after he heard the letter read, and the respect with which I was received by Mr. Barclay, every thing in the house was at my service, and never a kinder man, though I often laughed at him for his suspicion. He would laugh too, and said he thought I was some poor woman, and he thought correctly. In the course of the evening, (this was Sunday,) several gentlemen called, and Mr. B. spent most of the day in my parlor.

But the first thing I did, was to send my letters to Pittsburg (written the previous night,) to apprehend the one-eyed man in case the baggage was not forthcoming; whether he or the Teagues had the trunks, the crime was the same in him, as he was equally guilty, for it was evident the driver at Hawk's, would not have dared to carry off my trunks without the assistance and persuation of the passengers, and though he had laid himself liable to a prosecution for forcibly taking my property before my face, it did not exonerate them. I addressed my letter to Messrs. Johnston and Stockton, and requested them to write immediately, and resolved to await at Greensburg until I should hear the fate of my baggage. The Teagues, I supposed, would take passage down the Ohio as soon as they arrived at Pittsburg; but by arresting the one-eyed, I conjectured the trunks would be forthcoming; at all events I was safe, as the line was able to make good the damages, and I would have spent my time happily had the thieves not carried off my M. S.

Besides Col. Rhorer (to whom, though I had forgotten it, I had a letter of introduction,) and Mr. Barclay, I had letters to Gen. Wise, Col. Wise, and Mr. Jack, a brother of Mr. Wm. Jack whom I saw at Bedford. Col. Wise was gone to take his seat in the legislature of Pennsylvania at Harrisburg, and neither Gen. Wise nor Mr. Jack were at home. Mr. Alexander, with whom I had corresponded some years back, called in the course of the evening, which, and the company at the house, helped to beguile the time until Monday. Hearing Hon. R. Coulter, member of Congress lived in Greensburg, I addressed a note to him apprising him of my presence, and that I would be happy to see him; he returned a very polite answer, representing he was indisposed, and I amused myself the best way I could until the next day. The ensuing day was delightful for the season, and I indulged myself in viewing the borough, and first paid my respects to Simon Drum, esq. the Postmaster, being anxious to see a man of whom I had formed a high opinion, from having exchanged a few letters with him several years ago; I was much pleased to hear he was still living in Greensburg.

As I passed by the stage-office, near to which the post-office was kept, I called in with a view of gaining some information of my baggage, the passengers, and see the landlord, and take my observations, and cast an eye round the house; I found a tall black looking man in the bar, whom I asked if he was the landlord, he was not, the bar-keeper then, no, he was neither; I was amazed, if there was a master about the house, or a bar-keeper, why would they suffer a stranger to stay in the bar. Seeing a woman sweeping the bar-room, I asked her, where was the master of the house, she did not know; where is the bar-keeper, I do not know, who is that in the bar? I don't know. She was ugly enough to frighten a bear, and as vicious as she was ugly; a gangling young man passed by, I asked him, who that was in the bar; he did not know. I saw at once, that this house was perfectly in the secret of the robbery, and observing, as they were all so very ignorant, I hoped to have the pleasure one day of giving them a few lessons.

I then stepped in to see Mr. Drum, and found in him a most amiable man. He said he had learned from the papers I was to be in Greensburg; and our interview was mutually pleasing. I related to him the robbery, and also the occurrence at the stage office. He sent a boy with me to show me the stage proprietor, who was no other than the man I had seen in the bar! I then began to broach the business of the robbery, and asked, why he did not stop the trunks; as he must have seen from the way bill that I was behind, and the name on the trunk corresponding with that on the way-bill, he ought not to have let the trunks pass his house. With the very front of an assassin, he ordered me out of the house: he cared nothing about my trunks, nor me either. Doubtless, he had a hand in the robbery, or connived at it, which was the same thing. But, finding from his looks and his language he would not hesitate to murder me, (as I had escaped the hands of the other assassins,) I quit the house.

From the great tide of travelling, and, doubtless, a share in the plunder, this man, one of the last of human beings, has become immensely rich; and so have all those

blood-suckers in those mountains; which accounts for their insolence. I trust their time is short: nothing would induce me to travel such a dangerous road again. Thus people run the risk of their lives in travelling through this den of robbers. There is a regular chain of them from the summit of the Allegheny to Pittsburg; and how much farther I know not. Had this man, or any man of them on the road, been any thing but a beastly savage, he would have testified some regret that the robbery happened in his line. But he had not one trace of the human species in him. I would just as soon take my chance of sleeping in a forest infested with panthers and tigers, as to sleep under the roof of such a thorough going ruffian. I had paid my money, and patronized his line; what good reason could he give for treating me with so much insolence? Had I not suffered enough in his line? Had I been a man, it would have been bad enough, and what none but a robber would have been guilty of. But, considering my age and sex, it was certainly unequalled by any thing excepting the missionary affair at Burlington. Now, there are no better people in the world than the people of this borough, excepting this fellow. It is hoped he may, and doubtless will be shunned, by all, but his own sort, of which, there are enough to go sharers with him in his unprincipled and foul actions. The more I reflect upon the conduct of this man, the more I am astonished that I escaped out of his house with the life, which nothing but his cowardice prevented him from taking.

When I returned to Col. Rhorer's, I had the pleasure of finding Gen. Wise. The General, one of the best of men, as well as Mr. Drum, formed a pleasing contrast to the stage man, whose name, if I recollect, was Hoback. The General is a low heavy-made man, of middle age, dark complexion, with a pair of the finest black eyes in the world, and his heart was equal to his countenance, which was open, gay, and friendly. His manners were plain, and like those of all the Pennsylvania gentlemen, warm and sincere. His engagements, however, called

him away, in the course of half an hour, and I saw him no more.*

I had also the pleasure of meeting with the gentleman who accompanied me from Carlisle to Chambersburg; whose polite attention is mentioned in the first volume of this tour. His name was Underwood, and a brother, perhaps, of the editor who lives at Carlisle.

How necessary it is for those whose aim is to instruct, or even amuse, to lay aside prejudice. Had I judged of Mr. Underwood by his countenance, I should have supposed he was a blue-stocking, as the Presbyterians are called in Pennsylvania; and I am not sure he is not. But I judge of all by the same standard, and found Mr. U. from first to last, a gentleman; of course he called on me as soon as he heard I had arrived. Mr. U. is the sheriff of Westmoreland co. and well spoken of, which I was proud to hear, being attached to the man. He is a young looking, intelligent man; tall and thin-visaged, with rather an engaging countenance. Besides Mr. Underwood, and those gentlemen already noticed, Rev. Page, Hon. Judge Young, Hon. R. Coulter, Frederick A. Wise, Esq. (you see they are mostly wise people in my old county,) Mr. Jack, Messrs. Wills and Summerville, the latter principals of different seminaries, waited upon me in the course of the day. Rev. Page is a very tall, spare man; like myself, neither learned nor polished—none the worse for that. He is an honest, blunt, good-looking parson; and, though an Episcopalian, I believe he has nothing to do with tracts; and, from his gaunt looks, I would suppose, as a pastor, he handled very little cash, which seems to be the main spring of the modern clergy; and, doubtless, he deserves it.

Hon. Judge Young is a foreigner—a Scotch gentleman, I think. He is advanced in years, and quite an affable man. He, doubtless, has a larger salary than the parson, which is an evidence of the good sense of the people of Greensburg; who, like myself, have no idea of a religion, or a God, who needs money. The judge has a free, open

*We met afterwards at Harrisburg.

countenance, and a fair, oval face. Next ought to have been my friend, Hon. [illegible]. Coulter; but he is mentioned in the third volume of the Black Book. He is one of the most fascinating men in Pennsylvania, and eminent in his profession, which is that of a lawyer.

Frederick A. Wise, Esq. is also amongst the wise men of Greensburg, and one of my favorites, an editor. He is a brother of General and Colonel Wise; (ought to have dubbed him Major.) Editor Wise is a fine, noble-looking man, who, had he been properly encouraged at an early day, and received a few of those advantages, thrown away upon worthless, ungraceful youths, he would beyond doubt, have shone in any line he might have struck out for his advancement. Mr. W. has a keen, sensible face, large fine hazle eye, and high, retreating forehead; he is unaffected, kind, and generous, and a very independent editor.

Much to the honor of my old sylvan county, tracts and missionaries are unsupported here, if we except Mr. Alexander, and the stage man. Apropos: Mr. A. is one of the oldest lawyers in the place, and has become amazingly wealthy. He does not condescend to live exactly in the borough; but has perched himself upon one of those delightful situations in sight of it. Here he amuses himself in improving his terrestrial paradise, upon which he spares neither cost nor pains; and I was only sorry that he had neither taste nor desert, in proportion to the blessing. He fulfils, at once every thing understood by the word *purse proud.**

Having exchanged a few notes with him, some years back, I had a wish to see him, and acknowledge my obligations, without dreaming I had had the honor of corresponding with a *nabob.*

I addressed him a note, saying, I would be happy to see him at Col. Rhorer's. He replied to the note quite in the style of a gentleman, and called on me the same day of my arrival. But never was I more disappointed: a

*If we had no other evidence, the success of ignorant or learned lawyers in gulling the people, demonstrates clearly that one portion of mankind is determined to be slaves to the other portion.

great, surly, boorish-looking man, as rough as a bear. Finding I offered him no fee, which, doubtless, brought him, he transplanted himself off, giving me a tremendous frown. Now, all this making fish of one and flesh of another, by the people, is something like the Quaker's dog—nothing but folly—and the greater any absurdity, the more greedily the people will swallow it. Any thing like common sense, or common every-day occurrences, will never do for the people. If, therefore, you were to tell one of the people that if he were so silly as to throw his money away in courts, there were Messrs. A. and B. and C. &c. very amiable men, equally, if not much better lawyers; men of address, who would treat them like human beings, and would give them a thousand times more satisfaction. This would not please the people: they must have a master, who will treat them like slaves. The repelling countenance of this man would be enough for me—a great, rough, gram-looking monster, who carries off the cash, while others, of pleasing manners, and equal, if not superior, in legal knowledge, are left in the back-ground. I merely conjecture this from his great wealth.

Mr. Wills, a very amiable man, is the principal of an academy. The academy of Greensburg is situated upon a lofty eminence, and overlooks the country for miles. There were but sixteen pupils when I called; but many, attached to the academy, were absent. The pupils consisted of boys and girls. The boys learn Latin and Greek, and the young ladies—grammar, geography, and history. I examined several of the latter, and found them perfect in their various studies. But, handsomer children I never saw. The beauty of these upland people is surpassing, and their modest behavior reflects the highest honor upon their teachers. Mr. Wills is a young, thin, oval-visaged man, light figure, and rather fair. His manners are genteel and graceful, and he appears in every respect very well qualified as a teacher.

The view from this academy takes in prospects of peculiar beauty, the most gratifying my eyes beheld from the day I left this charming country till I returned! Perhaps

fancy and feeling might, from the associations of my childhood, have swelled its beauties beyond reality; but it was a sweet delusion, if delusion it might be called.

The day was mild and serene: not a breeze disturbed the silken branches of the tall, slender trees, perfectly familiar to me;—the straight fence, the green wheat, the undulating surface, and the vast extent of the prospect edged by the Chesnut ridge, all, smiling in nature's charms, seemed to welcome me to its peaceful region with the ardor of an old friend. I was completely entranced with delight, as I retraced my steps from the building.

Upon gaining the corner house of the first street, I was struck by the appearance of an interesting female, who was leaning over a high portico, viewing me with deep attention. She had a very alluring countenance, and withal, her face was quite familiar. I saw she was anxious to become acquainted, and saluted her under pretence of inquiring for the other schools, adding I was a traveller, and wishing to witness the improvements of the place, I had just paid a visit to the Greensburg academy. She returned the salute with great affability, and said, "This must be Mrs. Royall?" "You are right, madam," I replied; supposing she had merely heard of my visit to the borough. "I heard my brother speak of you, Mrs. R. and from his description of you, I longed to see you." "And who may your brother be?" "Mr. Williams, of Somerset." I instantly discovered a likeness of Mr. Williams in her features, and a like resemblance of expression and good feeling. I should have been happy to have spent an hour or so in her company, but time pressed me from her. She pointed out, however, the other school, which stood in a hollow at some distance; and taking leave, I pursued my way to the building. It was a low, one-story log house, though extensive in dimensions. The building stood in the commons, and from the exterior, I expected to see an ignorant, old field school-master, and a rabble race of awkward children. But imagine my surprize, upon being saluted at the door by a tall, gentlemanlike man, who very courteously invited me in and to take a seat. If I was surprised at the

appearance of the man, I was still more at his manners and conversation, as well as the modesty and intelligence of the pupils. I was astonished at the disappointment, though from the distance and looks of the building, I had nearly passed it by, and would certainly have done so, had it not been for the deep interest I took in every thing attached to this delightful region. The name of the gentleman was Robert Summerville, a native of England, whose ardor for liberty brought him to our shores. Mr. S. is a gentleman of learning, taste, and talents, and an enthusiastic admirer of our country and our laws. His conversation proved him to be a man of fine taste, and his writings, (which are known only to a few of his friends,) breathes a spirit of independence, liberality and love to mankind, unfelt and unappreciated by our countrymen. He is a gentleman of great energy and warmth of heart, and his whole soul seems bent upon the improvement of his species,* and is now struggling with *prejudice*,

*I never saw any of the English, with the exception of the traveller Bradford, till I visited the Atlantic country. We of the West have a strong aversion to the English, which is natural enough, from their hiring the Indians to murder our women and children. From this cause we are very inveterate against them; and never was I more astonished at the affability, charity, and friendly manners of the first English people, when I first came to see them.

It has been seen that I entered New Haven, Conn. a stranger, friendless and pennyless. At that time there were several English families boarding at the house of Mrs. Widow Bishop, the lady who took me so kindly into her house. I was so destitute of means, however, that I was unable to purchase a dress, sufficiently decent, to appear in company; and an amiable young lady of Massachusetts, pierced with my situation, went round to the females of the place, who were not ignorant of my claims on my country, and if I am correct, the amount she procured, was $ 1.75, and the most of this was presented by one man. But by some means, the English ladies and gentlemen were apprised of the matter, and some threw in a dollar, and some fifty cents, till the sum amounted to the price of a decent dress. All this was done in the most delicate manner, while they blushed for the poor, cold, ungrateful—yes, I say Americans *are* ungrateful, let them praise themselves as much as they will; and (unless it be a certain class) unfeeling. The persons who thus put our boasted country to the blush were Mr. Jones and lady, Mr. Allen and lady, Mr. Harris and lady—all of Barbadoes, and two English officers, of Trinidad, who, though at a great distance from home, and upon half pay, contributed cheerfully. What must these people think of our boasting,

*bigotry, ignorance* and *fortune!* Here is a lamentable evidence of the great rock, upon which all nations, and we, of course, are to be wrecked.—Talk of being a great nation! What is to make us great? The only road to greatness is knowledge, which seems to be left to shift for itself.

Instead of spreading the gospel, (as if wicked men had any gospel,) we were to spread knowledge, the only wise use to which money can be put, this enlightened foreigner would not be suffered to stop in a rude building. But the building is very well—I always am pained at the sight of a fine house. But I was going to say, one would expect that this man would have been placed at the head of some Seminary, instead of teaching children their a, b, ab's.

The school was very full, and Mr. S. teaches upon an improved plan, and seems to interest himself deeply in the success of the pupil. His sacrifices must have been great to taste the privileges of our enlightened country—I mean the drudgery of teaching our backwoods children. Perhaps he might have been worse employed. Here I found the boy who travelled with me. The children had the same modest appearance and fine features of the others. The small children were much attached to Mr. S.—the best evidence of his knowledge of human nature. Mr. S. is a young man, stout and well formed. His complexion is dark, face manly, and countenance very prepos-

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when one of their officer's widows was relieved before their eyes, and by the men of that country, against whom he fought. Had I been a *man*, doubtless, the godly women would have furnished me with *every* thing I might have wanted.

I lament to hear Col. Jones is no more. He died at Col. Dummets, in Florida. Also, the death of Mrs. Harris, who died at Brooklyn, N. Y. The rest have, as I understand, returned to the Islands, where, they are said to be wealthy. May they be happy wherever they go. Their kindness to me is engraven on my heart. I live in the fond hope that we may one day meet again. I have, since this, met with several worthy English. I never was more attached to any people:—these foreigners have a nobleness of soul, and warmth of heart, uncommon to Americans. But this can only be said of the better sort, as the lower class of English are very mean, proud and haughty; more so than any other nation. It must be from these last we descended.

sessing. He was much astonished at my courage and independence in attacking the religious hornets—"I never heard of such a thing! it is most astonishing, really! it is without a parallel! You deserve eternal honor, Madam, and doubtless your country will reward you!" As for that, I find my reward in the action. Mr. Summerville was the first person that ever informed me of *Pestalozzi*, of Berne, and his wonderful manner of teaching youth. I have since had the pleasure of seeing Mr. *Neef*, who teaches at Steubenville upon the Pestalozzian plan, which I shall speak of in this volume.

But, to go on. Mr. S., as well as all people of education, perfectly coincided with me about the tracts and Sunday schools; and he had written several pieces on the subject of improving our situation, and ridding priestcraft out of the country; which, as he wisely observed, had obtained a greater height, for the time, than under the old religion of the pope.

On Monday evening my parlor was quite a levee—almost every one flocked in. The Hon Mr. Coulter I had met with in the day—he was much better. But Mr. *Jack* was doubly welcome, for his brother's sake. I almost dreaded to see Mr. Jack, lest he might not be as good as his brother; but, if any difference, I should say he was the best of the two. He was considerably taller than William Jack, and must have been nearly six and a half feet high, and one of the finest looking men in the world. There are several of these brothers which, as I observed before, are nephews of Capt. Jack, whom I used to know when a child. The Captain is still living, but at some distance from Greensburgh; of course, I did not see him, nor did I see the child, now a man, whom he threw in the hemp-field when pursued by the Indians.

I saw none of the brothers but the one who called on me, to whom I had a letter from his brother William. I have heard that William has since gone to Europe for his health. These Jacks are all bachelors, and are men of great wealth. Their father owned the land where Greensburg now stands, and they still own a large quantity of the finest land in Westmoreland.

I was forced to part with Mr. Barkley, his business calling him away early on the second day of my arrival. My best wishes went with him.* He is quite a young, interesting man, genteel, kind, and generous.

Thus was I received and entertained, free of all cost, in the country of my childhood—Col. Rohrer refusing all compensation for my board during my visit. It may be supposed, (notwithstanding the loss of my baggage,) from the kindness and polite attention of the citizens, except as before excepted, I never was more pleased or more at home. There were several boarders at Col. Rohrer's, but he was the flower of the flock, and the only person, with ladies of the family, worth naming about his house. The Col. is one of the most generous, warm-hearted men living, and his house is large, neat, safe built, and commodious, and I would recommend every traveller to stop at his house instead of the stage house, which is only a resort of pick-pockets, where no person is secure either in their person or property. This man having amassed a great fortune by the road, and transporting the mail, has become insolent and disobliging; and never was calculated to keep a public house for any thing but wagoners, and not fit to wait on them. He was not disposed to give either me or my friends the least satisfaction on the subject of my loss. I trust, therefore, the generous traveller will transfer his patronage to my friend, whom I can confidently recommend.

## HISTORY.

Greensburg was settled by the Messrs. Jacks and the family of Mrs. Rohrer, who brought the Colonel a considerable fortune in land, which is greatly increased in value.

I was very anxious to visit the place where Hannahstown once stood, which was only three miles distant; but the road was said to be bad—unfit for a carriage, and I was afraid to venture on horse-back, not having been on horse-back for several years. It grieved me to the

* We met again at Pittsburg.

heart that I was compelled to sacrifice the pleasure of seeing a place where I first learned the nature of care; but my happiness at once more beholding Westmoreland, which I had never expected to see on this side the grave, was certainly as complete and ample as any human being ought to covet. No language can convey the thrilling pleasure I felt at once more beholding these sylvan regions, unmatched in beauty by any other forest. The only thing I was not pleased with was its opulence and improvements.

On the third day I took my departure for Pittsburgh, without hearing of my baggage. I had intended to await the result of my letter to Messrs. Johnston and Stockton; but as, in my opinion, they had had time enough, I thought it prudent to proceed, particularly as I was in want of clothes. My friend Drum settled all that was to be done between me and the stage-man, as I was determined never to approach the ruffian again. Wish the missionaries would convert him. Whilst waiting for the stage, I stepped into the parlor, and Mr. D. very politely, as I had not taken my coffee, had some made instantly.

Whilst this was preparing I was struck by the appearance of Mr. Drum's children—the finest children I had seen in the country. There were, I think, seven, and some nearly grown. Upon making some remarks as to what he intended to do with a fine looking youth, whom I found in the parlor, poor Mr. D. shook his head, "Ah, Mrs. R., they must trust to Providence, I have not one cent to give them—by endorsing for a friend I have lost the fruits of many years labor, and am not worth a dollar." A sigh was all I had to bestow upon this amiable man—one of the best of his species. Thus virtue is oppressed and vice prospers!—See how much the missionaries have begged.

At length the stage came to the door, and with one man and woman only I set out for Pittsburg, which is thirty-one miles from Greensburg.

The day was fine, and the country beautiful; and my pleasure may easily be imagined.

After gaining the west side of the mountains the land is broken off into rounding swells of exquisite beauty, with a deep soil, covered with sugar-tree, walnut, beech, hickory, and locust—the tops of the trees in the hollows being even with the summit of the hills. The winding streams—the neat bridges, intermingled with factories and fertile meadows—the sportive colt—the massy barns, enlivened the prospect the whole way.* On the top of every hill we have a grand prospect of the country for many miles, all uniformly rich, and the sugar-tree growing upon the summit of the hills as thick as hemp-stocks. It is impossible to describe the stateliness and exquisite symetry of these trees—so tall, so straight and slender; and yet the inhabitants, from never having seen any other, do not seem to appreciate the beauty and wealth of their country.

Every now and then the rolling volumes of smoke proclaimed a dwelling at hand. Here we have brick instead of stone houses—very few stone houses appear west of the mountains—also, white headed children and handsome young women. These always come to the door to peep at the passengers. But, to their great disappointment, there was but one rather shabby beau in the coach, and advanced in years, and, very probably a married man.

The woollen frocks, red and blue stripes, seems to be the national dress of the females from Bedford to Pittsburg. But the flush of the cheek, bright and lively eye, the glossy hair, fair complexion, and steady, innocent countenance threw the costume far in the shade.

We had not proceeded more than half a dozen miles from Greensburg when a poor old man met us in the road, and taking his old hat from his head, held it out for charity, without speaking a word. The cruel driver was passing him rapidly, when I called to him to stop,

* You scarcely go a mile in Pennsylvania but you see a *Preacher*—as signboards are called. They point out the road, but never travel it.

and had to speak very sharp to him before I could prevail. I threw a trifle into the hat, and my fellow-traveller, much to his honor, did the same, though his purse, like my own, was light. The beggar was the most pitiable looking object I ever saw, doubtless the victim of drink. He looked as if he had been half roasted, and tottered as he walked along, his limbs being scarce able to carry him. He muttered something upon receiving the bounty, and would no doubt spend it at the first tavern he came to, though he had more need of meat than drink.

At the last stage on this side of Pittsburg, where we changed drivers, horses and coaches, another of the line of robbers lives. I forgot my gloves in the coach, which were a present from Miss Keime, of Reading; and, upon getting into the fresh coach, I left them on the seat of the other stage-coach, but the landlord denied they were there! I was much hurt to part with the gloves, for the sake of the donor. They would have proved a great friend eventually, had the robber not stripped me of them—the last thing that was left me. Not contented with this act of cruelty, the ruffian had the insolence to walk some distance to the stage I was sitting in, and bringing an old book in his hand, opened the door of the carriage and said, "Here is a book some gentlemen left here, is it your's ?" He seemed well acquainted with the gentlemen, as he called them, and was no doubt in the secret of the robbery. Thus, a regular line of robbers, as well as stages, is formed from the top of the Alleghenny to Pittsburg; and this line I see has recently been advertised as one of the best in the Union. It must have mended its manners greatly since I travelled in it.

Towards evening we came in sight of the Monongahela, on our left: the appearance added to the multiform picture which now presented itself to the astonished eye! It is in vain to attempt a description of the stranger's feelings upon a first view of the scenery. Fields encircled by hills, and hills encircled by fields; the multitude of teams laden with iron for the Pittsburg forges; the vast black coal-wagons; the jolly drivers and work-hands,

as black as Satan himself; the amazing throng and bustle, which completely block up the road; the broad, sparkling Monongahela, seen at a distance of four miles, is only a foretaste of the Birmingham of America

We soon however, lose sight of Monongahela, and the Allegheny meets your eye to the right, and the throng and bustle continue to increase till we arrived in the city.

It grew dark some time before we reached the suburbs, which from the volumes of smoke, fires, and thundering of steam-factories, I took for the city itself; we pass through this uproar of machinery upwards of two miles before we reach Pittsburg. The blood-tinged blaze, intermingled with volumes of smoke, rushing outwards and upwards, crossways and oblique ; it was equal to an exhibition of fire-works.

The Arsenal of the United States, lies about two miles above Pittsburg on the Alleghany river, here the man who travelled with me got out of the stage and proceeded to the arsenal where he it appears was engaged as a gunsmith. The woman who lived in Ohio, went on to Pittsburg, where I arrived the 4th of December, 1828, having lost every thing but the clothes on my back and the reticule in my bosom, where I placed it for safety. From the time I left Philadelphia, 14th October, one month and 20 days, I had travelled ——— miles. The only time reckoned as lost was one day perhaps at Greensburg where I spent three days. The public will therefore see by my travels how this time was filled up. I ought to have mentioned that my friend Col. Rhorer came to Pittsburg the same day as commandant of a guard, who conveyed a prisoner from Greensburg to the State prison in Pittsburg. They did not however permit me the honor of travelling in company. The Col. called on me however sundry times while he remained in the city, and I parted with him finally with great regret.

It may be supposed I felt a little anxiety upon drawing near the stage house, (the worst house but one I ever set foot in;) I longed to hear, but was afraid to ask, about the baggage which I faintly hoped must be in Pittsburg; but as this is a great town, to say nothing of the great

tavern and great stage line—I must be more circumspect. Every one knows that at taverns or stage-offices, (which are mostly the same thing,) there is a small share of attention of some sort or another paid to the arrivals and departure of the stages. Either the landlord himself, his barkeeper, his farther, his son, his ostler, his cook, or his shoe-black, and I have once in my life seen a chamber-maid come to the door after dark with a candle in her hand to aid people—woman, an aged woman particulary, in dismounting from the stage, but no one appeared with a light at this place. I requested the driver to go and tell the landlord to come and help me out, he being one of the corps aforesaid, said it was none of his business, and made himself easy; meantime, an old shabby man so drunk that he could scarcely stand brought the steps, (which are kept at stage houses for the purpose,) and placing them against the coach called to us to descend; not having recovered from my lameness, and without a light I was by no means willing to trust myself with Tom Toper; and told *him* to go and request the landlord or bar-keeper to come and bring a candle—not even a lamp at the door! He staggered into the house, and after staying some time, he returned. I asked him "If any one was coming with a candle," "O do you want a candle?" said he. To be brief, he appeard to be a stranger, and did not know the bar-keeper from Adam. His highness the driver, who had amused himself in exchanging salutations with his brother ruffians, began to be impatient, and we had to risk our necks at last by dismounting as well as we could. The old drunkard was the politest man I found at last, and offered me his hand. "Get away you old drunkard," said I, "do you think I would let you touch me." "Not so drunk as you think," he replied with much spirit. The lady and myself, rendered each other all the assistance we could, and descended safe, and bid adieu to the line for ever I hope. As we stept in at the door we were met by a finished-up, shrivel faced, grey headed animal, more like a babboon than a man, he had a candle in his hand, and thought he came to conduct us in—not he, he only came to receive the way-bill, to ascertain how much

money was due for our fare. This was the stage-agent who kept his office in the house. But as for landlord or barkeeper, saw none. Some of the people who put up at the place, had the politeness to show us into a small dirty over-heated parlor, where Tom, Dick, and Harry, were enjoying themselves at their ease, about two thirds drunk; a servant coming in, I request supper, and to be shewn into a private parlor, it being customary at all taverns that ever I was in before to keep a separate parlor for females; the servant replied only by a grin. Meantime the windows being without shutters or curtains; the rabble from the supper table would stop at them, and gaze at us, and one of the fellows in the room who was very drunk, and who said he had seen me at such a place, was very troublesome. I prevailed with him however to go and hunt up the barkeeper and say, "We wanted supper and a chamber as quick possible." He sat off with great cheerfulness, and returning said, "Tea would soon be ready;" "but will the bar-keeper come," "he would be in, in a moment." All this while he had never seen the bar keeper, and doubtless, did not know such a man. After waiting events, patiently some time, a negro came in. I spoke very sharp to the servant, and asked if I was to have supper or not, he grined and went off. Shortly after this the bar-keeper, (as I found afterwards) came in, and I requested to be accommodated as quick as possible, or he must show me to another house. He was an awkward young man, but the best in the main about the house. After sitting in the parlor till I was ready to drop, and gazed at by every boatman in the vicinity, I was called to tea in the common dining room—no such thing, the servants apprised me, as setting private tables in Pittsburg; my heart began to ache your sure, but if any one I thought, could put up with such privations I could, and set down contentedly.

But you all wish to know about the baggage—then there was no baggage of mine in Pittsburg so far as I was able to learn; the landlord who came to see me at the supper-table, went to the bar-keeper, and returning, brought the ill news that no baggage of mine had arrived

I then repeated to him the circumstance, and that I should look to the proprietors of the line to make good the loss. He neither appeared alarmed or the contrary, and very politely, accompanied me to the book-store of Messers Jonston and Stockton. I had heard from the driver who drove down, whom we met on the road, that no extra baggage had arrived at the stage-office; but having particularly described the trunks, and the passengers in the stage, in my letter to those gentlemen, I thought, perhaps, they might have gained some information on the subject; and, fatigued as I was, I called upon them before I retired to my chamber. But they had seen the one-eyed man, and interrogated him respecting it. As well as I recollect, his answer was, that he knew nothing about the matter. This was sufficient to convict him, as he certainly did know every thing about it. I heard, moreover, that the Teagues were still in the city. But my chief dependence was upon Col. Lindsey; and knowing the line, when they found it a serious matter, would exert themselves, I made myself quite easy, but determined to arrest *one-eye* in the morning, and hold the line to it besides. With these impressions I retired to my chamber, which having two beds in it, I invited the old lady, who seemed fearful of sleeping by herself, to come into my chamber and take one of the beds.

She was unaccustomed to travelling, and observing she had not taken tea when I did, I thought, perhaps, she was scarce of money, and gave the chamber-maid a trifle to give her a cup of tea and some bread and butter. She had complained of a head ache, and being a widow, and destitute, I felt for her. I sat up till she should have finished the tea, (she being in bed,) to lock the door after the maid, she waiting till the lady should have done. Whilst I was sitting at the table, deliberately reading a newspaper, the lady sipping her tea, which was placed in a chair by her bed-side, some one knocked at the door: the maid opened it, and in pops a great negro with a load of something, which he took from his head, and setting it down in the middle of the room, said "*Trunks*!! are these your trunks, madam." "Yes, those are my

trunks, where did you find them?" "They came in this evening's mail-stage!" Which was not impossible, as the mail-stage did come in after we arrived.

This was quick work: "But where have they been all this time?" He could not tell; nor have I heard from that day to this who had them in possession, or where they came from; and had I made a great stir I should, probably, never have seen them again; but the perfect indifference I testified at the loss no doubt alarmed the proprietors of the line, as it proved I considered them liable.

I have my doubts however, as to the fact of their coming that evening, from a similar occurrance, which I shall mention after a while.

Now, these trunks had been carried away five days since, where had they been? why did they not arrive in the *mail* stage or *any* stage *before?* I had enquired at every stage-office on the way, they must have been known to be mine from my name, which was on the way-bill; and it is not probable the drivers, honestly disposed, would leave trunks of their appearance at any house but a stage-office. But let them have been, in whose possession they may, every one who had a hand in the business beyond doubt ought, and would have been sent to the state prison, had they been prosecuted; and it was not only one man or one stage office, but the whole line from the top of the Alleghany to Pittsburg, was guilty in as much as they, seeing a woman's name on the trunks, and the same in the way-bill, and no woman in the stage! If these robbers were not combined, why did they not stop the baggage and make the drivers give an account of themselves? how did they know, and what right had they to suppose any thing than that I was murdered, and there is little doubt but I would have been murdered, had I not quit the stage, as the driver and passengers could have no other motive in attempting to keep me in the stage by force. Had the proprietors been innocent, they would have come forward as gentlemen (which they are not,) and apologised, and given up the principals of this daring outrage. I should have spared them and exposed the guilty. This

was their only alternative; but they did not, and from their profound secrecy all around, I have little hesitation in saying, the line is a party in these illegal and dangerous violation of the laws, as I shall make appear more plain before I have done; and in this line, the mail is carried, as I am informed, for I did not see it; and in this line numbers of innocent people travel at the hazard of life and property. Are such people fit subjects for public patronage? Are these men fit subjects for the patronage of the general government? The proprietor, who lives in Pittsburg at the same house where I put up, I understood, was highly displeased at the circumstance, but he never showed his face to me; if he had been a man, why did he not come forward and apologise, it is the least he could have done for such an outrage after receiving my money; and if the drivers were innocent, why would they connive at the conduct of the passengers; if the passengers, why would they connive at the robbery of the drivers, their numbers enabled them to oppose the robbery had they been so minded. One of the passengers a shabby looking Pat, (the best of the bunch,) being alarmed at the conduct of the other, refused to travel with them, actually quit the stage at Laughlintown; and as for the *one-eye* who lived in Pittsburg, he kept close while I remained there. But the *Teagues*, (who likewise hid their faces,) had they not appeared in the garb of gentlemen, I should not have been so much surprised, both merchants, forsooth. The sharp-faced fellow, it will be recollected, said he lived in Nashville, I hope my Tennesseeans will treat him with that contempt which he merits, and the broadfaced one, I do not know their names, who lives in Louisville;* I trust for the honor of Kentucky, will be treated in the same manner. Any man or set of men, who either as principal or abettors, would treat or suffer a female to be treated in the manner I was, deserves to be kicked out of all company and expelled society. Perhaps these Teagues, having left their potatos and bogs behind them, wanted a little *Tipparary* fun,* they have it.

*The Broadface drinks rather freely.

Before I notice Pittsburg, I wish to finish the business with this famous line; a large bundle of mine containing fifty books, was to have been forwarded to me in the stage by Colonel Lindsey of M'Connelstown, and ought to have preceded me in course of time; I enquired for it when I first came; it had not arrived. I left word at the bar, which is also a stage-office, that such a bundle directed to me would arrive, and to apprize me of it the moment it came; having said this, I took a tour through the city, and was out until night; upon my return, the first thing was to enquire for the bundle. It had not arrived, I retired supposing it might come in some of the evening stages; next morning I enquired again, no bundle yet, and after taking my coffee, I set out through the city again and coming in about two o'clock, I was surprised at meeting Mr. Drum of Greensburg in the passage. I had left strict injunction with Mr. Drum to attend to the arrivals in the stage at Greensburg, (as the reader may remember the short-coming of the stage agent at that place also,) and attend to every thing with my name on it, and see it was put in the stage; Mr. Drum hardly took time to salute before he asked, if I knew my books had come: no, I replied, I am glad to hear it, I have been looking for them every moment; they were here yesterday or the day before, as I put them in the stage myself shortly after you left Greensburg; but they have not arrived here, said I, they must still lie on the road some where; they are here, said Mr. Drum, I saw them this moment, they were here yesterday when I arrived, and finding they were still in the bar, I enquired for you, to inform you, but you did not return until night, and not happening to be in when you came home, I have waited here all this day to tell you; I said it could not be possible, and he to convince led me into the bar-room, and there was the bundle sure enough! What have the proprietors to say of this? It appeared that Mr. Drum being on a journey down the river, called to see whether the bundle had come safe, and my business calling me out late and early, Mr. Drum found great difficulty in seeing me, and from finding the bundle still in the bar-room, concluded I was ignorant of its arrival, and

delayed his journey until he should have seen me, and determined not to leave the city until he saw me in possession of the bundle. Now I would ask our great naturalists and all profound philosophers, whether these too men Mr. D. and the agent, were made of the same materials? I should say not, I should say at least, that one had the heart of a man and the other the heart of a beast. This is the pinched-up monkey looking man, whom I met the first night, well matched and doubtless one of the corps; they thought they would have something out of me—fifty dollars was a good grab. "Why did you deny having this bundle, sir?" said I, to old pinch-face, (an old bachellor.) He was silent, and an hundred gallowses was pictured in his face. How much do I owe you? [the man must be a missionary.] Mr. Monkey, "a dollar," he snarled out—he found his tongue at last, and rolled his wall-eyes upside down, inside out, and knashed his teeth, while his bushy grey hair stood on end. Why dont the missionaries convert him?

If you see a man with a monkey's phiz, which looks as though it were incircled with the bushy tail of a grey squirel, it is the stage agent of the Pittsburg and Philadelphia line. I have not the honor of knowing his name. He flew in a great rage, and shut the door in my face; and I believe in my soul if Mr. Drum had not protected me he would have struck me. So much for the stage line.

Mr. Drum, after putting me in possession of the books, but for whom, I should, probably, never have seen them, took his departure.

In the evening, the barkeeper came to me with my account, and requested me to get another house, as I had insulted the agent: the landlord would not keep any one in his house who would insult him. The account was only two dollars. I had dined, once, and been robbed twice. I leave it to the world to judge who was insulted.

Griffin, I think is the name of the landlord; if that man deserves the name, who is not master of his own house:—all missionaries. I gave myself little concern about the matter, as they kept a sign, and the stage bring-

ing me to their house, they were obliged to keep me. But I had, as you might suppose, intended to leave this den of robbers as quick as possible; but, mind you, I did not go till I saw my own time. The mayor of the city, with my friend, Mr. Roberts, calling that same evening, I applied to them to procure me a boarding house. They, very politely, returned the next day; and Mr. Roberts, a most amiable man, took me to his own house, where, I had the honor of dining with the mayor, who dined at Mr. Roberts' out of respect to me; an honor which the clown at the tavern neither knew how to appreciate or bestow.

This tavern was the most blackguard house, but one, I ever was in. This is the effect of money; his house being flooded with company, and the same of their line. Whenever people, who have been raised in the ashes, become rich, they immediately become insolent and tyrannical. The company, however, that resort to the house, are low and vicious, the refuse of society; chiefly boatmen; and you have, when passing out and in, to pass through a phalanx of these ruffians, who make the common passage their parlor, as there are but two small parlors in the house; and these are below stairs. The house is small and dirty; and the chambers, the most convenient part of the house, have some two, and some three, and even four beds. The chamber-maids are slow and slattish, and inattentive withal. I happened to curry favor with one of the men-servants, by paying him nearly as much as I paid the landlord, to bring my meals up stairs, what few I eat in the house, rather than eat amongst such a rabble, and be attended by insolent servants.

Since I began to write the article on Pittsburg, I have noticed this man's advertisement; praising his house, himself, and saying a number of fine things of it. The decent part of the community, however, will take a word from a friend, and avoid it. I wondered at the man to come out in the papers in such language as, "Nothing shall be wanting to render the accommodations equal to any in the United States:" to this he pledges himself, "and *moderate* charges, and personal attention;" such as

they paid to me when I got out of the stage with another female, without assistance, and the ruffians peeping at us through the windows, (hope he has purchased curtains or blinds,) and has the impudence to mention "mail stages and accommodation stages"—very accommodating stages indeed! But the public are not to be gulled. The best advertisement of a tavern, is a man who is master of his own house, in the first place; and second, a good table, and private rooms, and accommodating servants, to say nothing of order and genteel company. All I have to say, further is, that if people wish to be treated well for their money at Pittsburg let them go to Mr. Ramsey's tavern, and if they are disappointed, I am once in my life, mistaken. Any man and every man, might know, that if these people (for I believe, and have the best right in the world to think so) had any sense of honor left, they would have come out with a public apology, as they knew well, as a censor of morals, I should advert to it; but, their good opinion of themselves, kept their true interest behind the curtain. The tavernkeeper is quite a genteel, good-looking man; but is not, it appears, the master of the house.

There is no city in the Union I was more anxious to see, than Pittsburg. For though I had spent some years of my childhood in Westmoreland, the adjoining county, I had never seen it. Every book, however, in which it was mentioned, and the descriptions of travellers, I devoured; and as I belonged to the western country myself, I felt proud of its astonishing prosperity and improvements. From the various accounts of travellers, I had endeavored to form some opinion of Pittsburg; but, from envy, jealousy, and carelessness in some, and ignorance in other writers, I never saw any accurate description of Pittsburg. My friend Flint, of Cincinnati, though a fine writer, I should, if I dare, say, he was rather too partial to his own dear city. Now, I cannot bring myself even to know what it is to be partial if I would, nor do I see what is gained by it. I cannot see what advantage is gained by concealing the advantages or disadvantages of any town or community: give them all they are enti-

tled to, and fairly outstrip them if you can. It ought rather to inspire us with emulation than envy, to hear of the temporal blessings of our neighbors. We are all one family; and the advantage of one is the advantage of the whole. Success to all our towns, I say—east and west, north and south; and that they may all become great and happy, is my fondest wish; barring the missionaries—the greatest curse we have in our land. I say, *destruction* to them; as nothing but ignorance and poverty follow them.

Of all states in the Union, Pennsylvania certainly combines more resources of wealth, ease and comfort, nature having enriched her with a bountiful hand. The whole state abounds with *coal*, *iron*, *grain*, and even *sugar*, and that curse of all our blessings, *whiskey*, within itself. I have seen nothing but coal, since I have been in the state: but the coal, west of the Aliegheny, is by far the best. Dig any where, and you find coal, which is conveyed to the people's houses, for a few cents, off of their own farms. Iron and salt abound in west Pennsylvania, and their lands produce in abundance. The whole state, from one end to the other, excepting the mountains, is rich, and lies well, and not a bad managed farm in the whole. But Pittsburg enjoys still more of the bounties of nature. In the midst of endless beds of coal, iron and salt, at its doors, and the trade of three fine rivers, to say nothing of its industry and skill in the application of its mechanical and physical powers.

The reader will perceive I am almost deterred from taking Pittsburg in hand; and I must say I dread it more than any subject I ever took up. I was thirteen days on my feet taking notes, viewing and admiring the workshops, from early in the morning till dark, and often long after; and from the mud on the pavements, occasioned by the bursting of the pipes (which happened at that time) to convey water over the city, the smoke and black from the coal, and fumes of the furnaces, I had a most fatiguing tour of it. It was infinitely greater than my tour through the whole state; and such was my ardor to complete it, that I never stopped to dine but once! The task was certainly too great for a female, particularly one of

my years; and being quite lame at the time, I was scarcely able to crawl home at night. My weariness was such, that I was unable to sleep or take sufficient refreshment; but, I determined not to look back.

The best description I have met with, of Pittsburg, is a small work by S. Jones, Esq. called a "Directory of the City, and a view of its various manufactories, population, &c." This little work is certainly the most accurate I have seen; though it has been written two years ago, and of course there are many improvements, and manufactories built since. But of all the bungling, incorrect, and insignificant accounts of Pittsburg, that given by the Duke of Saxe Weimer is the most so. He embraces the whole of it in a very few words, and there is scarcely a word of truth in any thing he says: he misapplies names, misplaces objects, and makes some of the most unpardonable misrepresentations ever published. He merely rode out in his carriage, to one of the manufactories, it is said, which he says belongs to one man, while it belongs to another; and took the balance by word of mouth from some blockhead, doubtless.

The people of Pittsburg were greatly mortified when his book came out; and well they might.

### GEOGRAPHY OF THE CITY.

Pittsburg is entirely concealed by hills, approaching it from any point, excepting the Ohio river.

As we drove down the Allegheny river, we were closely hemmed in by a vast hill, on our left. This hill makes a sudden stop, as you draw near the city, and runs across in a steep, perpendicular precipice, to the Monongahela, forming a perfect wall in its rear, seventy feet high. This hill takes different names in its progress: that part opposite the point, or the great body of the city, is called Grant's hill; so named from Col. Grant, who was defeated on its summit by the French and Indians in 1758. That part of it on Monongahela, is called Boyd's hill, from one Boyd, who hung himself there. That part, extending to Allegheny river, is also distin-

guished by the name of Quarry hill, 440 feet high. Over each river there are also seen vast hills, so that you are in the city, before you can see it.

Its situation is much lower than I expected to find it; more level, and the hills much higher. The city runs up upon the banks of both rivers, beyond its limits in the centre; much farther up the Allegheny, however, than the Monongahela; and the point gives it the figure of a triangle. It is about one mile on one river—one and three-fourths on the other.

The whole of the city sits on an even plain, from thirty to forty feet above low water mark; higher, however, upon the Allegheny side. On the opposite side of the Allegheny river, is a steep hill, called Hogback hill.

On the opposite shore of Monongahela, is another steep, called Coal hill: In this hill, nearly opposite the city, a fire has been burning for many years, which is visible by the smoke; the coal having caught fire, by what means is unknown to any of the present race. But it is generally supposed to have caught from the carelessness of the miners. Several attempts have been made to extinguish this fire by stopping the holes and fissures on the surface; but all in vain; it still continues to burn, and is daily increasing. Serious consequences are apprehended from it in course of time. There is another eminence called Castleman's Hill.

Coal Hill is 465 feet high, and very rugged. The height of Hogback hill is unknown: it is a barren eminence of an unsightly appearance.

"In all these elevations, coal is found in immense quantities—except in Grant's, Boyd's, and Hogback hills; their altitude not being sufficient to bring them within the range of the great strata of that mineral which pervades this region.

"The scenery around Pittsburg is very beautiful," I am told, in summer, "and when viewed from some points, presents the most interesting associations of nature and art. The view from Castleman's hill, is not surpassed in any country—earth, air, rock, wood, water, town and sky, break upon the vision in forms the most picturesque

and delightful. Coal hill, immediately above the burning pits, is another point of interesting observation, where the eye, at a single glance, takes in a hundred beauties, which might vie with the purest and brightest of the other hemisphere.

"Pittsburg has several suburban villages, that contribute to, and are supplied from the great *centre*, with which their strength and prosperity are intimately connected.

"On, or nearly adjoing the north-eastern boundary of the city, and on the flat between Quarry hill and the Allegheny river, the Northern Liberties are situated, and are intended as a continuation of Pittsburg. They were laid out in 1816, by Geo. A. Bayard, and James Adams: and are now improving rapidly, and contain the Phœnix Cotton Factory, Juniata Iron Works, &c.

"Adjoining the south-eastern boundary of the city, on the Monongahela, stands Kensington, or as it is commonly called, *Pipe-town;* deriving this name through one of its early settlers, an eccentric little gentleman, still well known among all classes, for his odd humor, and the universality of his mechanical genius, Mr. William Price, who established a pipe manufactory there. Kensington is partly on a steep hill side: the houses which are low, seem to stick to the side of Boyd's hill, by magic.

Over the Monongahela, is another considerable village called Birmingham; it is incorporated into a borough, and sits at the base of Coal Hill, on the bank of the river: and here the celebrated Birmingham glass is manufactured. It also contains several steam mills, and an extensive lock manufactory. It is well built, and makes a handsome appearance from Pittsburg.

Over the Allegheny river, directly opposite the city, is another very handsome and flourishing town, called Allegheny. The Western Penitentiary is built here; one of the most splendid buildings in the United States; and the site of the town is, by far, one of the most pleasant of any in the vicinity, or even Pittsburg itself. It is unrivalled in the scenery and soil. There are two superb bridges: one over Monongahela, and one over Allegheny,

of the first architecture, and are the finest ornaments belonging to Pittsburg; cost, nearly one million dollars each.

Two miles above Pittsburg, is the village of Laurence, the seat of the United States arsenal, on the Allegheny.

As to the soil beyond the hills, which surround Pittsburg, I am unable to say any thing, as I did not extend my views beyond the vicinity.

The Allegheny river is 1100 feet wide at Pittsburg, and the Monongahela 1400 feet wide.

No language can convey the beautiful appearance of these rivers. I should say the Allegheny was the handsomest of the two; it is equal in beauty to the Ohio, and just such another river.

These rivers, and the Ohio and bridges exclusively, constitute one of the handsomest sights, beyond doubt, in the Union: I mean where beauty alone is considered.

### TOPOGRAPHY.

I had heard so much of the steam manufactories, and coal, and smoke, of Pittsburg, that I tried to form some idea of them; but was greatly disappointed: more smoke than I could have conceived; and the manufactories were far beyond my conception in skill of workmanship, and amount of capital. But I give the population of all the towns, in the first place:

| | |
|---|---|
| Pittsburg City contains | 10.600 inhab.* |
| Northern Liberties | 711 |
| Kensington | 390 |
| Birmingham | 459 |
| Allegheny Town | 702 |
| Miscellany | 260 |
| Total, | 13061 |

Of those born in foreign countries, 3000 or nearly.†

*Increase, since last census, upwards of 3000.

†Taken two years since.

Pittsburg, at the last enumeration, contained—

| | |
|---|---|
| Dwelling houses | 1140 |
| Churches | 12 |
| Public buildings | 7 |
| Stores | 60 |
| Groceries | 146 |

Well done! how they convert the heathen here, with brandy. The missionaries are doing good: they ought to have a church, at least for every grog-shop. Give them more money,

| | |
|---|---|
| Banks | 2 |
| Taverns | 16 |
| Factories, mills and shops | 440 |
| Ware-houses, &c. | 76 |

This number, however, has greatly increased, and buildings are going up at this time in all parts of the city. Most of the houses are brick, and some of them are lofty, fine buildings; but all the houses are colored quite black with the smoke: the interior of the houses are still worse; carpets, chairs, walls, furniture—all black with smoke: no such thing as wearing white: the ladies mostly dress in black; and a cap or white ruff, put on clean in the morning, is tinged quite black by bed-time: the ladies are continually washing their faces. Meantime, the smoke, particularly in the absence of the sun, is quite annoying to the eyes of strangers; and every thing has a very gloomy, doleful appearance at first; excepting, always, the interior of the workshops. But, in a few days, the stranger becomes so familiar to it, that the novelty of the thing is completely worn off, and your walks and rambles through the city are pursued with the same pleasure common to others.

In all the towns of Pennsylvania, of any size, the public buildings and offices are built on squares, in the centre of their towns, or boroughs, as they are called. These squares are uniformly called "The Diamond." I had often heard the word, and from haste and inattention never stopped to ask what it meant; and that it meant the public square, is one of the last things I should take it to apply. "You will find such a man on the east, west, &c. of

the diamond," said my friend, Mrs. Roberts. "And what is the Diamond?" "Where the market-house is. Don't you know where Mr. Baldwin's office is? there is the Diamond."

The Diamond is about the centre of the city; is large, and contains the market-house in the centre, and the public buildings, attorney's offices, and a few oyster cellars.

The public buildings are large, and well built of brick: the churches are small, and make no show, excepting one just rebuilt, touched off in great Gothic style: the others will soon follow; as one fool makes many. Can men be such fools as to think *that* man believes in a God, who gives such proofs of pride and show? How many poor people are there in Pittsburg, to whom this money, (worse than thrown away,) would have been a salutary relief? and would it not have been more pleasing to God? This may be the religion of pride and wickedness; but, that it is the religion of Jesus Christ, I deny.* These wicked priests always lead me *St. Vitus' dance*.

The streets of Pittsburg are not regular, running in all directions; most of them, however, angle with the Monongahela: they are paved, but not lighted: the sidewalks are narrow; and the whole are dirty, and in wet weather, very muddy, in some parts of the town.

The citizens are now engaged in furnishing the city with good water, and have sunk a very handsome reservoir upon the top of Grant's hill for the purpose. But from some cause, to me unknown, the pipes have mostly bursted, and flood the streets with water, which I found rather unpleasant.

Pittsburg contains thirty-five streets, thirty-seven alleys, nine courts, and two rows. Most of the houses are numbered.

### POLICE.

Pittsburg is governed by a Mayor, Recorder, eight Select Councilmen, two presidents, fourteen Common

*How many fine churches did our Saviour build? Doubtless, he had the means.

Councilmen, and twelve Aldermen. Besides the Mayor's Courts, three other Courts hold their sessions in Pittsburg, viz: The United States' Court for the Western District of Pennsylvania, the Supreme Court for the Western District of Pennsylvania, and Court of Common Pleas.

There are in Pittsburg, thirty-two attorneys, and counsellors, and sixteen Physicians; and besides the public buildings mentioned, a museum, the Western University, a High School, an Academy, and sundry smaller schools.*

The manners of the people of Pittsburg, as in all other large towns, some are liberal and polite; and others, quite the reverse: the latter, it may be supposed, are the Bible, tract and Sunday school people, which rather have the ascendency here; of course, education does not flourish. The university exists only in name; and cannot be said to be in operation, though it has a long string of professors. I shall notice the state of society before I have done, more particularly.

### WESTERN UNIVERSITY.

The following gentlemen are the professors, viz:

Rev. R. Bruce, Principal, and Professor of Natural Philosophy.

R. J. Black, (of church and state memory) Professor of Ancient Languages and Classical Literature.

Rev. E. P Swift, Professor of Moral Science.

Rev. C. B. McGuire, Professor of Modern Languages.

Rev. J. H. Hopkins, Professor of Rhetorick and Belles Lettres.

If ever this university comes to any thing, under so many Reverences, I am greatly mistaken: and the building, instead of being erected out of the city, upon some of those beautiful eminences, away from the smoke and crowds of visitors, business-men and boat-men, it is buried in an obscure part of the city.

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*The historian says, there are forty academies and schools in Pittsburg! in his brain, he meant.

While walking in search of it, I passed a small brick building in one of the back streets, and still kept inquiring for the *university*. "Why there it is;" said my guide. I was astonished at the building: but Mr. Bruce (a very gentlemanly looking man by the way) said they were going to build an addition: and after apprising him of my views, he said I could not see the interior of the building then, as the students were in their rooms. I asked him for a catalogue: he had none printed, but would write one, which would be ready next day. In passing the same street, the following day, the house reminded me of the paper promised by Mr. Bruce. I stepped into the lower part of the university, as Mr. Bruce's door (same building) was shut, and found a few rude looking boys there, and a yellow man teaching. I looked about for the *black* man, but saw none but the mulato, who appeared genteel, and seemed to be a man of learning, as he was teaching Latin. I inquired for Mr. Bruce; he was in the house. I requested his son, whom I found with the boys, to go to him for the paper. He ran off, and soon returned with it; and as I stepped out of the door, I met a young man coming down stairs. I asked if any of the professors were up there. "Yes;" said the young man, "you had better go up and see them;" rather sneeringly. I replied, I thought they might have had politeness enough to come down and see me; and stepped out to pursue my tour over the city; when every boy in the school came to the door and blackguarded me—"huzza for Jackson," &c. as loud as they could bawl Mrs. B. was sitting upon the sill of her door, within four feet of them. I pointed to the mob: "A fine specimen, madam, of your labors." She said nothing, and I walked on, when the whole of the scholars, in spite of their teacher, some nearly grown, mobbed me through the street, until I was forced to take shelter in the house of Mr. Smith, whose son was with me at the time. We had some distance to go, and had we not met a drove of four legged hogs, who joined our side, the *two* legged ones would certainly have worsted us. They had the insolence to pursue us to the very gate of Mr. Smith, who resented

the insult so highly, that he jumped up and ran for a constable. In the meantime, the ruffians ran away. I should think Mr. Smith would make an excellent professor, as he taught these boys more, in the course of a minute, than they had learned in their whole lives. I am astonished that legislatures do not see these priests have become too abandoned to church and state principles, to have any thing to do with the education of youth; and the money had better be thrown into the fire, than wasted in this manner. Learning is entirely extinct. Where is there a learned man to be found, since the reign of tracts and missionaries? Not one in the whole of these dens, or scarcely any where else. Mr. Bruce is a Scotch gentleman, and a man of learning, liberality, and cleverness; but what can he do? tied hand and foot by those artful designing men, the trustees, and the other professors. Read an extract from the Rev. Black's Sermon, in the first volume of my Black-Book, and say whether such a traitor is fit to be trusted with the tuition of youth, unless it be to make slaves of them. The people say, in Pittsburg, Black is a covenanter; a sect, with whom the Presbyterians do not agree. Tell me nothing of covenanters. I saw the Presbyterians very busy, strewing his church and state sermon over the deck of the Union Line steam-boat. This sham story is not to deceive me; it is one of these seditious sermons I took the extract from, being on the boat at the time when a gang of these traitors were scattering a number of seditious papers, for which they ought to have been arrested. Let any man read the sermon, and say whether or not, a man, who would utter such treason, is fit to be trusted, one hour, with the instruction of youth.

It appears to me that the people of the United States have entirely lost sight of their liberty, and are bent on becoming slaves.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce, when they heard who I was, sent a very polite apology, and an invitation to spend the evening with them. I called upon them, to show I bore *them* no resentment: but, poor things, I gave them a most cutting lecture, and I have little doubt but it had a good

effect. Mr. B. is a very fine looking man, entirely void of that black vengeance looking countenance, common to these bluestockings; and, doubtless, they cannot get a better man, if he were free to act as he pleased; but, tied up, as he is, by the trustees and professors, his learning and talents, which he certainly has, are thrown away.* I told him I would patronize him; but he must drive Black off, or I would put down the university. "My eyes," if ever there was a greater burlesque. Let the legislature, if it will give money to educate youths, see that it is properly applied, and put out all those traitors who have, wherever they are, turned the seminaries into tract and missionary societies. Little is the legislature aware of the deep-laid plan of these traitors. I will open their eyes before I am done: I shall lay a few papers before them to show what they are about. University! not half as good as an old field school; not half as much, in appearance, like a university as mother Dickinson. The whole of these colleges cannot be broken up too soon, and organized upon a different plan; and these bluestockings ought not to be allowed to remain in any school or seminary.

MISS PARRY,

Is at the head of an academy for young ladies. I did not approve of her manner altogether, and gave her my opinion pretty freely; and pointed out what method, I thought she ought to pursue. I dare say, the lesson I gave her, joined to her own good sense, may produce the happiest consequence. I do not approve of this praying in school; it only tends to hypocrisy, and destroys respect for religion by making it an old song; and those children are always the most vicious who are accustomed to those long spun prayers, night and morning. To avoid this, High Schools ought to be uniformly established, where the children and youths are instructed in useful knowledge in the first place, and left to their own free will, to

*He was some time professor in Columbia College, N. Y.

choose what church they please. No sectarianism or catechism is allowed in High Schools. Miss Parry is quite young, and deserves much credit.

### MISSES ROBERTS AND CAMPBELL.

These young ladies have a large school, or academy rather, of both sexes, and also deserve much applause for their assiduity and method, which was very easily perceived by the politeness of the pupils, who all arose from their seats, upon my entrance.

A variety of branches are taught here, as well as at Miss Parry's school. They are both very amiable and well educated females; and though quite in the bloom of youth, sacrifice the pleasures of society, and those amusements congenial to their age, for the benefit of their species.

### THE SISTERS OF CHARITY,

Also, have a very large school in Pittsburg, and are able teachers here, as well as every place they are found; but their academy being on the top of a quarry-hill, I was unable, from incessant fatigue, to visit it. Nor was I able to see the Roman Catholic priest, an aged and most worthy man, (from report,) who presides over the school. These Sisters of Charity are the most heavenly looking females on earth, wherever they are found.

### HIGH SCHOOL.

This is the only High School I have seen in Pennsylvania. I understand there is a well established High School in Philadelphia; but being very imprudently called by some other name, "Franklin Institute," perhaps, I never dreamed of its being a High School. Why they do not call it by its right name, I should be pleased to know; they must lose considerable by it, as High Schools are becoming very popular.

The High School at Pittsburg, of course, is, by far, the

best conducted seminary in the place; and I was pleased to find it very full, and a liberal unitarian Yankee at the head of it.* It is kept in the unitarian church; the second I have seen in the state, since I left Philadelphia; the first was at Harrisburg.

This seminary, with the exception of the Moravians, is worth all the schools and universities in the state. Let the people take this as a pattern. See the intelligence, the modesty, and manly appearance of these boys: see the difference between them and the mob crew of the university; and though it may very possibly happen, that not more than one in one hundred is competent to judge between them; yet, that one is sufficient, when the fact to be decided is self-evident. But the plain truth of the business is, there is not one in a thousand, nay, ten thousand, take them as they run, who cares the amount of a straw which is the best, or which is the worst teacher—so that it is a school, and his child goes to it in the morning, and returns home at night! A lady once told me, she never did any thing in her life, but go to school. "My father paid a hundred dollars for my *eddicashin.* I went to school seven years: very few people *has* done as well by their *darters* as daddy has:" at the same time she could not spell her own name. From the state of society at Pittsburg, I would suppose they follow daddy's example; "Oh, I just send him to be out of the way!" If the people of the United States go on in this way, the black

*I find my friends, in the west, are far in the back ground with respect to liberal and general information: a very genteel man from Ohio invited me to call at his town, Cincinnati, in my intended tour. I asked him what sort of people they were; whether they were liberal, &c and whether there were any unitarians there. "God forbid," said my friend. He was certainly one of the *wise men.* I have been told the Jackson people reckon the unitarians little less than the d—l, and set them down as Adams men, monarchy men, federalists, &c. ---Stuff:---are not many of the unitarians firm Jackson men? I thought my countrymen had more sense. I say, the unitarians, as a sect, are amongst the most virtuous, moral, charitable, intelligent people I have found, and it is well known no one despises federalism more. "But they hold erroneous opinions about God." What is that to us? a sure sign of a hypocrite or a fool. Have we not all a right to think as we please: and as for God, their knowledge of him is about equal, in my humble opinion.

coats will very shortly take that trouble off their hands. These wolves in sheep's skin, have the children all classed as regular as though they were sheep and goats: some are to be servants: all the poor children are laid off in lots: one lot to serve in the houses of the great, such as Dr. Ely: others are to be hewers of wood and carriers of water; and they can clinch it with a text of scripture. This is the intent of Sunday schools, and the end of picking up children in the streets. Little are the parents of these children aware of the industry of these men and madams, who coax their children off, right or wrong, to the Sunday schools, and pray over them, and stuff them with tracts and texts, to make them bigots, and train them up to their hand. What does a child understand of the Bible? No more than a goose. It is impious to put Bibles in the hands of children. Of a piece are their infant schools, now getting up. The people are certainly bewitched. But let facts speak. See how society has degenerated since the reign of tracts and missionaries. Where is the native of Pittsburg who once shone on the bench? Where is the illustrious orator, that once honored the Pittsburg bar? Where are their Temples, their Woods, their Campbells and Brackenridges? Swallowed up by that all-devouring monster, priestcraft!

The son of the great Brackenridge I was told was in Pittsburg, a gloomy bigot. For his father's sake I strove to see him; but in vain—he kept out of my sight. True, they have a few Yankees here, and were it not for them the course of justice would cease—they would not be able to hold a court but for them. Every one knows I allude to the Hon. Judge Tilghman, Messrs. Baldwin, Forward, and a few enlightened foreigners. What is the cause of this? Nothing else but suffering the blue-stockings to slip into all their schools; by which means they have completely blocked up the road to knowledge. Pennsylvania, but particularly Pittsburg, ought to blush at this picture, which they cannot deny. What sort of lawyers and judges and statesmen think you these *hog-mob youths* of the University would make? But that is the craft of the blue-skins, to plunge the people into ig-

norance that they may rule them.* Let the Germans open their eyes to this, and be busy, and haste to rid their schools of these fellows. I see they have begun the glorious work in Lancaster county, for which they will receive the approbation of after ages. Success to them—they are the only rational and free people in the State.

But to return to the High school. The name of the principal is E. Worthington, Esq., a man of youthful, handsome appearance, and keen, sensible countenance. He has fifty-four students, who, besides the common branches, are taught drawing, which they do in a superior style. But the modesty, intelligence, and politeness of the youths was truly interesting—unlike the rabble at the University. The moment I entered they all rose from their seats, and after making the most graceful bow, sat down again to their studies, from which they never raised their eyes while I remained in the school. When students conduct themselves in this manner, no other evidence is wanting of the qualifications of the teacher or the plan of tuition. I scarcely ever pay attention to any thing but the pupils of any seminary—their conduct proves every thing.

I was told the University is about applying to the Legislature for more money. Better give it to institute more High schools, or turn the University into a High school: for I will insure the people of Pennsylvania that it will never come to any thing in its present state.

### MUSEUM.

*Lambdin's Museum and Gallery of Paintings* was established 8th September, 1828, and now contains a valuable collection of paintings from ancient as well as modern masters. Fine landscapes, by Doughty, Birch, Lawrence, &c. Pictures from the collection of Baron

*What will Pittsburg be, if it goes on in this manner, half a century hence? They cannot carry on their business now without calling in assistance.

Basse Muller. Portraits of distinguished characters, by Stewart, Sully, Peale, and Lambdin.

The Museum contains about two hundred foreign birds, among which are the birds of Paradise; twenty quadrupeds; five hundred minerals; three hundred fossils, amongst which are many bones of the Mammoth; three hundred marine shells; twelve hundred impressions of medals; one hundred ancient coins: a handsome collection of articles from the South seas; marine productions; Indian articles, &c. &c.

I would suppose Mr. Lambdin to be man of great taste himself, from the neatness and skill displayed in the arrangement of the articles in his Museum—all the articles being put up in neater and better order than any Museum I have met with. The shelves are white, neat, and so regular that they are a show of themselves; and the whole enlosed with glass. Here I, for the first time, saw flowers of all sorts, pinks, roses, &c. &c. made out of sea shells, the most extraordinary piece of labor and ingenuity I ever saw, excepting the wooden globe in Salem Museum. These flowers are of all sizes and colors, and are said to be the work of Mrs. Peale, of Philadelphia.

Mr. Lambdin is himself an Artist, quite a genteel and most amiable man. It is hoped he may receive the favor and patronage of travellers and enlightened strangers who pass through Pittsburg, it being the only specimen of taste or amusement in the city. No library—no athæneum—no gardens—no theatre, lest they might offend God's people, the mob-boys, the tract people, Rev. Black, Rev. * * * * *, and a hundred other sly thieves How godly-wise they are, and have to send to New-England, Ireland, Scotland, and even to the Indians for persons to conduct their public institutions.

Every thing learned or liberal falls before the march of these priests. All the same—find them where you will, they are the same identical monsters of wickedness and despotism. I understood there was an Apprentices' Li-

brary got up by a few liberal gentlemen.* I wonder the blue priests did not ask for the money to spread the gospel. No theatre! Now, let me ask the citizens of Pittsburg, seriously, which is the worse crime, to go to a play or get drunk? But I will bring the question nearer home: which is the greatest crime, to go to a play, or set down and write such a letter as I received from one of these godly women, it is supposed, as it is in a woman's hand—much more abandoned and obscene than that which I received at Carlisle. Every gentleman in Pittsburg saw the letter, as I left it for a week or ten days in the Mayor's office to open inspection. The most obscene pictures drawn on blank parts of the paper, and the most shocking ..... it was beyond shocking—beyond conception. The letter I received from the godly woman at Carlise was not a priming to it. I never heard or read of such language, nor did I know the meaning of half the words. I challenge any gentleman, and every gentleman who saw this letter, to say whether they ever saw a parallel even in the lowest and vilest brothel, which I understand is the last grade of society; and were it not for the benefit of mankind, and to warn them against these wicked priests, it was too bad even to hint at. "Oh, throw it in the fire, Mrs. R.," said Mr. Roberts, who brought it from the post-office. "Throw it in the fire," said another. "No, sir; it is the very thing I wanted—it is worth millions to my country. This is proof—this is fact—it speaks for itself. I shall make a better use of it—I shall lay it before the Legislature of Pennsylvania. I will show them how *godly* these Presbyterians are making their women of Pitt[illegible] and Carlise, the head-quarters of these blue-st[illegible], as the people call them: the two Sodoms of Pe[illegible]ania; the nurseries of infamy, pollution, and clerical despotism, unparalleled in history." Well might Pennsylvania call me to her aid! It was time, truly! The Mayor of the city very innocently imformed me that he received num-

*Messrs. Holdship, Eichbaum, and several others.—No blackcoats you may be sure.

bers of such letters. I believe him; he being a very handsome man, it is easily accounted for.

But let me ask the citizens of Pittsburg if they can think of raising children amongst these vile deceivers? If they can be so besotted as to suffer society to become annihilated before their eyes, and by such people as could write such a letter as this, and endeavor to cloak their villainy by declaiming against theatres, and other places of innocent amusement!! I blush for such a people! Freemen !—Americans !—Pennsylvanians !—so lost to shame and every honorable principle!!! As for the women, the godly ones I mean, they are too contemptible to notice: but I ask men of sense, what opinion they can have of Tracts and Sunday schools, and the whole abomination of the missionary frauds, upon so long and fair a trial—what opinion can they form of their effects upon society and morals, when a female, an aged female, in the very head-quarters of those religious tyrants, could not pass through their city without being beastly insulted by her own sex? What sort of wives and mothers would they make? That it was a tract-woman, or a blue-skin priest who wrote the letter I am constrained to believe. Why? Because every one else received me with expressions of joy, as the friend of civil and religious liberty; and because these religious demons have always persecuted me with the savageness of a Nero. Is this what they profess? is this gospel? is this letter dictated by the gospel? was the attempt on my life, by Hecock, gospel? was the letter I received from Carlisle dictated by the gospel? Instead of attempting to convert me, they seek my life, insult me—publicly in the papers, privately by the foulest slander. No other sect do this. North, south, east, west, they all breathe the same spirit of slander and vengeance; which alone, if we had no other evidence, ought to open the eyes of the people. "Their eyes are open, we do see the evil, Mrs. R., but where is our remedy?" "It is in these words—exert your rights as freemen, and keep these robbers from your women—a man who will not do this is unworthy the name of an American."

I have just learned that the proprietor of the stage-line is one of these godly ones. These missionaries, with their *holy* Bible, are improving society fast: we will soon have no need of penitentiaries or state-prisons. If they make the heathen as pious as themselves, viz. steal, lie, get drunk, write scurrilous letters, and a thousand other crimes I have witnessed amongst them, they will deserve to enter the kingdom of * * * *.

But what I was aiming to demonstrate is the abject slavery the people are *already* reduced to; and the question is *not* whether theatres are proper, or the contrary; it is, whether freemen shall voluntarily surrender their liberty to the *priesthood*, or any other men; or whether they have the courage to be free. If these priests can coerce freemen in *one* thing, they can in every other; and proceed inch by inch until our freedom is gone. What is it to these wicked priests what freemen do? I do not mean because they are priests they are wicked, but because they, as priests, have power, which they exercise over weak minds; first over women, and through them over men. Any man possessed of absolute power will be a tyrant. Pittsburg and Carlisle are the strong holds of these blue-stockings in Pennsylvania: but their reign of terror is short. I understand there are a goodly number of them in Harrisburg likewise. I shall pay my respects to them too; also, one or two other *dens*.

There are, however, many liberal and enlightened men in Pittsburg, which I shall notice before I speak of the manufactories—they almost deter me from the attempt. The whole city, as some writer justly observes, is a perfect work-shop; and the most remarkable fact in regard to the character of the society of Pittsburg, and one which excites astonishment and pleasure, is, that the mechanics and artificers are, by far, the most enlightened part of the society! There is not a more honorable, orderly, and well-behaved collection of men, doubtless, to be found on the globe, of their calling. I was not prepared for this part of the history of Pittsburg, having never heard it mentioned by any writer—they appear to form an exclusive society of gentlemen. But we will begin with the judges.

His Honor, of the U. States' Court, Judge *Wilkins*, I had the very great misfortune not to see; but stepping into the court-house, merely to see the interior of the building, some person apprized the Hon. Judge *Tilghman*, (if I do not mistake the name,) of the Supreme Court, of my presence: he instantly descended from the bench, (court being in session,) and received me with that politeness and respect which bespoke him a gentleman of the first rank. The Associates remained on the bench.

Judge T. had been familiar with my pursuits, and no cause being on trial, he sat down in a recess, and inviting myself and several gentlemen, Messrs. *Forward* and *Baldwin* to take a seat, we had a merry time of it, laughing at the missionaries and blue-skin judge and lawyer, of New Haven, Connecticut, whom he knew, being from the Yankee country himself. He said they were drawn to the life in my Black Book. I was now in my glory—in company with three of the first men in the State, and all Yankees, though I scolded Mr. Baldwin for suffering the blue stockings to usurp such an unwarrantable authority in the city. "Oh, Mrs. R.," said he, "I leave you to fight the missionaries, I have been cleaning out the *big* stable." Judge T. is a gentleman of young appearance, a tall, good figure, and highly accomplished. He is free and easy in his manner, and evidently a first rate man. I felt much indebted to him for the high marks of respect with which he honored me.

Mr. Henry Baldwin is the darling of Pennsylvania and the pride of Pittsburg. He is about thirty-five years of age; a thin, light figure, of good height, round, delicate face, and sallow complexion; his eye is a keen, or rather sparkling, deep hazle, or what some would call black. His countenance would not indicate talents of the first rate, though he certainly does, very justly, rank among the first men of the State. But, of all men, he has the most pleasing countenance, and the most fascinating manners. He appears to most advantage when pleading. It is impossible to portray the winning smile which plays upon his countenance, while his head is elevated, and his

figure erect and manly; his voice is harmonious, and his actions pertinent and graceful; he is said to be an able statesman and of unshaken integrity; well may Pittsburg be proud of him: his talents are devoted to it, and have been for some years, while his generosity and goodness of heart keep him in the back ground.*

Walter *Forward*, Esq. is another Yankee, and second, if not equal to Mr. Baldwin at the bar, some do say he is superior. Mr. Forward is another man of towering talents and a great pleader, he is a brother of Hon. Chauncey Forward, of Somerset, member of Congress, and a stout middle aged man, of fine appearance, his face is round and rather sallow, his eyes are full, dark, keen and intelligent, his countenance open and pleasing, his manners are manly though mild and alluring, and take him all in all, one of the most high spirited and noble looking men in Pittsburg. This gentleman, as well as Mr. Baldwin, seems to have lived for the world and not for themselves; both men of the first talents, legal knowledge and extensive practice; but from their excess of good nature and generosity, have been unable to lay up but little for themselves. It appears they are amongst the few who have laid their treasure up in another and a better world. May they meet their reward!

Samuel *Kingston*, Esq. also of the bar, is of middling age and height, his visage round, thin and fair, with a full lively grey eye; he is a perfect gentleman in his manners, and his countenance peculiarly interesting: he is alike eminent at the bar.

Robert *Burke*, Esq. another member of the Pittsburg bar, is a tall slender genteel figure, with a thin face, and keen intelligent countenance; he is a very amiable man, free and genteel in his manners.

Col. James M. *Riddle*, another of the corps. The conduct of this gentleman towards his species and myself in particular, confirms what I have often said of the profession, that they are the most generous class of professional

*On my way to Pittsburg, the people would say, "You will see our idol Mr. B."

men in our country: though burdened with a large family and slender means, like the rest of his brethren, he was almost the first man to patronise me in Pittsburg—such men are an honor to our country, and I deeply lament it is not in my power to do more for them than enrol their names in the history of their country. It gives me, however, much pleasure to perpetuate the name and virtues of J. M. *Riddle*. Mr. R. is a tall manly figure, very plain, but very dignified, in his manners; he is rather of young appearance and austere countenance; he has been some time at the bar and ranks amongst the first lawyers.

Ephriam *Pentland*, Esq. is likewise of the bar, and a very excellent man; he is of middling age and stout make, with an oval fair face and very affable manners.

Besides these, Messrs. W. W. Fetterman and Samuel Gormly, were all I saw of the bar, at least worth naming.

Of the clergy, I saw but four.

Rev. Mr. *Bruce* mentioned; he is pastor of the Seceder church, I do not know the tenents of the sect.

Rev. John H. *Hopkins*, of the Protestant Episcopal church, is a perfect gentleman, and possessed of every personal and mental endowment, and quite a young looking man; he lives in the town of Alleghany, though his church, if I remember, is in Pittsburg: his mansion occupies one of the most charming spots in the vicinity, it is on the border of the town upon an eminence which overlooks the Ohio, and from which he has a fine view of the numerous steamboats which are continually passing up and down the river. I was particularly struck with the politeness and hospitality of this gentleman, and for his sake, I the more deplore the falling off of the sect; he is the principal of a private seminary for the tuition of young ladies, and forms a wide contrast to Rev. ———, principal of the *new theological* school.

Being fatigued from a long and tiresome walk to the Phœnix factory, Dr. Shoenberger's, and on my feet the whole day, I became so weary, I was fit to drop, but could see no house I could venture to stop at, until I was at length attracted by an elegant building on my left, sup-

posing it must be inhabited by some princely gentleman, upon whose hospitality I might venture to intrude a few minutes to rest; I knocked at the door, which was open when I drew up to it: a servant soon appeared, and I asked, if the gentleman of the house was in, the servant answered, he was, and asked me to walk in. I stept merely in the front of the passage, and requesting to speak to the gentleman, remained standing: the gentleman, whose name and profession I knew nothing of at the time, came from a large parlor, and I announced my name, and intended to have apologised in the next breath: Mrs. R. said the man, I want nothing to do with you, and darted back into the room; you must be one of the blue-fellows, thought I, and sought my weary way home.

When relating the circumstance, I was told he was one of the blue-stockings sure enough, and was come to Pittsburg to manufacture pious young men to spread the gospel, in the shape of a theological seminary.

To say nothing of a thousand instances of the like case, this man is to educate men to spread the gospel; of course it is presumed he must know something of the gospel, doubtless he is in favor of tracts and missionary societies, he must have read his bible, some time or another, though I doubt it; why did not this hypocrite ask me to sit down, and at least show as much hospitality as the heathen whom he is going to convert? Why did he not try to convert me? the vile deceiver: no, with worse than Turkish savageness, he wheeled off without showing even the sembance of civilization. Can the people of Pittsburg or any other burg, be gulled by such wild beasts? the wild beast could have done no more; when I reflect, it is well he did not break my other ancle. Can people expect this man capable of teaching any thing but barbarism (which they *all* evidently do,) and robbery. But this is latterly a good trade. What man of brains would send his son to such a brute? Had he been one of the laymen, his conduct was shameful in a christian city, and unequalled in a savage town. Let me ask any reasonable man in Pittsburg, had I stept into the lowest mechanic's house, whether he would not have invited me to sit down; and let me

ask them, what they can think of a man who would not; can they think such a man knows any thing of the gospel? He may know enough of the gospel, but he knows a great deal more of knavery. It is hoped, when the great struggle arrives (evidently a civil war,) the citizens of Pittsburg may be the first to have their throats cut, for being such abominable fools as to suffer these firebrands of satan to runaway with their senses. If this man had the power he would make every street in Pittsburg run with blood; reports say he has a guillitine ready.

The Rev. John *Taylor*, of Liberty-street, is an aged man, and one of the most amiable of the human family; disgusted with the abuse of the gospel, he has left off preaching, and despises this religious swindling and tyranny as much as I do; he told me, he was persecuted by them until he was almost heart-broken. The old gentleman, hearing I had arrived in the city, attended by his friend Mr. Byrne, clambered up stairs to see me in the night soon after I arrived in the city. He welcomed me in the most cordial language, while tears stood in his meek eyes as he repeated his mental suffering. And after preaching for, I think, forty years, at length unable to stem the tide of this new-fangled scheme of spreading the gospel, he retired in disgust. He is an Episcopalian, and if there be a christian in their ranks, I would take him to be the man—and notwithstanding their hollow professions of spreading the gospel, this aged man, because he will not come into their measures, is now struggling with poverty, is this religion? Shame on the people of Pittsburg. These are all I saw of the clergy.

Whilst I am upon the subject, however, I must entertain my readers with an anecdote of Rev. ———, and the Osage mission, which comes in best at this place. It was related to me, and confirmed by some of the first people in Pittsburg. About two years or so before my visit, a missionary came to Pittsburg to collect money and goods, and property of any sort, from a feather bed down to a horse-shoe, to convert the Osage Indians. The whole city was put in requisition: manufacturers, merchants, mechanics, and private citizens, were all called

on to contribute something, and as much money as they pleased; enough at least to purchase a boat to carry the missionary, his women, and his property. The Rev. ———, of Pittsburg, went round with the missionary to every house. From some they got one thing, and from some, another, (they had better have given it to Rev. Taylor,) till the boat was so full, there was scarcely room for people to stand on the deck. It amounted to some thousand dollars.

When about to leave the shore, Rev. ——— called to them to "stop, here is more." "The boat cannot take in another article—it is impossible, sir; she is too heavily laden now," said the captain. "You must take in these barrels (or boxes)" "Can't, sir" "They must go," said the priest, and actually rolled them on board; and after sailing down the river a short distance, sold them for what they would fetch, and, pocketing the money, went on. But the cream is to come yet.

In the course of their calls, they stepped into a small grocery or grog-shop. The shop belongs to a very generous, free-hearted, little Irishman, if I am not mistaken, by the name of Gallagher. But, no odds about the name, he is still keeping a shop in Pittsburg. The godly men say, "Well, sir, what will you contribute to the mission?" "I am so poor, gentlemen, I am not able to assist you." "Oh, if you cannot give money, give a little of any thing you have." "I have nothing in the world, gentlemen, that would suit you, I suspect: I have nothing but these liquors, which you see here, and I don't expect they would suit you." "Why, I d-o-n-'t k-n o w but they m-i-g-h-t," the holy man drolled out:—"let me see; the atmosphere is very damp on the river; I d o-n-t k-n-o-w, but a little spirit would be a preventive;" (oh the covetous wretch.) "Well, gentlemen, if I have any thing in my line, that will suit you, you are welcome to it; make your choice; I have but little; but I do not wish to be backward." "Well, let us see what sort you have." The gentleman set out his decanters, hands a glass, and Mr. ———, (the missionary not being a judge, he said,) pours out a glass of brandy put it to his head, takes a sip, smacks

his lips, takes another sip, smacks his lips again, holds up the glass, looks at it between him and the light, turns to his companion and says, "This is very good; we'll take three or four gallons of this:" takes up a decanter of cherry-bounce, pours out a glass, takes a pull at that, smacks his lips at it. "Better than the first." He went on tasting the man's liquors in this way, and telling him how much to put up of each, till he came to the cordial, which is said to be a very luxurious, costly liquor: he took a pull,—smacked his lips twice or thrice,—took another,—smacked again,—takes a third: "Oh, this is excellent; put us up ten gallons of this"

In the course of their tour through the city, they called on a blacksmith. The man was quite in low circumstances: they looked round the shop to see what they could devour; but saw nothing but a large chain, called a *lock chain*. They coveted the chain at once,—were going to a new country—and would be clearing, and hauling logs, and thought the chain, if he could spare it, would be excellent. The man urged his poverty, but they urged the cause of God; and finally persuaded him out of the chain. After securing this, Rev. ———, casting round to see what else the shop contained, espied a horse-shoe lying at his feet, and picking it up, said he would like to have a pair of them; they would need horses, and of course, horses would need shoes. The man now grew displeased, said he owed money, and had already done his creditors injustice by giving them the chain; and their reverences walked off.

When I arrived in Pittsburg, Rev. ——, had a mortification in his arm, occasioned by a slight bruise in his hand, of which it is said he has since died: he was given up when I left Pittsburg. Some of the wicked people said it was a judgment upon him, being the same hand by which he tasted the poor man's brandy.

### PHYSICIANS.

Out of the 16 physicians, Pittsburg was said to contain, I saw but one.* Dr. Hannen † These gentlemen, therefore, cannot charge me with neglect, as it was their place to have called on me, which is common, and such were my labors, that I had not leisure to call on them.

On my way to Pittsburg, I met with a very genteel young man at Bedford: he was formerly of Philadelphia, but was then proprietor of a chair manufactory, East 4th, near Main-street, Cincinnati, Ohio. He gave me the name of Dr. Hannen of Pittsburg: observing I would find the Dr. a gentleman, polite and hospitable, which, much to the credit of both, I found true; though I was but a minute in the Doctor's company. He is an amiable *young* man, and keeps a drug store; the firm is "Hannen & Son, Market, between 5th and Liberty. Success to him; may he receive the patronage of the good and the generous.

### THE MAYOR

Is deservedly reckoned one of the best men in Pittsburg, or even in the state. His name is M. M. Murry, a descendent of the royal family of that name in Scotland. He is stoutly made, of middle age, round face, fair, handsome features, and soft, full blue eye; but his countenance is beyond the power of pen or pencil; and the same of his manners—so mild, so winning and suasive.

> "Nature, too, has nobly done her part,
> Infused into his soul a noble grace,
> And blushed a modest blood into his face."

This gentleman, the soul of hospitality and kindness, like all other good men, seems to have lived for the good of mankind.†

E J Roberts, Esq. Clerk of U. S. Court, and Clerk of Common Council.

*I met with Dr. S. R. ———, who will be noticed hereafter.
†I shall mention his lady under the head of 'Ladies.'

Of this gentleman, I could never say enough. He took me out of the hands of the Philistines, and desired me to make his house my home. Leading me into his parlor, he delivered himself thus: "This is your parlor, madam I give it up to you to entertain your friends as long as you choose to remain in Pittsburg." This was god like, and gospel-like, and gentleman-like; and the most noble instance of hospitality I ever met with. Mr. Roberts is likewise an attorney, and a son of the celebrated Judge Roberts, so noted in his day, as one of the best of men.

Aldermen Scully and Lowrie are all I saw of the city authorities, besides the mayor. Mr. S. is a most interesting man, stout, and young looking, with a fine, full, black eye. Mr. Lowrie is a brother of Secretary Lowrie, of the U S Senate, and a very different looking man: he has nothing of that malignity in his countenance, which distinguishes his brother. He is a low fair looking man. I told him I should try to get him in his brother's place: —wonder how it would do: we could not be worsted.

### MERCHANTS.

I wish to keep all classes separate, in Pittsburg; a general practice with me at all times, to treat of every class, separately, but more particularly in this place, as being the first visit to Pittsburg; reserving the manufactories to the last.

My time was so much taken up in viewing the manufactories, that I saw very few of the merchants; and more particularly as they are a class of men who care little about literature.

I find they are mostly narrow-minded and penurious, unless you happen to come across a real gentleman, which sometimes happens.

In Pittsburg, I found Messrs. McCleery and King, wholesale merchants, in Wood Street, near the Monongahela. These are men of high respectability, and are extensively engaged in trade. I did not see Mr. King; but Mr. McCleery is a very amiable and intelligent man,

and lacks nothing of the complete gentleman. He, being a foe to priestcraft and tracts, we agreed well in sentiments: of course laughed enough at the Dismals. Mr. Mc. is a good figure, young, with a full black eye, and possessed of much ease of manner.

Mr. George Faris (if I am not mistaken in the name) is on of the most amiable of his species—mild, unaffected, and winning in his manners, and the very milk of human kindness. This gentleman is of Ireland, and I would suppose he left few equals behind him. The graces and every intellectual charm beams in his fine, open countenance, and his actions correspond with his looks. He keeps in Market Street.

N. Swarts, Esq. (I think) a merchant, is also respectable and a gentleman. He is of young appearance, with a very engaging aspect, and fine, lively, black eye.

Samuel Pettegrew, Esq. (calling unknown) is alike entitled to an honorable place in the history of this country. I do not know his profession, but I recollect the man perfectly to be highly deserving and agreeable in his manners.

I was equally pleased with Alexander Johnston, cashier of the Pittsburg bank, a tall, noble, stout figure, and very accomplished. He, with those I have mentioned, as gentlemen, are men of extensive learning and talents, and of course, do not approve of tracts and missionaries, and yet they are so over-awed by these tyrants, that they dare not speak above their breath, shame on them, and let those ignorant raw fellows monopolize all the women, and the ugliest long faces in the world.

I overlooked Wm. *Snowden*, Esq. a member of the Pittsburg bar, he is a very worthy man, and much respected. Mr. S. is a tall fine figure, good countenance, with a large bright blue eye and affable manners.

Mr. Isaac *Murphy*, likewise an attorney, is very respectable.

Amongst the other gentlemen worthy of remark, I have to notice Messrs. Wm. Caern, (if I do not mistake the name,) Byrne and Smith. I do not know the pursuit of Mr. C. but he is a very gentlemanly man; Mr. John

Bryne, an Irish gentleman, and once a man of independence, is amongst the most intelligent and shrewd men in Pittsburg, and though struggling with adverse fortune, has a fine flow of spirits and is an excellent companion, I met with no man of more wit and pleasantry than Mr. B.. he has spent much of his time since he arrived in America, in Boston, from which cause, and the hospitality of his nation, his manners are noble, frank and generous: I am under deep obligations to this gentleman and his enlightened family. He supports his family by manufacturing umbrellas, in 3d street, between Market and Wood, and though advanced in years and in delicate health, he is cheerful and gay; I hope he may receive the patronage he richly merits. Wm. T. Smith, is a white smith near Bakewell's glassworks, he and Mrs. S. (of whom I shall speak hereafter,) are of Scotland. This is the gentleman who manfully repulsed the *Hog mob* students of the university, which alone ought to immortalize his name, he has the best educated and interesting family of children, with the exception of Mrs. Collins, I met with in Pittsburg, those children are hardly exceeded by any in the United States: nor did I ever meet with youths more amiable or possessed of a higher sense of honor. Mr. Smith, is himself, exemplary and a perfect gentleman. These youths and a few other young gentleman, have a small theatre, where they perform for their amusement and instruction, and notwithstanding their limited means, (mere children,) and want of patronage, it is astonishing to see them perform—I was present at the performance of George Barnwell, in which these youths acquitted themselves to a degree, little inferior to the performers in New York—one of the children, about thirteen years of age, is a natural genius and paints the scenes himself for his little theatre.

These exemplary youths, as their parents informed me, have improved from the example of the parents alone, neither having ever exercised any authority or coertion towards them, more than over the child they never saw. It is shameful that the liberal part of the citizens of Pittsburg do not at least aid these youths—an honor to their

city, in, at least, furnishing them with a larger room; as the present one is too small, even for children.

The more I see of this civilized part of the world, the more I am convinced that the priesthood, so far from being a benefit, are a great enemy to the progress of society; and that there is no real liberty where they have any influence. Now here are ten thousand people who are kept in awe and bondage by three or four tyrants,* the most abominable monsters of wickedness in the city.

This proves the *ignorance* of the people. Why are the people ignorant? The increase of these priests, who keep learning down Witness the hog-mob scholars of the University—the letter I received here, and the letter I received from Carlisle, &c. &c. and many other black deeds of theirs, which I shall bring to light before I have done; though not equal to breaking a female's single limb in three pieces, yet enough to prove that none but fools or ignoramuses would believe they were spreading any gospel but that of nonsense. You never hear the theatre attacked but by these monsters, who want the money themselves for spreading fire and sword, as it appears, instead of the gospel. Give them no money and see what would be the consequence? bigotry, hypocrisy, and prejudice would soon disappear. Nothing flies faster than prejudice and deceit before *facts*. I hope the people of Pittsburg will no longer be bound by the galling chains of these deceivers.

But my greatest favorite is Mr. Eichbaum, the postmaster: an Israelite in whom there is no guile; a man of princely virtues, and beloved by all who has the pleasure of his acquaintance. Mr. E. is a pattern of every thing amiable in the human character. Nature has dealt bountifully with him, and he has improved the blessing she has lavished upon him beyond her fondest designs. Without parade, without professions, devoid of pride, he is at once a philosopher and philanthropist—intelligent, humane, and mildness itself. He is the most enviable man I know. I would certainly, had I a vote in the business, vote for him to succeed the Postmaster General. Mr.

*This was the case in the dark ages: so we are going back.

E. is a stout, fine figure, of young appearance, with a dark complexion, and a countenance of unrivalled sweetness.

### EDITORS.

There are four papers, (besides weekly and religious, of which I know not the number,) published in Pittsburg; all liberal but one—Mr. *McLean*, a blue stocking, and his countenance bespeaks him what he is, though he is not devoid of talent. When I received the infamous letter, before mentioned, every editor in the city resented it in the most indignant and pointed terms except Mr. McLean; this shows his religion: and that he approved of it there is little doubt. All their conduct corresponds.* Why did not this hypocrite come out like a man. as the other editors did. His paper is the *Gazette*—it was for Mr. Adams. Mr. *Butler* also publishes an Adams paper. I do not remember the name of the paper; but I shall never forget the man—one of the most amiable men in the world. As a man, as a christian, as an editor or a gentleman, he has few equals. So mild, so easy, so affable—the milk and honey of human kindness. Mr. B. is quite a young man, tall, slender, and dark-visaged, with a countenance of ineffable sweetness.

Mr. *Andrews*, and a young gentleman whom I used to know in New York, was the first to announce me, which gave great offence to the blue-skins: "Let envy alone." This was the occasion of the missionary letter—a very good thing—give them plenty of rope. Mr. Andrews is a young gentleman of talents, and very promising. The bold and spirited manner in which he resented the infamous letter, proves him, by no means, deficient either in the knowledge of our civil and religious rights, or the independence to assert them. I fancy the blue stockings will long remember Mr. Andrews. Mr Butler also resented it in a very handsome and spirited style.

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*I understand Miss Wright gets a number of these letters. I Suppose this is the way they convert the heathen—what abominable brutes. The pictures in my letters are, doubtless, well calculated to convert the heathen to *their* wishes, who can not read. I would not be surprised at all to see the people rise and tear down all their dens.

The great offence of Mr. Andrews, I presume was, (as he was mentioned in the letter,) because he publish-my Carlisle letter. Mr A. publishes the Commonwealth, and went for Gen. Jackson.

Mr. John M. Snowdon, also for Gen. Jackson, is another young man, and alike independent. He published the Carlisle letter also; and the blue-skins got it on all sides. They do not care, however—I mean the long-headed church and state people—so they get the money. Those in Pittsburg are only hirelings—catspaws—mere tools; and were they pelted nine times a day with rotten eggs, such is their meanness and servility, they would submit to it, at least the hen-pecked ones; and that includes the whole. Mr. S. is quite promising, and if properly encouraged, will make one of our most useful men. Here we are robbed of the most solid enjoyments by our ignorance. Millions of dollars go to—where? I should like to know. It would be as meritorious to go and seize it, as to seize the spoils of any other enemy; and I am much mistaken if it be not done before a hundred years. But if this money was given to encourage genius, and instruct the heathen of our streets, which is the same thing, a hundred to one, perhaps a thousand, would then take a newspaper who are now struggling for bread, or unable to read. All the evil and distress of the lower order of our citizens arise from the same cause, and may be traced to the same source. Genius hangs her head; the arts neglected; churches defiled; colleges turned into missionary dens; old age insulted;—nothing thrives but tracts, Sunday-schools, &c. &c.

Mr *McFarland* publishes another liberal paper. He is a genteel, well informed man, quite young, and was said to edit the paper in the absence of his father, then on the Legislature, or some where. There was a small weekly paper published by a Unitarian: neither he nor his paper was worth one cent—he being afraid to say his life was his own. I believe it is true that women hate cowards. This man calling in to see me in a book-store, told me he was a real *Yankee*—from Boston. "Then you must be a Unitarian," I replied; "yes," said he,

whispering in my ear—the sheep. No wonder the black coats take the women from such men! I guessed there must be some of the godly ones about the store, it being crowded, and seizing the opportunity, soon lectured the whole of them, Unitarians and all, out of the store.

But more facts from the *Spectator*, a religious paper. This is proof equal to the letter, and shows the march of intellect. Millions are thrown away on the macrh of this sort of intellect.

EXTRACT—*From 'the Spectatator: Pittsburg,' December 11th*, 1828.

## JOSEPH AND HIS MOTHER.

*Joseph.* When does church break up for the winter?

*Mother.* What does the child mean?

*J.* Why, our Superintendent told us last Sabbath, that the school would soon break up for the winter.

*M.* Well, is that any reason why there should be no church?

*J.* If it is too cold to go to Sabbath school, I think it is too cold to go to church.

*M.* Well never mind now, learn your grammar lesson for to-morrow.

*J.* I think, mother it will rain to-morrow, for it does not look much like clearing, and then I shall not go to school.

*M.* But you will go to school, my boy, if it does rain; with your thick shoes and warm winter coat, there is nothing to hinder you.

But enough, it is too sickening. This is the spread of the gospel; these are the people who wrote the letter; these are the people who say to freemen "You shall not build a theatre." Does this not prove the march of the intellect?

It appears, however, that intellect is going to march towards the Rocky Mountains; and these Mr. Missionaries have already seized on the richest and fairest part of our country; and as the people are not in the way of

seeing all the marches of these traitors, I shall march the plan into my book, where every one will see it; and if the citizens of the United States will give these fellows money and boats and goods, and then let them march off with the women, (they never attempt to go without a score of women,) and take possession of the cream of our country, it is time for us to prepare for the yoke truly, or gird on our knapsacks and set off for Africa. Here follows the scheme, of which they must have as many as they have members:

*From the Spectator, same date.*

## AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY.

*Appointment of a General Agent for the Valley of the Mississippi.*

This great Valley, extending from the Allegheny to the Rocky Mountains, and from the Gulf of Mexico to the Northern Lakes, embraces a territory very fertile, capable of containing a dense population, and larger in extent than all the remaining territory under the jurisdiction of the United States. In 1790, the actual civilized population existing within these boundaries was less than 150,000; it now exceeds 4,000,000; and, according to the best calculation that can be made, it will be, in the year 1850 nearly or quite 12,000,000; will exceed the whole remaining population of our country; and will be entitled to a predominant influence in our national councils. Many a child, who reads these lines, may see the day when the Valley of the Mississippi will embrace one of the most populous and powerful nations in Christendom. There is a majesty and solemnity in this march of population, which ought deeply to affect the mind, and to be taken most seriously into the account in our plans of usefulness The spiritual welfare of 4,000,000 of souls is an object that might well command the resources of the world; but when we are to consult, not only for them, but for their children and children's children; and

when in a few years they are to increase from 4,000,000 to 8,000,000; and then to 12,000,000; 20,000,000, and onward: the importance of supplying them with the gospel, outweighs all human estimation.

We know there are now some flourishing churches in the Valley of the Mississippi, and that they embrace many active Christians who are laboring for the cause of Christ; but, at the same time, we are assured that the population, taken as a whole, is very partially supplied with the institutions of religion; that infidelity and vice are, in many parts, alarmingly prevalent; and that there is a powe ful and prevailing tendency to that moral deterioration, which threatens the destruction of all civil and temporal blessings, and exposes the soul to all the miseries of the second death. And if ever the voice of Providence indicated to any one people the duty of conferring spiritual blessings on any other, we believe it now directs this portion of our country to send the blessings of Divine truth to the destitute beyond the mountains. Our happiness and prosperity are most deeply involved: we are identified with them as a nation; they are not only our neighbors, but many of them are our children, and kindred and friends. Evangelical Christians, scattered throughout the territory, are ready to second our efforts; we have no national prejudices to encounter; no new languages to learn and, probably, on no other spot on the earth, is there promise that the same amount of effort will be attended with so great success.

The duty of immediately sending the gospel to the destitute in that interesting portion of our country, is now, we believe, almost universally acknowledged; and the consideration has pressed with great weight upon the minds of the Committee of the American Tract Society, that, while there are not qualified preachers of the gospel in existence to supply their wants, tracts can without delay, be printed and sent to every family. The Committee have felt that, bearing in some degree the responsibility of conducting the Tract operations of the country, they must not slumber an hour over this subject; but enter immediately on the work. And in this view, they

have commissioned and sent forth the Rev. Oran Eastman, who has been three years engaged in faithful labors for the Tract cause, as a General Agent of the Society for the Valley of the Mississippi, and have appointed three other faithful men to labor in connexion with him. Rev. Mr. Eastman, in company with Mr Charles Putnam, left the city of New York on the 17th November, for this service, expecting to meet the two other Agents appointed, after his arrival beyond the mountains.

Their object will be to form Auxiliary Tract Associations in every town and village, and neighborhood around; till, if possible, one or more tracts, "directing the sinner to the Saviour," shall be placed in every family. All who can be induced to associate themselves with these Auxiliaries, will be supplied with tracts at the cost prices: to all who have not the ability to pay for them, or, who knowing not their value, and caring not for their soul's salvation; will do nothing to supply themselves, it will be felt a duty to carry tracts and deliver them, as God's message, "without money and without price."

The Committee now look to the christian public to sustain them in this important measure. It will require great personal effort on the part of all christians scattered throughout the Valley of the Mississippi; and liberal pecuniary contributions from the friends of the cause in every portion of the country. These agents must be sustained, and their number probably be soon increased; and tracts must be furnished for the supply of all the Auxiliaries formed, and for all the gratuitous distributions to the destitute. If there are 4,000,000 in the Valley of the Mississippi, and each family contains seven individuals, the expense of sending two tracts of the usual size to each family, will exceed $11,400. But far more than this must be done every year, or the provision made by tracts, for the spiritual wants of that population, will be small indeed.

The Committee have felt that God called them to enter upon, and faithfully to prosecute this work, notwithstanding the Society's very limited pecuniary means. We hope the object will be remembered by christians in

their prayers, especially on the first Monday in every month; for, with the blessing of God, we believe it will appear in the day of judgment, to have been among the very important movements of the Christian Church.

*Am. Tract Magazine.*

It appears it is God's message to deliver tracts. Do they find tracts in the Scriptures? This piece needs no comment. I hope it may open the peoples' eyes.

LADIES.

There are few in Pittsburg of accomplished and liberal manners: the mass of the females being under the control of the religious societies. I saw but few enlightened females: but those I was so happy to see were inferior to no ladies in the United States for pleasing manners and conversation, and some of them very beautiful; and would be more so but for the smoke, which gives a tinge to the skin difficult to remove. They are very easy and familiar, and some of them have fine features.

Mrs. *Hollingsworth*, the sister of the Mayor, Mr. Murray, appears to be of the old school. She has all the nobility of her family in her appearance and deportment, which is stately, but affable and condescending. She is a female of splendid mind, and a great political stateswoman. There I lost her, as I am ignorant of both. But we agreed to a *T* on tracts, and the christian duties, viz: do all the good we can, and do no harm. Upon this point all people of sense agree. She is a Unitarian; so, also, is the Mayor, and many of the first people of Pittsburg. Mrs. H. is a stout figure, and must have shone in her younger days. She is one of the most pleasant women in Pittsburg; but, like her amiable brother, she is at odds with fortune. I never saw but one man who pleased me in every thing, who could be called wealthy. I mean, as every one may guess, the amiable Stephen Van Rensellaer, member of Congress.

Mrs. *Roberts*, my kind hostess, also a Unitarian, is a small female of great beauty and accomplishments, and

one of the most affable women in Pittsburg. Her manners, as well as her countenance, have an uncommon charm and sweetness. Her father, I think, as well as herself, were natives of England. He, if I do not mistake, was a Unitarian preacher. Miss Campbell, of the seminary, is her sister, and her partner is the sister of Mr. Roberts. Both are young, accomplished, and very handsome. Miss Parry I have mentioned.

Mrs. *Collins*, a widow lady of considerable wealth, is, doubtless, one of the first females in Pennsylvania, on every account. She lives a private life upon her income, and devotes her time to the education of her children, some of whom are married. One, a most fascinating female, Mrs. Duncan, was on a visit to her mothers's when I called. She had two other beautiful unmarried daughters, one of which was not grown, and both were highly accomplished. They were the finest and most interesting females I saw in Pittsburg, or in any part of the State. It was Mrs. C. who was alarmed by the robber on Sideling hill. Mrs. C. is certainly entitled to the highest praise for the pains she has taken in the education of her daughters. Mrs. *Anchutz* and her daughter were, also, amongst the first females in Pittsburg.

But, of all women, I was most struck by the uncommon good sense and intelligence of Mrs. Smith, whose children and husband has been mentioned. This lady, as well as her husband, is of Scotland—she is a woman of sterling worth, and highly esteemed in her calling, and though not in affluent circumstances, is the idol of all parties in Pittsburg, and lives independent, she is the most courteous and well-bred foreigner or perhaps native, I have met in the Atlantic country: she is not handsome, but her cordiality and politeness render her charming. It is seldom now-a-days we meet with a woman worthy of notice, so that too much cannot be said in her praise.

Mrs. Rev Bruce, of the royal family of that name in Scotland, has been noticed, she is herself a native of New York, and a very beautiful woman, she did inform me of her family, one of the first in N. York, but I have forgotten it. There may have been many other deserving females

in Pittsburg but I was too much engaged to call on them, and though several called upon me, I was mostly out.

### MANUFACTURES.

I am now come to the most difficult, but by far the most interesting portion of my description of Pittsburg, and without which, the city would have little weight.—This is its trade and manufactures, in which last, it excels any city in the union, either in the quantity, excellence, or variety of the articles: every article manufactured out of iron, copper, brass, tin, leather or wood, is made in Pittsburg, in a superior style; besides glass, delf, pottery and paper, they manufacture sheeting, shirting, coverlids, carpets, cloths, cassinets, plaids, checks, &c. But what distinguishes Pittsburg from every other part of the union, is the fame she has acquired from her steam engine founderies.

Another distinguished trait in the character of Pittsburg, is the polite, chaste and gentlemanly deportment of her workmen and mechanics, which joined to their skill, sobriety and industry, surpass any set of mechanics in America, or perhaps in the world!! they, as a body, are the only gentlemen in the city.

In all the manufacturing establishments I have visited in the United States, I never failed to find the mechanics more or less depraved—even in New-England you too often find the workmen, and very often the principals, vicious, idle and impertinent, and a total want of respect to strangers—not so in Pittsburg. I spent thirteen days in the manufacturing houses and founderies in this city, where, but in three cases, I found none but mechanics, and never saw nor heard the most distant indelica e look or word amongst the whole of them; on the contrary I was treated with marked and gentleman-like respect—I was more astonished at this than any thing in this wonder-working city—why Pittsburg should differ so widely in this respect from all other manufacturing towns, I am unqualified to say, but it is a well known fact, that both in this country and Europe, I am told, those manufacturing

houses, exhibit a most lamentable picture of low vicious manners. During the whole of my visit to these manufactories, I never saw an instance of intoxication or the smallest indication of drinking—whether this highly honorable trait in the mechanics of Pittsburg, has been noticed by other travellers or not, I am unable to say, but it was the first thing that struck me with, not only surprise, but pleasure; the workmen, were almost as black throughout, as the coal of their pits, but this disguise could not conceal the noble mein, the chaste smile, and manly deportment for which they are unequalled. Had they been looking for me, I should have thought their manners assumed, but to recur to my own maxim, no one can effect what they do not possess, least of all, politeness. But nothing was farther from them than the thought of receiving a visit from a female, and though sometimes accompanied, I mostly stole a march upon them, much the best course for those who aim to give accurate descriptions.

Upon the whole, I am convinced that the most, if not all the travellers who have visited this Birmingham, as it is called, have never paid that observation indispensable, from want of industry and candor in this respect, very few travellers of late attach any merit to their writings; "it is the remark of a traveller," I have often observed, so it is with all travellers who have noticed Pittsburg, they merely call perhaps, at Bakewell's glass-house and jumble a few miscellaneous communications obtained from the citizens, and without seeing the mechanics or perhaps a single machine, patch up a book; this was the case with the duke of Saxeweimer, the last traveller from whom great things were anticipated.*

This being understood, a visit from any traveller, much less a female, was doubtless, the last thing these men were thinking of, and such was my curiosity to see these far-famed founderies and workshops, that without consulting a friend, I popped into one the next day of my visit, it

*In justice to the duke, his remarks upon the Bible in the hands of the convicts in the new prison of Philadelphia, are unanswerably great.

being understood that these manufactories are profusely scattered throughout the city, and being much delighted with the good order, stillness, and innocent manners of the workmen, I pursued the business unceasingly, which, as I have remarked, took up thirteen days—but not finding the proprietors in the shops, or any one who could give me an accurate account of capital, hands employed, or quantity manufactured, I am sorry to say, after bestowing so much labor, the article on Pittsburg, is by no means so clear and satisfactory as I could have wished. This is no fault of mine, as I applied to almost every intelligent man in Pittsburg, for information but failed; if the work be imperfect therefore, they have no one to blame but themselves; I have again applied to the proprietors through the mail, and should the necessary information arrive, it will be cheerfully inserted in the blanks left for the purpose. In some instances, I did receive the full amount, which will go to prove the immense weight of labor, industry, skill, and natural faculties of Pittsburg, which is one entire workshop, as some judicious traveller heretofore remarked.

The fabrication of iron, being one of the most important branches of the manufactures, and being one of the great staple commodities of the country, we shall first notice those establishments, in and about Pittsburg, where it is made.

### SLIGO ROLLING MILL.

This establishment is situated on the south side of the Monongahela river, immediately opposite the mouth of Mark-street, and is owned by Messrs. Robert T. Stewart and John Lyon. It was erected in 1825. Sligo mill may be considered as a branch of those extensive iron-works which the proprietors own on the Juniata, as all the iron they make use of, is brought from there in a state partly manufactured, that is, in large blocks called blooms, which do not require the process of puddling, but are immediately fit for rolling. The consumption of blooms at the Sligo mill, is about 1400 tons annually. The engine

is one of the most powerful in or about Pittsburg, being 130 horse power, was built by Mark Stackhouse; some idea may be formed of the strength and immensity of the various machinery, when we say that their weight is 120 tons. Fifty hands are employed daily in the different departments, and the consumption of coal per annum is about 14000 bushels. The value of bar, boiler, nail and sheet iron, &c. manufactured per year, is 15000 dollars.

The Pittsburg iron made at Sligo mill is not surpassed by any in the United States.

A short time since an order was sent to Mr. Stewart from the National works at Harper's ferry, for a load of Sligo iron, to be converted into musket barrels.

### JUNIATA IRON WORKS,

Situated on the Allegheny river, in the Northern Liberties; is owned by Dr Peter Shoenberger. They were erected in 1824, and may also be considered as a distant branch of the extensive forges of the proprietor on the waters of the Juniata. The establishment here is a very extensive one, embracing a large lot of land, with large and convenient frame and brick buildings. The machinery of the works is of the very best and most substantial kind, and in its location, presents great economy and regularity. The whole was put up under the superintendance of M. B. Belknap, esq. who, as an engineer and ingenious mechanic, has few equals in the western country. The engine is of 120 horse power, and was built by Mr. Mathew Smith, now of the firm of Binney and Smith.

One thousand tons of blooms are manufactured here annually, into every article manufactured from iron. It contains six nail machines, and makes six tons of nails, per week. The proprietor contemplates extending the nail factories to sixteen, eighty hands are now employed.

This is the first great manufactory I was ever in, and had I not been prepared for the sight and noise by seeing others upon a less scale, I should have thought it was the

shop of Vulcan, forging his thunderbolts in his subterraneous abode. The redness of the towering flames, the amazing dimensions of the wheels, the volumes of rolling smoke, and the thunder of the huge hammers, and squeaking of the nail machines, fairly turned my head—no language can describe the rapidity with which these nails are made, they drop from the machine in one unremitting shower.

Dr. Shoenberger's iron has long since been established. The competent knowledge which Dr. S. possesses as it regards the fabrication of iron, and the assiduous personal attention which he continually pays to the various departments of his concern, will always sustain the good fame of "*Shoenberger's Iron.*"

### GRANT'S HILL IRON WORKS,

Owned by Messrs. William H. Hays and David Adams, was erected in 1821. The machinery is put in operation by a steam engine of eighty horse power, built by the Columbian Steam Engine Company. Thirty hands are daily employed. There has been manufactured within the last year, into bar, boiler, nail and hoop iron, rods, &c. 800 tons of pig metal, and 400 tons of blooms. The yearly consumption of coal is 90,000 bushels, and the total value of iron made, during the past year, was 80,000 dollars.

### UNION ROLLING MILL,

Situated on the eastern boundary of the city, in Kensington, and owned by Messrs. Baldwin, Robinson, and M'Nickle. This is the largest and most extensive establishment of the kind in the western country. The machinery is driven by two engines of one hundred horse power each, which were built by the Columbian Steam Engine Company in the year 1819, and the weight of castings and wrought iron required in their construction is immense, being 500,000 pounds. The quantity of metal converted annually into bar, sheet and boiler iron, &c. was

about 1500 tons, which upon an average is worth 100 dollars per ton, making the total value of their manufacture about 150,000 dollars. Attached to the mill, is an extensive nail factory, where 6½ tons of iron, are weekly converted into nails of all sizes. Of this, however, we shall speak in another place. The whole number of hands employed is 100, and the consumption of coal per annum, 182000 bushels.—Capital $100,000!!

### DOWLAIS IRON WORKS.

In Kensington, erected in 1825, by Mr. Lewis. Has an engine of 100 horse power, and manufactures bar iron from pig. It is capable of making about 600 tons of iron per year.

### PITTSBURG ROLLING MILL,

Corner of Penn-street and Cecil's alley, owned by R. Bowen. Has an engine of 120 horse power, built by the Columbian Steam Engine Company, which drives one pair of rollers and slitters and 10 nail machines In this mill there is no other than bar iron made use of. From the blooms, three tons per day is reduced to rods, sheet, &c. The nail machines make 1¾ tons per day, assorted nails, besides hoops and sheet. Capital 40,000 dollars. Raw stock manufactured per week 2000—eighty hands are employed. Mr. R. Bowen was for a long time a common sailor.

In this factory, I for the first time saw the mammoth hammer and rolling wheels, and the hoops (for barrels,) and sheet iron, running round upon the rollers in red ribbons with the rapidity of lightning. But it is vain to attempt a description of the steady attention and close application of the hands, continually engaged, you never hear a word uttered, every one to his business. People ought to go to Pittsburg to learn industry—put a lazy man into one of these rolling mills, and it is like putting a coward on board a ship of war.

### PINE CREEK ROLLING MILL, &c.

Owned by Elkins and Ludlow, situate on Pine creek, a few miles above Pittsburg. Has an engine of 100 horse power, which is employed in rolling bar iron into boiler, sheet, and nail iron, rods, &c. At this establishment both steam and water power are employed, and the manufacture of axes, scythes, sickles, shovels, &c. it is carried on to great extent: about 40 hands are employed, and about 600 tons of bar iron made use of annually.

### AIR FOUNDERIES.

There are few aware of the immense business that has been done, and is now doing in these establishments.—There are no less than eight of them in full operation.

### THE PITTSBURG FOUNDERY

Was erected as early as the year 1804, by Mr. Joseph M'Clurg, and was the first establishment of the kind west of the mountains. The opposition that Mr. M. met with from his friends shows how limited the views of the citizens of that period were, in relation to the important situation of Pittsburg, and the great sources of wealth that lay around it. Many thought at that time, that Mr. M'Clurg would certainly be ruined—that a foundry was useless—and that he could not possibly succeed—he persevered however, and subsequent years have shown the fallacy of human prognostications—he realized a fortune—has retired from business, and left the old foundry to fill the pockets of his successors with better stuff than pig metal.

During the last war Mr. M. had a very large contract with the national government, for furnishing ordnance and ball. The principal part of which were destined for the fleet on Lake Erie. The arsenal at Lawrenceville, exhibits a long range of field pieces, carronades, &c. of his manufacture, that are as beautiful as they are substantial and true—they having stood all those nice and scrupulous

tests of strength and measurement, which the ordnance department are wont to use in their inspections.

The Pittsburg foundry is at present carried on by Messrs. Alexander M'Clurg, Cuthbert and Co. on an extensive scale. There are two furnaces which are daily in use, and the amount of metal that is converted into wheels, shafts, cannon, stoves, hollow ware, grates and all manner of castings, is about 600 tons per annum. Fifty, hands are constantly employed and yearly about 15000 bushels of coal are consumed. The value of castings is from 65 to 70 dollars per ton, consequently the manufactures of this foundry amount to 40,800 dollars per annum. The castings find a market in Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois, &c.

The cannon for the United States are cast here, six and twenty-four pounders. Balls and shot are manufactured here, also, tea-kettles. The process of the tea kettle is very ingenious, and requires much care and attention, the mould must be true to a hair, the most difficult part is the spout. Large kettles for the sugar business in New Orleans, are cast at this foundry, they have neither legs nor ears: weight (the largest,) 1800! and hold 600 gallons! they are shaped like a large wooden bowl. Capital employed, is 60,000 dollars, and the cost per day $200—hands receive $1 25 per day.

But the boilers and cannon, banged every thing; *Jonathan* ought to come here to see first, the great pots, (I believe they were,) full of the red liquid, pouring down somewhere, and presently, a huge crane swings round as though it were going to batter down the wooden side of the building from it drops a chain, which pulls up, to the astonishment of the beholder, a twenty-four pounder, or a boiler, which Mr. Crane sets out of doors, and returns to his quarters. In every thing executed here, the hand of a master is visible in the sketch, there is nothing can surpass the correctness with which every thing is executed.

In order to facilitate the operations of boring, a boring mill is attached to the machinery.

M'Clurg & Co. have two large ware-houses—one at the foundry, corner of Smithfield and Fifth streets, and the other in Wood, between Front and Water streets, where may be seen some fine specimens and patterns in their line.

### JACKSON FOUNDRY,

Corner of Sixth and Liberty-streets, owned by Messrs. Kingsland, Lightner and Sowers. At this establishment, has been made, some of the heaviest casting ever seen in this country. About 500 tons of pig metal are converted here annually into machinery of all kinds, stoves, grates, wagon boxes, plough plates, and in short, every article that may be desired, from the weight of 4 tons down to one-fourth of a pound. Twenty hands are generally employed, and 9000 bushels of coal consumed yearly.

This is the first manufacturing house I entered in Pittsburg—passing by the door, I suspected what was going on, and called in. They had just finished casting, but said they would begin again in half an hour: the mettle was just beginning to melt.

The principal was absent and the clerk in the counting room, was a poor shoat, (counting rooms are attached to all these establishments.) He paid no more attention when I addressed him, than if I had spoken to a post, I pushed on, nevertheless, through walls and ramparts of castings, until I came to a door that opened into the foundry, and being charmed with the modest and affable manners of the workmen, I amused myself in watching the metal as it melted and rolled on, in a bright stream to the front of the furnace. The bottom of these furnaces being an inclined plane, the pigs are laid upon the highest part, and by looking through the crevices of the mouth of the furnace, you may see the metal running down.

Meantime, I received as much attention from the workmen as I would have received from the most finished courtier. They fixed up a seat or a sort of throne, rather, where I sat out of harms way, until they were done. They dipt out the metal with large deep ladles, with long

handles. The ladle resembles an iron pot precisely in shape, depth, and narrow, and holds about a gallon

But when they cast large pieces, they have a pot of about four gallons, handle on each side, and two men take hold of it, one on each side, filling it first with a ladle. They plaster the inside of their ladles with clay to keep the metal from sticking.

As quick as they are done filling the last row of moulds, they begin to take out the ware at the first. They cast twice in the day, once in the forenoon and once in the afternoon, and rest the balance of the day, after getting the moulds ready for the succeeding day.

### EAGLE FOUNDRY,

In Kensington. This establishment was erected by A. Beelen, but is now conducted by the same gentlemen that own the Jackson foundry, and composes a part of their concern. The castings of both foundries are much the same. The consumption of metal at the Eagle is about 300 tons yearly. Employs about 12 hands, and burns about 7000 bushels of coal The value of castings of both establishments amount annually to about 36,750 dollars.

The mechanical operations are conducted by two of the ablest moulders, whose abilities and knowledge of their avocation are above being questioned. And as they combine every attention and skill, with their own actual and unremitting labor, the reputation of the Jackson and Eagle foundries, will always be maintained, while they are concerned. We allude to Messrs. Kingsland, Lightner and Sowers.

Their warehouse is on Liberty near Sixth-street, where are every variety of castings and patterns.

### PHŒNIX FOUNDRY,

Situate on Scotch hill, corner of Ross and Third-streets; owned by Messrs. Miller and Freeman. It was established in 1821, by —— Clark, and is principally devoted

to the lighter order of castings—such as sad-irons, grates, stoves, wheels, &c. &c. into which about 200 tons are annually converted. Ten hands are constantly employed, and about 7800 bushels of coal are consumed annually. The value of castings made during the last year, amounts to 14560 dollars.

This concern we believe is in a very prosperous condition, and as it is owned by a couple of industrious, clever gentlemen, we wish it may continue so. They have a ware house in Liberty, three doors south of St. Clair street.

Whether this factory be operation, at this time (1828,) or not, I am unable to say: but certain it is, these gentlemen have just finished the Washington Foundry, which was going into operation, as I called on them. A large nail factory is attached to it, upon Reeds plan. Capital 9000 dollars.

The Washington Foundry combines many improvements, and makes a handsome appearance—all those are convenient in proportion to their size.

### STACKHOUSE'S FOUNDRY,

Attached to the Columbian Steam Engine factory, in Front street, at the corner of Redoubt alley. The principal part of the castings made at this establishment, are steam machinery, into which about 400 tons of metal are annually converted. Constant employment is given to 12 hands, and about 8800 bushel of coal, are consumed yearly. The value of the manufactures per year, is about 18000 dollars.

### ALLEGHENY FOUNDRY,

Situated near the Allegheny river, on M'Cormick's alley, and owned by Mr. William Franklin. Manufactures light articles generally, consuming per annum, about 156 tons of metal, and employs 6 hands. The consumption of coal is about 4000 bushels, and the value of manufactures during the last year 10,140 dollars.

### STACKHOUSE AND THOMPSON'S FOUNDRY,

On Liberty and Second streets; and is attached to their steam engine factory. The whole of the castings made here are applied to steam boats and steam machinery, generally. The quantity of metal made use of annually, is 120 tons, employs 10 hands, and annually consumes about 3,500 bushels of coal. The value of machinery made in the same time, is about $7,200.

### PRICE'S CUPOLA FOUNDRY,

Situated one-fourth of a mile east of Pittsburg, and may be considered a brass as well as an iron foundry, as all the various articles of a light nature in both branches are manufactured here. Mr. Price also makes large crucibles for fusing copper, brass, &c. and is the only person about Pittsburg, who has succeeded in making these articles in perfection. Value of castings, &c. about 4000 dollars.

### BIRMINGHAM FOUNDRY,

Carried on by Messrs. Sutton and Nicholson, consumes annually about 200 tons of metal, which is converted into castings of every kind, and valued at 12,000 dollars. This foundry is connected with other establishments, which we shall notice in another place. Consumption of coal about 10,000 bushels, and employs eight hands.

There is also manufactured at this establishment, by steam, tobacco-press, paper-mill and fuller's screws of all sizes. Iron turning of all kinds, is also done.

### RECAPITULATION.

In the eight foundries before mentioned, there has been converted into castings, during the last twelve months, 2,126 tons of metal, 106 hands employed—65,000 bushels

of coal consumed, and the total value of manufactures, 132,610 dollars.*

## NAILERIES.

The manufacture of nails is carried on here to a very great extent; so much so, that it is probable there are more nails made in Pittsburg in one year than is made in the same period in all the western country beside. The invention of those patent nail machines have produced a great revolution in this branch of business, and have almost entirely superseded the use of the hammer and the die.—The facility with which the cutting and heading of nails is performed, stand thus, of 3 nails 400 may be made per minute; of 6d 300 to 350, and of 12d there has been made 1760 pounds per day, one machine!!

### UNION ROLLING MILL NAIL FACTORY,

Has 14 nail machines in operation, by which all kinds of nails are manufactured, from 3d to 20d. There was made last year at this establishment, 720,000 lbs. which being averaged at 6 cents per pound, gives their value at 43,200 dollars.

### SLIGO NAIL FACTORY,

Attached to the Sligo Rolling Mill, and driven by steam; has 4 machines that cut annually, 400,000 pounds of nails, which are worth 32,000 dollars.

### PITTSBURG NAIL FACTORY,

Owned by Richard Bowen, and connected with his rolling mill, has 10 machines; makes 5,804 kegs of cut nails, of various sizes, and 22,000 pounds of wrought nails; making a total of 782,887 pounds. Value $66,544 39 cts.

* Three last, estimated in 1826.

### GRANT'S HILL NAIL FACTORY,

Attached to the Grant's Hill Iron works, has five machines, which are driven by steam; manufactures 250 tons of nails, of various sizes, per annum. Value, $40,000.

### JUNIATA NAIL FACTORY,

Connected with the Juniata iron works, and owned by Dr. Shoenberger. Has 5 machines in operation, and manufactures per annum, 500,000 pounds of nails, of all sizes. Value, 40,000 dollars. I have noticed this elsewhere.

### PINE CREEK NAIL FACTORY,

Owned by Mr. B. Belknap, and connected with his other extensive works on that stream. They make at this establishment, by 4 machines, about 3,640 kegs of nails, of various sizes, making 456,000 pounds. Valued at 34,100 dollars.

There are in Pittsburg, about six factories, where nails are made in the old way; employ about sixteen hands, and make per annum, 360,000 pounds. Valued at 28,000 dollars.

## STEAM ENGINES.

Pittsburg, in this branch of business, has acquired great celebrity. The numerous engines made here, and the attention paid to their construction, has enabled the engineers, beyond all others, to improve, by rendering every succeeding one less complicated, and rendering its operations less difficult and dangerous. No place in the world, can surpass Pittsburg, as to the means and materials, for manufacturing these powerful machines.

The talent and skill displayed in the application of steam, to answer every purpose, is equal to the advantages, and next to the invention itself. They would, I believe, grind coffee, or in short apply steam to every thing

done by the hand, and such a number of them is astonishing; one would think the steam engines alone, would exhaust the mountains of Potosi. But they are nothing to the casting, nails, and other ware. The cause of this, is found in its resources, as the people have nothing to do but to apply the fire to the coal, and the coal to the metal—all are on the spot in endless masses.

When the article is made, nothing is to do but put it in a vessel, and away it goes by wind and steam, instead of wind and tide.

If a man wishes to build a boat, he has nothing to do but take his axe, go up the Monongahela or Allegheny, and fell the timber, float it down, and to lose no time, he may build a saw mill as he sails down the river.

All these advantages would be nothing, however, but for *system*, *application* and *union*—of all people, they are the least envious, or jealous of each other: this curse of the Yankee states, is unknown in the generous Birmingham of America. If one happens to have more water or more money, or the smallest advantage over another, in the east, his throat is in danger—not so in Pittsburg, every one puts his shoulder to the wheel, all pull together; every one rejoices at the prosperity of his neighbor. If an iron merchant makes a good sale, his neighbor is as much gratified as though he made it himself. This trait, and the elevated manners of the mechanics, is peculiar to Pittsburg, and what is the cause? no missionaries amongst them!!!

The generality of Pittsburg engines, are constructed on what is called the high pressure principle, in contradistinction to the *low* pressure. Of the merits of either I am not competent to decide, each has a powerful support in the prejudices of the people; but were I to judge from the great majority of high pressure engines in use, and the generally superior running of boats that are propelled by them, I would give the preference unequivocally to high steam. As to danger, which a great many persons suppose is always connected with high steam; from an account kept of accidents which have occured on the Ohio, and elsewhere, the number on board the low pressure

steam boats, have been twice, if not three times as great as those on high pressure

There are six steam engine manufactories in Pittsburg and its vicinity, all actively engaged, where engines can be furnished 15 per cent. lower than at any other establishment of the kind in the United States.

### COLUMBIAN STEAM ENGINE COMPANY,

At the corner of Second-street and Redoubt alley, conducted by Mr. Mark Stackhouse, a gentleman of known reputation as an able engineer, and in company with Messrs. Rogers, Evans and others, were the first persons that commenced this branch of business in the western country. Seven steam engines, none of which were less than 60 horse power, avarage value, 30,000—were made in one year by the company. In their construction and for other purposes, they made use of 100,000 lbs of bar iron, besides the necessary quantity of casting. Twenty hands are constantly employed, and about 4,500 bushels of coal consumed. A very large high pressure engine is now finishing for a steam boat on lake Erie.

Connected with the Columbian Steam Engine Factory, there is a turning, boring and grinding establishment, which is put into operation by steam power, derived from the Pittsburg Steam Mill. Here are cut all kinds of tobacco press, paper-makers and tuners screws; turning of iron, &c.

Mr. Stackhouse received an order for an engine of 100 horse power, to be placed in the iron works of the Messrs. Thompsons, at the mouth of French creek, on the Schuylkill, 25 miles from Philadelphia. It was built, accordingly, and forwarded over the mountains in wagons, and has fully realised every expectation, as to its excellence.

Messrs. Warden and Arthurs, at the corner of Second and West streets, have an extensive concern. These gentlemen have been very successful, and their work is held in deservedly high estimation. In one year they put up five engines, all of the larger class, valued at 35,000 dollars. They employ about 30 hands, and consume

5000 bushels of coal per year. A large and powerful low pressure engine is now finishing at this establishment, for a steam boat on Lake Erie

For the purpose of facilitating the operations of turning, punching, &c and reducing the quantity of manual labor required, the proprietors have built a steam engine.

Messrs. Stackhouse and Thompson, on Liberty street at the corner of Third. This firm has put up some of the best engines employed in the navigation of the western waters They have constructed within one year, 5 engines of the largest class, valued at 35,000 dollars. Thirty hands are daily employed

Messrs. Smith and Binny, on Grant's hill. These gentlemen have lately commenced, but they have already built three engines, valued at 14,000 dollars, and employ 15 hands.

M. B. Belknap, Esq. on Pine creek; has made within the last year, two very large engines, and has two others on hand, valued at 16,000 dollars.

Mahlon Rogers, at the corner of Grant and Fourth-streets. Has made two small engines, valued at 800.—Two large ones are now on hand.*

### STEAM WIRE MANUFACTORY,

In Kensington, near the Union Rolling Mill, conducted by Mr. Arnold Eichbaum. Has an engine of ten horse power—employs seven hands, and manufactures wire from No. 1 to 16. We have been informed by gentlemen who are acquanted with the article, that Mr. Eichbaum's is of an excellent quality.

### STEAM TURNING AND GRINDING MILL.

Owned by William Hall, in Kensington. It is devoted entirely to turning brass and iron, and to grinding sad irons, &c. &c. Has an engine of ten horse power.

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*Estimate of steam boats in 1826—the author attempted in vain to get the last estimate.

This immense amount was supplied from about 12 or 13 blast furnaces, situated in the neighboring counties of Beaver, Butler, Fayette, Westmoreland, Venango, Crawford, &c.

## COTTON.

The manufactures of Cotton are limited. The large amount of capital, the various tributary and connected branches of workmanship, indispensably necessary to profitable operation, have probably prevented its earlier and more successful experiment.

### STEAM COTTON FACTORY,

Owned by James Arthurs and Sons, situated on Strawberry, near Cherry alley. The machinery consists of one throstle of 120 spindles, one mule of 168 spindles, with the necessary apparatus for carding, &c. It is principally employed in the manufacture of fine yarns from No. 16 to 20. Thirteen hands are employed in the cotton factory.

### PHŒNIX STEAM COTTON FACTORY.

Owned by Messrs. James Adams, Allen and Grant and James S. Grant, in the Northern Liberties of the city.—Capital $15,000. In the spring of 1822, they brought from Providence, R. I. the largest amount of machinery ever exported thence, under a single order, including all the most esteemed machines then in use, for their contemplated purposes, together with workmen in turning, filing, carding, spinning, dressing, weaving, &c.

Their establishment contains upwards of twenty seven hundred spindles—twenty-two throstles of 84 spindles, and six mules of 180 spindles each, together with the necessary preparation machines; sixteen looms for weaving yard wide sheetings, dresser, warper, &c. They produce daily about seven hundred weight of yarn, from No. 5 to 22, and about four hundred and fifty yards of cotton

cloth, consuming about six hundred bales of cotton annually. They employ about one hundred and seventy persons, including those at work in their machine shop. The annual value of their manufactured goods, is 100,000 dollars, calculating their yarns and sheetings at the eastern prices, by which they usually are regulated. The power, operating this machinery, is a steam engine of about forty horse power, which turns the lathes, grind-stones, &c. of the machine shop, and forces the escape steam through the building, diffusing a general and moderate heat.

Mr. John M'Ilroy, in Wood, between Front and Second-streets, has in operation 80 hand looms, employed as follows:—

| | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| On ¾ plaids, | 62 | producing | 930 | yards per day. | | $152 20 |
| On Stripes, | 10 | " | 160 | " " " | | 23 40 |
| On Check, | 8 | " | 112 | " " " | | 19 02 |
| Total looms, | 80 | producing | 1202 | yards per day. | | $194 62 |

There is employed in the business of this concern, including the coloring department, 155 hands. The number of yards manufactured per annum, is 363 600 and the whole at 15 cents per yard, amounts to 54,540 dollars.

Mr. James Shaw, in Wood-street, between Sixth and Liberty, has in operation 80 hand looms, employed in weaving plaid and checks. Weaves 30,000 annually, amount $60,000.

Mr. Thomas Graham, in Market, between Fifth and Liberty-streets, has 34 hand looms in operation, which are employed as follows: on plaids, stripes, checks, and Wilmington stripe.

Messrs. Tilford and Sons, near Pittsburg, have 8 looms employed on stripes, plaids, &c. They weave annually about 36,000 yards, besides a considerable quantity of cassinets and woollen carpeting. They employ about 15 hands.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

There are in Pittsburg, besides those already enumerated, 47 looms, which are engaged in various kinds of wea-

ving—such as coverlets, carpets, linen, cotton cloth, &c. Among all, 60 hands are engaged, weavers, spoolers, &c. who make per year, about 211,500 yards of various stuffs, valued at 29,210 dollars.

It may be remarked, that the plaids, stripes, &c. produced at the above establishments, are of the best quality, as to material, workmanship, and colors, and that they can be afforded at a cheaper rate than they can be brought from beyond the mountains. They afford a convenient and profitable employment to a great number of workmen, many of whom have their shops attached to the own dwellings, and employ their own children in the preparatory and lighter parts of the business.

The yarn for the hand looms is principally supplied by the Phœnix Factory, and the factory of the Messrs. Arthurs. The remainder is procured from some of the factories named below, which I enumerate to complete the view of the cotton business in this section of the country.

The Brownsville or Bridgeport Cotton Factory, situated at Bridgeport, on the Monongahela, and owned by Mr. Thomas Burk. In this factory there are 750 spindles, and about 500 lbs. yarn, from No 13 to 18, is produced per day.

The Economy Steam Cotton Factory, situated 17 miles below this city owned by the Economists, is just going into operation, with about 500 spindles, to be increased shortly to 1000. Both spinning and weaving to be carried on in this establishment.

The Beaver Cotton Factory, belonging to Messrs. Pugh and Wilson, propelled by water power.

## WOOLLEN.

The manufactures of Pittsburg, in this branch, are yet very limited. The principal article manufactured here, in this line, is cassinet—its cheapness and durability generally commanding a market.

James Arthurs & Sons, in connexion with their steam cotton factory, have a woollen establishment, where they

have, during the last year, manufactured, carded and dressed, to wit:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Of broad cloth, | 1200 yds. | Av. val. pr. yd. $4 - | $4,800 |
| Of cassinets, | 3600 ' | ' ' 86 cts. | 3060 |
| | Yds. 4800 | | $7860 |

They carded and spun 15,000 pounds of wool, and dressed 8000 yards of country cloth. Do all their own dressing, and employ in this branch 11 hands.

Headrick and Gibb have a woollen manufactory at the corner of Liberty street and Diamond alley.

| | |
|---|---|
| 2 looms on cassinets, 14 yds. per day, 4200 yds. at 85 cts. | $3,570 00 |
| Carded for the country 7000 lb. wool at 6¼ cts. - | 437 50 |
| 1 loom on coverlets, carpets, &c. - - - | 700 00 |
| Spun for country 3000 lb. | |
| | $4,707 50 |

### FLEECEDALE WOOLLEN MANUFACTORY.

Situated on Chartier's creek, a few miles west of Pittsburg, near the Steuben road. This is a respectable establishment, and is owned by Messrs. A. and J. Murphy. The machinery is driven by water power. The business of this establishment is as follows:

Four looms on cassinets, 32 yards per day.

One loom on broad cloths, 5 yards per day.

There are two carding machines, and one mule of 90 spindles, by which 10,000 lbs. of wool has been carded and spun. Attached is a Fulling mill and Dying establishment. 16 persons are employed.

The Messrs. Murphy's are said to be among the first rate clothiers in the country, who combine with great enterprize and industry, an indefatigable zeal to render their manufactures worthy of public support.

Fleecedale cloths and cassinets may be seen and purchased at M. S. Mason and McDonough's wholesale dry good store, Wood street.

## GLASS WORKS.

I now come to the most difficult class of manufactures for description, and what I have dreaded from the beginning

In the foregoing description of iron, woollen, and cotton manufactures, I was greatly aided by a small Directory: but the writer being accustomed to see these things daily, has no idea of the impressions they make upon strangers; and of all towns, (in our country I mean,) Pittsburg excites most astonishment. Every thing pursued in other towns is thrown into the shade by Pittsburg: even in the building of steam-boats it excels, by a long way, our great city, New York.

You see nothing but columns of smoke rolling out of these manufactories in every part of the city, and in every street. Go to the river Monongahela and you see nothing but steam-boats, two stories high, many of them, and two tiers of windows, precisely like a house, and with gable ends

But *Bakewell's* is the place: whoever wishes to see the blowing of glass done with ease and despatch, let them visit his glass-house. It stands in the city, on the bank of the Monongahela, and the furnace has been in blast five years! that is, it has never been out. When a crucible breaks, they have a machine by which it is taken out of the furnace, and another one, which is always ready, put in. But the first thing that struck me here, as before, was the appearance of the men, of which there were but few; two only finished the pieces after they were blown by the boys, of which there were several.

These boys, as well as the two gentlemen, (who are entirely entitled to the epithet, if ever men were,) are, for skill and expedition, unequalled.

I had called the previous day, but they were not blowing: they told me, however, at what hour to call the succeeding day.

Almost at the entrance of the house, I was suddenly surprised by a gentleman sitting on a bench with a back

to it, and a sort of arm at each end, raised about half way his breast, supposing a stick laid across it. The bench was about three feet in length; across these arms lay a piece of iron, if I recollect, about the size of a walking cane; on the end of this stuck a tumbler, partly formed, which he shaped by turning the iron very fast, by the assistance of a large pair of shears, which he now and then ran into the mouth of the glass, and turned it round, the glass being pliant, as if to widen it and put it into shape. This he did with one hand, while he kept turning the tumbler backwards and forward, very fast, with the other hand: but the most of the time he turned it with both hands, or rolled it rather, as we do a rolling-pin in making pastry. He soon finished the glass, by which time the boy who attended him brought him another upon a similar piece of iron, and taking the first off laid this in the same place. The operation is so quick that I could scarcely believe my own eyes that it was reality—it may be supposed the whole process is rapid, when he makes 600 tumblers per day! The glass when brought to him is a hollow oblong, and the moment he receives it, rolling all the while, he clips what is to be the mouth of the glass with the shears, which brings it even; after this it is soon in shape. The mouth expands as he rolls it round.

This was one of the finest looking men in Pittsburg; neatly dressed; sometime leaning back and then erect—the ease and inimitable grace that accompanied his movements; his fine countenance and soft black eye, all bedecked with smiles of ineffable sweetness—I was riveted to the spot.

At length, upon looking up, I saw another man, which I took to be his brother, from a resemblance, which proved to be the case. He was employed in the same way, at decanters, and was still more interesting in his appearance. He made 240 decanters per day! They informed me they had been employed in the same way for ten years! if I do not mistake. The proprietor has good right to be proud of these men: they must be worth thier weight in gold Every thing was neat, and in place: the whole presenting one of the most astonishing sights of regularity and skill I ever beheld.

This is the property of Bakewell, Page & Bakewell, situated in Water street, above Grant: was erected in 1811. This establishment is entirely devoted to the manufacture of white or flint glass, and has succeeded in producing the best specimens of this article ever made in the United States. The admiration of this glass is not confined merely to home observers, but the great amount of it which has been exported, testify the reputation it enjoys abroad; and there is scarcely a stranger visits Pittsburg, who is not desirous of taking a peep at Bakewell's Glass House. Amidst all the depressions and general stagnations of trade, of past days, the proprietors of this concern have manifested a steady, persevering, enterprising spirit, as honorable to themselves as their manufactures are creditable to our country.

Numerous articles are made at this manufactory: they embrace every thing in the glass line, of every price and of every grade of workmanship, from the most beautiful to the most plain and uncut. There are employed here 61 hands, 12 of whom are constantly engaged in engraving and ornamenting. 30,000 bushels of coal are consumed annually, and the value of glass made per year is about 45,000 dollars.*

### BIRMINGHAM GLASS WORKS.

Erected in the year 1812, by Messrs. Sutton, Wendt & Co., but are now conducted by Messrs. Wendt, Encell, Impson, and others. This establishment manufactures window glass, and green hollow ware entirely; and has done, and is still doing, an immense business. Birmingham glass has been transported to every part of the Union, and has acquired much celebrity for its good quality. The owners are all actual workmen, hence their disposition as well as their interest has always been to render their articles of the best kind. They employ

*In 1826---it is now double.

60 hands—consume 40,000 bushels of coal, and manufacture annually, viz:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Window glass, | 4,000 boxes, | value, | $16,000 |
| Porter bottles, | 100 gross, | ' | 900 |
| Hollow ware, | 10,000 dozen, | ' | 11,040 |
| | | | $27,940 |

In the manufacture of this article, Pittsburg and the surrounding country enjoys an extensive reputation. It is needless to repeat the advantages they possess. The glass of Pittsburg, and the parts adjacent, is known and sold from Maine to New Orleans. Even in Mexico they quaff their beverage from the beautiful white flint of Messrs. Bakewell, Page and Bakewell. At a recent exhibition of American manufactures, by the Franklin Institute, of Philadelphia, where specimens of the finest glass made in the United States were brought forward, the premium was awarded to the gentlemen just named.

### PITTSBURG GLASS WORKS,

Are situate on the south side of the Monongahela, opposite the Point, and is now conducted by Mr. F. Lorenz. This concern was the first of the kind established in the western country. It was built as early as 1797, by Gen. O'Hara and Major Craig. For a few years their success seemed very daubtful—so much so, that the latter gentleman withdrew, and left Mr. O'Hara to make the best of what was then termed a *losing concern*. But the General, who had a happier knack of seeing a few years before him, and drawing deductions from the nature of things than any of his cotemporaries, persevered with his glass house, made large additions, prospered, and conducted it until his death, in 1819. It has since been rented, and now its operations are very extensive. Within the last year there has been manufactured, viz:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Window glass, | 7,500 boxes, | valued at | $31,000 |
| Porter bottles, | 160 gross, | ' | 1,440 |
| Hollow ware, | 3,160 dozen, | ' | 4,424 |

Fifty hands are employed here, and upwards of 250 souls are supported in this establishment. Consumption of coal per annum is 70,754 bushels, and 600 cords of wood.

### STOURBRIDGE GLASS WORKS,

Near the corner of Ross and Second streets, erected by Mr. John Robinson, in 1823. Manufactures white, or flint glass only.

Mr. Robinson employs 18 hands; consumes 18,000 bushels of coal, and his glass, made per annum, is valued at 22,000 dollars.

The following establishments may be said to be in the immediate neighborhood, and Pittsburg the store-house and market of their manufactures.

*Bridgeport Glass Works*, on the Monongahela, manufactures window glass and hollow ware to the amount of 1000 boxes, valued at 16,000 dollars.

*New Albany*, on the same river, at the mouth of Redstone, manufactures annually window glass and hollow ware to the amount of 4000 boxes—equal to 16,000 dollars.

*New Boston*, at Perryopolis on the Youghiogany makes window glass and hollow ware, yearly to the amount of 2,000 boxes, equal to 8,000 dollars.

*Williamsport*, on the Monongahela, makes window glass, &c. to the amount of 3000 boxes, valued at 12,000 dollars.

*Geneva works*, owned by Mr. Gallatin, manufactures yearly, about 4,000 boxes, valued at 16,000 dollars.

Total number of boxes, 17,000, value, $ 68,000
To which add Pittsburg window and flint glass, 131,804

Total value, $199,804

## PAPER.

The manufacture of paper is carried on to a very great extent in the western counties of Pennsylvania. In 1810 there were but few paper-mills in this part of the State,

the oldest of which was the Redstone mill, near Brownsville. Now there are *nine*, four of which are owned in this city; besides two in the adjacent county of Jefferson, Ohio, one of which is owned here, viz:

### ANCHOR STEAM PAPER MILL,

Owned by Mr. Holdship, situated in Pittsburg, corner of Ross and Brackenridge streets. This is the largest paper making establishment west of the mountains. It is put into operation by an engine of 30 horse power, and employs 88 hands. There are 6 vats, which produce on an average, the year round, 40 reams per week, each, which may be valued at 3 dollars per ream, making each vat to produce 2080 reams per annum, valued at 6,240 dollars. The whole number of reams produced per year is, 12,480, valued at 37,440 dollars.

The quality of Mr. Holdship's paper is said to be of the first order, as is sufficiently tested by his extensive sales. Within the last 18 months, 40,000 dollars worth of Spanish paper has been made at his mill, for the South American market, and which has been shipped thence.

### PITTSBURG STEAM PAPER MILL.

In the Northern Liberties, and owned by Mr. Patterson & Co. is driven by an engine of 20 horse power, and has 3 vats. This concern is now in operation.

### CLINTON STEAM PAPER MILL,

Situated at Steubenville, and owned by Mr. Holdship of this city, I shall speak of under the head of Steubenville.

### FRANKLIN PAPER MILL,

On Little Beaver, Beaver county; owned by Messrs. Cramer and Spear, of this city, is driven by water power; has 2 vats, and manufactures about 9000 dollars worth of various kinds of paper annually.

### BIGG BEAVER PAPER MILL,

At the Falls of Big Beaver, owned by Messrs. Johnston and Stockton, of this city. Machinery is driven by water power; has 2 vats, and will make annually about 10,000 dollars worth of paper of all kinds.

Also in the neighborhood:

*Sewickly Paper Mill*, Westmoreland county, owned by General Markle; 2 vats, water power.

*Redstone Paper Mill*, in Fayette county, owned by Messrs. Jackson and Sharpless; 2 vats, water power.

*Yough Paper Mill*, Fayette county, owned by Mr. D. Rogers; 2 vats, water power.

*Ohio Paper Mill*, on Little Beaver, owned by Messrs. Bever and Bowman; 2 vats, water power.

*Meadville Paper Mill*, in Crawford county, owned by Mr. McGaw; 2 vats, water power.

*Mountpleasant Paper Mill*, Jefferson county, Ohio, owned by Mr. Updegraff; 2 vats, water power.

A new steam paper mill will be erected this summer, by Messrs. George Hirst & Co. near the United States' Arsenal. Mr. Belknap is now engaged on the engine.

The estimated average value of the paper produced at each vat in the water mills, at 5000 dollars per year; and the rags used in each vat, at 50,000 lbs. Taking all the mills at this average rate, and estimating rags at 5 cents per lb. the paper manufactured in the mills enumerated would be worth 150,000 dollars, and the amount laid out in the country for rags, would not be less than 58,000 dollars.

## FLOUR, &c.

There are four steam grist mills; three in the city, and one in Birmingham; all in operation.

### THE PITTSBURG STEAM MILL.

Situated at the corner of Water street and Redoubt alley; was established in 1812, by Oliver Evans, and is now

conducted by Mr. George Evans. It runs three pair of burrs, and can manufacture every 12 hours about 24 bbls. of flour; and making the number of barrels per year 7000.

To this mill there is attached an extensive plough manufactory, also carried on by Mr. George Evans; where patent, half-patent, hill-side, premium, and common ploughs of all sizes, of the most excellent workmanship, are made.

### ALLEGHENY STEAM MILL,

Situate near the Allegheny river, on Irwin's alley; owned Mr. John Herron.

### ALLEGHENY STEAM SAW-MILL.

Also owned by Mr. John Herron. It is capable of running either one or two saws; one, however, is constantly cutting, and will turn out from 2000 to 2500 feet of boards, per 12 hours; making about 600,000 feet per annum. Boards are worth 6 dollars per 1000.

### EAGLE STEAM MILL,

On the Monongahela river, at the mouth of Suke's run; conducted by Mr. Henderson.

There is attached to this establishment, an extensive nail factory, which in the department devoted to naileries, was overlooked. There is one ton of nails manufactured per day; making yearly, 600,000 pounds: valued at 36,000 dollars—7 machines in operation.

### BIRMINGHAM STEAM MILL,

Carried on by Sutton and Nicholson. 45 hands employed; and the value of their products, annually, is about 72,000 dollars. Pittsburg also owns a linen and bagging factory.

## BRASS, TIN AND COPPER.

There are in Pittsburg, four brass founderies, where are made all kinds of articles in that line. One or two of them, however, are kept almost constantly employed in casting the necessary brass-work for steam machinery. 11 hands are employed.

In the tinning business there are 11 separate establishments, which employ about 65 hands, and manufacture about 44000 dollars worth of the ware per year.

There are also in the city 6 copper smith shops engaged in the manufacture of stills, kettles, pipes, &c &c. 25 hands are employed—value of manufactures, 14,000 dollars.

## SMITHERIES.

*Black smiths.*—Within the limits of the corporation there are 24 black-smith shops, which employ 115 persons. The whole value of the work done, per annum, is 47,000 dollars.

*White-smiths* —There are, also, six white smith shops, devoted to the finer branches of iron-work. Among these are the scale-beam and balance manufactories of Thomas Hazelton and Hugh Hazelton, (separate concerns,) said to produce some of the finest specimens, perhaps ever made in our country.

### BIRMINGHAM LOCK MANUFACTORY,

Of J. and J. Patterson, jr. where are manufactured, knob, rim, fine plate and Banbury stock-locks, from 6 to 12 inches, latches and bolts. These articles are equal to any imported. 11 hands are employed, and about 1100 dozen of the articles manufactured annually—value 4950 dollars.

Mr. Tustin, at Soho, has an extensive white smith shop. The whole number of hands employed is 45, and the value of work produced in all, 23,000 dollars.

*Gun-smiths.*—Of these there are four. They employ 10 hands, and manufacture rifles generally, with or without percussion locks, said to be useful.

*Silver-smiths.*—There are 8 silver-smiths. 13 hands are employed in all, and the value of manufactures about 12,500 dollars.

## LEATHER.

There are in Pittsburg and suburbs 9 tanneries, owned by the following gentlemen: Messrs. Hays, Caldwell, Peters, Thompson, Brown, McCaddon, Bayard, Sample, and McIlhenny 52 hands are employed, and 65,000 dollars worth of leather made per annum.

*Saddleries.*—Of these there are three, viz: Mr. Little, Messrs Hanson & Brice, and Messrs. Plummer & Co. In all the establishments 104 hands are employed, and the annual value of their manufactures is about $85,000.

*Shoe and Boot Makers.*—In this branch of business Pittsburg is very extensively engaged. There are 45 shoe and boot makers, who employ 225 hands, and manufacture annually 95,000 dollars' worth of shoes and boots. The value of shoes vended by merchants, and at the shoe stores, in no way connected with their manufacture, is about 35,000 dollars per annum.

## WOOD.

*Chair Makers.*—Of these there are 8, whose products are of the most elegant kind—their ornamenting, particularly, being very creditable. 40 hands are employed, and the value of work done per annum, about $14,000.

*Cabinet Makers* —There are 14 cabinet makers in the city, who employ 65 hands, and make about 45,000 dollars worth per annum. Sending to the east for cabinet furniture, as has been done, is absurd as well as ungenerous. The work is equal to any in Philadelphia or elsewhere

*Coach Makers.*—Of these there are but two.* 15

*No use of coaches to ride on the water.

hands employed—value of work 10,000 dollars annually.

*Wagon and Plough Makers.*—There are 7: employ 35 hands, and manufacture per year to the amount of 12,000 dollars.

*Wheel Wrights*—Of these there are but 2, who make spinning wheels, hatter's-blocks, &c. &c. Employ 7 hands—value of work 3000 dollars per annum.

*Carpenters.*—There are now upwards of 360.

*Boat-building.*—In this branch there are upwards of 140 persons engaged in the various departments. The value of steam-boats, keel-boats, and barges amount to 72,000 dollars annually.*

## POTTERIES.

There are 3; 1 in the city and 2 in the suburbs. The first is Mr. F. Freeman's, who manufactures, besides earthen-ware, a considerable quantity of stone-ware and fire-bricks: employs 4 hands—value of ware, &c. made per year, about 2000 dollars

*Birmingham Pottery.*—Owned by Mr. James Barr: employs 8 hands.

*Allegheny Pottery.*—Conducted by Mr. Heckesweller: employs 2 hands, and manufactures about 1200 dollars worth of ware annually.

## ROPE WALK.

Mr John Irwin of Allegheny town, has an extensive rope factory, where cordage of all kinds, from the smallest wrapping twine to the largest ship cables are made. 14 hands are employed, and 15,000 dollars worth made annually.

## WHITE LEAD.

There are three establishments in the city which manufacture this article.

*It is infinitely greater at this time.

AVERY & CO.'S WHITE LEAD FACTORY.

In Penn, between Hand and Wayne streets; was established some years since by James S. Stevenson; and manufactures about 3000 kegs per annum.

BRACKENNIDGE & PORTER'S WHITE LEAD FACTORY,

Near the corner of Sixth and Liberty streets, makes 2400 kegs per year.

BRUNOT'S WHITE LEAD FACTORY,

Manufactures 1200 kegs per annum.

The whole number of kegs made, annually, is 6,600: wholsale price is 3 dollars 50 cents per keg. Making the total value of white lead made per annum, $23,000.

## DISTILLERIES AND BREWERIES.

There are four distilleries in the city; two of which are principally employed in rectifying.

Mr. George Sutton is the manufacturer of the celebrated *Tuscaloosa*, which has been drank from Maine to Georgia.

*Breweries.*—Of these establishments there are 3. The oldest and most extensive is the *Point Brewery*, conducted by Mr. Shiras. Manufactured last year, (1826,) 2500 barrels of porter and 1500 barrels of beer—value 17,000 dollars.

*Pittsburg Brewery*, makes 2000 barrels of porter and 1200 barrels of beer—value 13,600 dollars. Owned by Messrs. Brown and Varnex, Liberty street.

*Kensington Brewery.*—Conducted by Messrs. Collart & Silvey. Manufactures about 600 barrels of porter and ale, and 1500 barrels of beer—value 7,500 dollars.

## TOBACCO.

In the manufacture of this article there are 11 establishments; which produce annually about 4,833 kegs of tobacco, and about 4,000,000 of segars. 140 hands are employed—value of manufactures, 53,000 dollars.

## WIRE WEAVING.

There are two establishments engaged in the manufacture of sieves, fenders, &c. and the weaving of wire. At one of these, (Mr Townsend's,) wheat fans are made in a very superior manner. Six hands are employed in all, and 10,000 dollars' worth of work made annually.

## SALT.

It is an astonishing fact, that notwithstanding the numerous salinous indications that for many years were known to exist about Pittsburg, no one, until within a year or two past, ever made an attempt to obtain salt water by boring.

Mr George Anshutz, at the mouth of Saw-mill run, on the Ohio, one mile below the point, succeeded in obtaining water of an excellent quality, at between 1 and 2 hundred feet. This water is raised by a small steam engine, and emptied into two large pans, which are kept constantly boiling, together with several refining kettles. 50 bushels of salt are made per day, amounting, yearly, to about 4000 barrels—valued at 5000 dollars.

Mr. Boyle Irwin, at the mouth of Nine-mile run, on the Monongahela, has also a well of very strong water; has one pan in operation, and makes 25 bushels per day.

Mr. McDonald, on Chartier's creek, on the Steubenville road, has one well, and makes 25 bushels per day.

Mr Thomas Neel, on the Monongahela, above the mouth of Turtle creek, has tolerable good water.

Mr William C. Miller is now boring on the north side of the Allegheny, two miles above Pittsburg.

These establishments give employment to at least 500 persons, and support, including managers, coopers, blacksmiths, colliers, boilers, &c. and their families, from 10 to 1200 souls.

### MISCELLANEOUS MANUFACTORIES, &c.

Besides the manufactories heretofore noted, there are the following: 1 sickle maker, 3 brush makers, 7 hatters, 2 dyers, 11 painters and glaziers, 11 plasterers, 12 coopers, 44 tailors, 8 bakers, 4 confectioners, 1 organ maker, 1 button maker, 2 saddle-tree makers and platers, 2 chemists, 5 chandlers, 1 comb maker, 2 reed makers, 4 turners in wood, 2 sash makers, 1 rigger, 2 bellows makers, 3 pattern makers, 2 cutlers, and 1 tackle-block maker. Among the whole of these, 310 hands are employed, and the value of their work, per annum, is valued at 135,000 dollars.

*Japanning* —Mr. Whitehouse, in Kensington, carries on the japanning business, and has exhibited some very handsome specimens of his art on iron, tin, copper and wood. He also manufactures tea and bread trays of *machee* paper, some of which are very beautiful, and well deserving of public attention.

*New Cotton Manufactory.*—We omitted, under the head of "Cotton," to state that Mr. Robinson, an English gentleman, will shortly commence the erection of a cotton manufactory on the west side of the Allegheny, immediately below the bridge.

| | |
|---|---|
| Grand recapitulation of manufactures, | $2,553,549* |
| Total amount of imports, - - | 2,119,000 |
| Total amount of exports, - - | 2,781,276 |

## ARSENAL.

The United States's Arsenal is a perfect den of swindlers, and wants a general overhauling. I saw but one

*Amount in 1826. It has increased one-third since.

man, Captain Butler, who deserves to be mentioned. The man who overlooked the workmen ran away as my carriage drove up. One-half of the workmen were absent; and a horse turning a machine for one hand only, which was intended to employ several gun smiths. So goes Uncle Sam's money. The whole of this place ought to be broken up—it is a perfect cheat.

There is a city for you, without a parallel in manufactures, in proportion to the inhabitants perhaps in the world.

I did not visit Birmingham, though I saw it. It being just over the river.

In my haste through the establishments, I omitted the cutting, engraving, &c. of the glass. Bakewell's being the principal, we shall only notice the process in his establishment.

His glassworks, occupy three immensely large buildings, one where the blowing is performed, one used as a ware-house, in which the glass is put when finished, and one where the cutting is performed. The cutting is done as usual, first iron and sand, then with wood and a brush to polish it.

The engraving is very neatly done, indeed, surpassing any I have seen in the country. This is done by means of a turning lathe, and a great number of small copper wheels are used, some of these wheels, are so small as scarcely to be perceived by the naked eye—a hole being in the centre of the wheel, a small spindle to fit it, being placed in the lathe, the spindle is thrust through the wheel, and after being rubbed with oil and emery, the engraver applies his foot to the step of the lathe, and the glass to the copper wheel—when he has finished one figure or point of the engraving, he takes off the wheel and puts on another, perhaps twenty before he has finished.

The machinery of these lathes is very costly on account of their exactness—some cost as high as fifty dollars. The ware is also very high, $5 per tumbler.

The patterns are mostly obtained from Europe, and the patterns executed while I was in, for beauty and taste was exquisite, particularly a *grey-hound;* it was lying down

with its head erect, as though it were looking earnestly at something, and though it was not an inch in length, it was perfect and entire, the ears, nose, and eyes were life itself.

They have introduced a new fashion of stamping figures on the glass while it is warm, also moulding glass, which is done neatly in the same way metal is cast. I only visited Bakewell's and Robertson's—Mr. Robertson pursues the same way, and also engraves. He had some very handsome specimens of purple glass, and seems to vie with Bakewell & Co. in industry and skill in manufactory of white flint. But the quantity, variety, beauty and brilliancy of the endless piles of glass at Bakewell's, is the greatest show I ever saw. Every thing made of glass is found here—and I would say, the patterns and clearness of the pieces, is equal, if not superior, to the Boston glass. It cannot be exceeded—one of the men who worked formerly at the Cambridge glass house, informed me, it was much superior in transparency and smoothness, but they did not make the pieces so thick as at Boston, to bear deeper cutting—herein, he said, the Boston glass excelled. It is impossible, however, to decide without comparing them both together—and the highest praise is alike due to both, and to say the least, both are an honor to our country.

I saw but few of the proprietors of those numerous manufactories, viz. Messrs. *M'Clurg, Freeman and Miller*, one of the *Bakewell's*. Mr Gallagher, of one of the brass foundries, and the Messrs. Pattersons, copper foundries, two tinners, Adams of the Phœnix Cotton factory, and H. Holdship, Esq. one of the most enterprising and wealthy men in Pittsburg, and amongst the most worthy of her citizens. Besides his extensive paper manufactory, already noticed in Pittsburg, he has a large bookstore and painting and printing manufactory, where paper is painted for rooms, windows, &c. This establishment is very profitable and furnishes a great extent of country. But Mr. Holdship's Clinton paper mill, (of which I shall speak hereafter,) at Stubenville, is said to be the best as well as the most extensive in the United States. He is

said to be immensely rich, and equalled in industry and application to business. This gentleman, an honor to his country, is of Ireland, though long a resident of the U. States. I certainly shall remember Mr. Holdship's kindness and hospitality, to my latest hour. Hearing I had (without knowing him from any other man,) visited his paper mill in Pittsburg, he very politely called on me, and his carriage and driver was at my service, during my visit to Pittsburg. This mark of respect, however, was general, as he makes it his peculiar care to attend to all strangers alike, and seems, if we except the Mayor and Mr. Echbaum, the only gentleman in Pittsburg; aware of this very acceptable point of ettiquet to a stranger. Beloved and admired for his amiable manner, may he long be the pride of Pittsburg.

Not wishing to break in upon the manufactories; I now advert to the beautiful seat of Hon. James S. Stevenson, member of congress, on the bank of the smooth flowing Allegheny—this is the most delightful spot in Pittsburg or its vicinity. His house stands on an even plain at the extremity of the city, back from the street, upon a smooth lawn. I was on my way to the Phœnix factory, and being struck with the singular beauty of the situation, I turned into the gate, I knocked at the door, which was opened by a very genteel servant, who very politely invited me to walk in and be seated.

I soon learned from him the name of the proprietor, who was then absent at Washington city attending to his duties, or at least on his way thither. Mr. S. being a single man, there was no one about the house but servants. Seeing I was attracted by the interior, particularly the paintings, the servant with all the politeness of a courtier, took me through the house, the whole being furnished with much taste and elegance. I merely suppose the master must be a gentleman from the deportment of his servant, there being no better criterion to judge of a man than the quality of his servants.* A man who has any res-

* I had the pleasure of seeing Hon. J. Stevenson since at Washington city, and found my surprise confirmed by the elegance of his manners, and his gentleman-like deportment, and though a batchelor, is quite a young man.

pect for himself will not have an insolent servant about his house. The hand of taste was also visible in the decoration of his gardens and lawns—nothing could equal the beauty of the trees which shaded the mansion.

I mentioned the circumstance upon my return and applauded Mr. S. for choosing to live a batchelor, "as the women are so much in love with the priests, tracts, and missionaries now-a-days, that they were unworthy of any man of taste or merit." "Oh," said the ladies who were present, "it is really a shame for Mr. S. so well fixed as he is, to live single, it is really a shame." Good, let them take warning and not run after the black-coats. I must say, I give Mr. S. much credit for his good taste and wise resolution; it does him much honor, and hope that every one of those missionary madams may die old maids.

Who would have such females but a missionary, and even a missionary would not.

From the same reason, I omitted to notice the view from the Phœnix Cotton factory. There are two large buildings occupied by the factory, one of these is a most splendid building, is adorned by a lofty cupola, from the top of which you have a grand view of the beautiful Allegheny, the surrounding hills, and the adjacent villages, are all seen at once. every variety of smooth streams, wild woods, steep precipices, and fairy mountains—one of the most splendid displays of scenery to be met with.

Mr. Adams, the only proprietor I saw of the factory, appears to be a very amiable and interesting man.

The Rolling mill of Dr. Shoenberger, already mentioned, stands near the Phœnix factory, and though I had not the pleasure of seeing the Dr I found his manager, Mr. Blake, a very gentlemanly man and very communicative.

On this tour I also met with Mr. David Agnew, a very pleasant and quite young, with an oval face, open gay countenance and fair complexion.

I ought to have noticed the White Lead manufactory of Hon. J. Stevenson—I was told they would not suffer any one to enter the enclosure where it is made, but found no difficulty whatever, the men very readily admitted

me, but the process is so complicated, that I could not understand sufficiently to give an accurate description; and the principal process is kept a secret. Mr. Stevenson has also, recently established a manufactory fabricated of iron, and said to be very important, conducted by an Englishman. My curiosity being awakened, from being told strangers were not admitted, that I made the attempt on my way to Dr. S's rolling mill. But my efforts were fruitless. I found the building just out of the hands of the carpenters, the door was opened by a very stupid boy, and found myself in a pent up narrow passage, which encircled another litteral house, inside of the other, I was met at the door by the mysterious mechanic, who saluted rather friendly, but with an air of great mystery and to come to the point, is the greatest fool in Pittsburg, to be a wise man. The poor ignoramus asked me, (orwould have done so, had I tarried long enough,) an hundred questions, as it was, he only asked me about ninety-nine; and were I to judge, exclusively of his necromancy, which doubtless he protesses, I should think we had as wise men on this side of the water; and what effectually set me against him, was his gross bigotry. He set in for a two hours siege, at least, to convince me that every body did not think alike on christianity, that the sun shone on fair days, and such like sage remarks. I soon discovered his weak side; but he was strong enough to keep me from seeing any part of the machinery of the mighty mystery, which seemed to be enclosed in this house within a house, and now I think of it—it would be well enough to make search there for *Morgan;* one to ten, these wily Free Masons, have hugger muggered him in there, and clapped this Mr. Moonshine to watch him. I would advise my Anti-Mason friends to search there for I can assure them there is something in the wind, or this house would not have arose in the night.

Perhaps Hon. S. has some distressed damsel confined there; at all events, I think it would be well enough to have the matter investigated; we will have no secrets or secret holes and concerns in our country, particularly under the control of foreigners, and for ought I know, for-

eign courts. If I had had time, I should have had this son of wisdom arrested and sent back to whence he came, to try him as a socerer, conjurer, wizzard, &c. &c. and have turned out the fair damsel, should there have been one confined there.

Though not in the course of time, while speaking of Pittsburg, I have to notice the polite attention of two gentlemen of the city, who not having done so before, called on me after I returned from an excursion to Steubenville, Ohio, and Wheeling, Va. I mean Dr. S. R. Holms and S. Merrit, Esq. These gentlemen, on the evening preceding my departure from Pittsburg, upon my return to Washington, hearing I was about to leave the city finally, called on me at Mr Ramsay's tavern where I put up, and though the last to pay their respects, were not the least interesting gentlemen in Pittsburg—with warm hearts and the manners of gentlemen, each rank high in their respective professions, and appear to be worthy the patronage of all good men. May they go on and prosper.

I was also much gratified to meet with Mr. John S. Riddle, with whom I had the pleasure of travelling, some time back, in New York, when making the fashionable tour; he was accompanied by two handsome young ladies. I did not see the young ladies, and upon enquiry, regret to hear they are still single—a great want of taste in the young gentlemen, as they were quite interesting females. Mr. R is a gentleman (a commission merchant in Pittsburg,) of much elegance both in person and manners.

### WESTERN PENITENTIARY.

Before adverting to the history of Pittsburg, I notice the Penitentiary—superior to any building (as to architecture and convenience,) of the sort in the United States. It is in the town of Allegheny, which is just over the Allegheny river, in sight and occupies a rising ground, which overlooks Pittsburg and its noble rivers, with an extensive view of the surrounding country. This building is of dark free stone, in the form of a hexagon, with four lofty towers, exclusive of which the building is three sto-

ries high besides the basement; it covers three acres of ground, is one hundred and fifty feet front, thirty-one feet back, whole length of the wall, including the front building twelve hundred feet in extent, and contains 190 cells, 8 by 6 feet, and 8 in height. It cost $185000, and is beyond question, the finest piece of masonry in the United States. Every part of the interior is like a palace, the cells were very neat, though I think without fire. A beautiful fountain flows in the yard, which is handsomely ornamented with parterres and gravel walks.—There were only forty prisoners, two of whom were black women. The sub-keeper Mr. Cockran, only was present, and very politely attended me round the building.

And who would you suppose is head keeper over those unfortunates, who, let their crimes be what they may, are still men, no more nor less than a highly charged bluestocking, and his wife the same; he was not there, though he receives a high salary for his services; doubtless he was scattering tracts, and scattering poverty and slavery through the country. I have no patience with what is called the *English* population of Pennsylvania. The greatest dupes in the world, to put these black coats in a place of all others, that require humanity; I would much rather appoint a *he* and *she* tyger, as they would put an end to the woes of these unfortunate men at once. The savage monsters who never breathed a warm breath of humanity, look at their savage countenance; are they fit to be trusted with power over human beings? This barbarous female, I saw there, had the most ferocious aspect of the missionary tribe; how they served me, ought to open the people's eyes: and at this moment they are forging and propagating all manner of falsehood and slander against me, see the papers, the gospel papers, the vipers, is that religion? It is hoped the honest humane Germans next legislature will banish these wolves from a place that ought ever to be under the super-intendence of humanity. Let them put in a good honest German, who treats every thing that has life, with generous and kind usage, extends plenty and mildn ss to the whole brute creation; these are the men to place in your prisons and poor houses

You need never be afraid they will run after tracts or starve the prisoners.

## HISTORY.

The history of Pittsburg is distinguished by some of the most important events connected with the history of our country.

It will be recollected that from the time North America was discovered by *Sebastian Cabot*, until the visit of Americus Vespucius, it was called *Newfoundland*. It then took the name America, until Sir Walter Raleigh, planted a colony on the Virginia shore, when the whole country took the name of Virginia.

From this period until the end of Braddock's war in 1763, the French were either in possession or actually laid claim to all that extent of country from Hudson bay on the north, to the gulf of Mexico on the south!! This war, however, stript them of all Canada! great part of Louisiana, and the place now called Pittsburg. The first settlement of Pittsburg was about the year 1753 by the French, who built a fort there and called it Fort Du Quesne, which they held five years.

At the end of this time Gen. Forbes, the hero of Bloody Run, was sent by the English to destroy it. The general not thinking it necessary to march his whole army against so small a place, sent the famous Col. Grant with 800 Scotch Highlanders to destroy it.

The colonel arrived with his men one evening upon the top of the hill which bears his name, fully determined to take possession of the fort the next morning.

In the meantime, he ordered the reveille, a poor evidence of his colonelship in a savage warfare, the consequence was what might be expected, the French and Indians being acquainted with the ground, issued from the fort and ascending the hills in his rear, fell on him suddenly, and killed the most of his men, and took him prisoner. Gen. Forbes hearing the fate of Col. G. hastened to the spot, but found the fort abandoned. He took possession of it and built another fort of more strength, and

called it Fort Pitt, in honor of Pitt, Earl of Chatham. At length it took the name of Pittsburg.

I recollect well when it went by the name of Fort Pitt.

Shortly after the British took possession of the place the Indian traders built a row of houses on the bank of the Allegheny; but being too near the margin, they were undermined by the river in time, and fell in, and no vestage of them remains. There are still, however, to be seen the remains of a magazine in Pittsburg, which with the fort, are said to have cost the British government 60,000 pounds sterling. There are also remains of the fort, both of which were built, (says the historian,) by Lord Stanwix.

About the year 1760, a small town was built near Fort Pitt, which was peopled by about two hundred souls, but the Indian war breaking out in 1763, the inhabitants were compelled to fly to the fort, where they were blockaded by the Indians, and must have perished, had they not been relieved by Col. Bouquet and Capt. Barret.

The settlement, however, waged a long and fierce war with the Indians after this, and suffered many privations.

Finally, Fort Pitt became a manor of the Penn family, and Pittsburg was laid out into a town. It improved slowly however, until the year 1793, since which it has increased in wealth, commerce, and manufactures, almost beyond a parallel, and is said to have been, some years back, the seat of much taste, learning, and talent. But since the reign of terror or Presbyterian tyranny rather, every thing learned dignified, or manly, has fallen before those all-devouring monsters! It was to be so! this will open the eyes of the people and teach them hereafter to be guarded against priests of all sorts. It will teach them what they ought to have learned from history, that the clergy have always been foes to liberty; as to the tenets or piety of any of them, I neither meddle with nor care for. I would trust none of them with power—since I have been writing this article, I have heard the pleasing news that my favorite state, and not only my favorite state, (Pennsylvania,) but my favorite county of Lancaster, has begun the glorious work of putting those enemies of man-

kind down. They are precisely pursuing the measures I have for sometime suggested to the public, that of holding meetings, and entering into resolutions to discountenance and discard those wolves in sheep's clothing from society. The measure is highly honorable to this noble state, firm, steady, and united, she will soon succeed in forcing them to become honest men or quit the country. Pennsylvania will receive the applause of succeeding ages for the manly ground she has taken in defence of our civil and religious liberty, which is truly and really in danger from those hypocrits, as it once was under the British government, which I would by a long way prefer to a religious government. Little doubt but the noble example of Pennsylvania, will be followed by other states. I see the resolutions of Lancaster and Berks, are spreading over the whole country. Glory to the independent Germans, these are the ignorant Dutch—did I not say they were the glory and strength of Pennsylvania? Success to them, but it is to their legislature they must look, and use all means to keep those enemies out of their state counsels. Their safety lies in making judicious elections.—Those abominable deceivers have been inadvertently suffered to creep into their legislatures, by which means they have got hold of all the seminaries of learning in the state, excepting the Bethlehem schools, by which means, learning is annihilated in the Pa. I cannot blame the people for what has been done, as these wolves in disguise would have deceived Solomon. But now they have pulled off the mask, let them be banished from every seminary. I feel proud of the Germans for their manly independence—and they will find a mass of information I deposited in the hands of the school committee, of their legislature last winter, that they cannot alter their system of education too soon; let them establish *high schools*, or some uniform system by law, and exclude from them the clergy

I would, while on this subject, guard my country from another enemy in disguise, a North Carolina paper says, "Let us drop those parts in our declaration of independence which only tend to hurt the feelings of our friends

over the water," or words to the same amount. This man, be him who he may, is a traitor to his country, doubtless an Englishman. The words he alludes to, can offend no honest Briton, though it may tend to throw us off our guard against those spies that overrun our country, smugglers and book merchants. These it may offend, and our domestic traitors, but no friend to our laws and liberty, can take offence at one syllable in the declaration—no one respects an honest foreigner more than I do, an English gentleman particularly, nor is it those who make the request, they have too much honor to do so. I hope my countrymen, however, will guard against all her enemies, whether foreign or domestic.

I had not intended to extend my travels west, farther than Pittsburg, but my Carlisle letter, made such a noise throughout the state, and revived the hopes of the few friends of liberty in Pittsburg, that they finding I struck terror into those blue-stockings, they pursuaded me to go and blow up the colleges of Cannonsburg and Washington.

The description they gave me of the clerical tyranny of those places, was terrifying, but for the sake of doing good, I undertook the visit, and wishing to recover a M. S. which had been lost five years, (letters from Alabama,) which I understood was at Steubenville, Ohio, and wishing also to see Wheeling, all in a circle, but above all this, I longed *once more* to feast my eyes with the beautiful Ohio. I took my passage in a steamboat to Steubenville, only a few hours sail, by which means my journey by land would be much shortened in my intended visit to Washington, Pa. and Cannonsburg.

Accordingly, accompanied by Mr. Holdship, his daughter, and a few others, I took a temporary leave of Pittsburg, and set sail, nothing fearing the mighty Cannon of Cannonsburg.

The name of the boat, the Reindeer, Capt. Bennet, I shall ever remember Capt. Bennet.

Having spent my early days in wilds untrod by polished man, as he would call himself. I have often wondered why I should (since mixing with the world,) be so dif-

ferently received by people of the *same country, same town*, nay the same family, if co-partners of a boat be one, now I am still but one and the same person, and they being more than one, the cause must lie between them to a certainty, for, did the cause lie with myself, (which I by no means wish to deny,) the conduct of these people towards me would be alike, thus I always reason with myself, and infer that these civilized men, are not all civilized—on the contrary, those who lay claim to the most, have the least of it and are a long way behind the savages in politeness and common civility. For instance, here are two men, co-owners of the Reindeer, one the most interesting of his sex, I mean Capt. Bennet, and the other a perfect wild beast, his looks made me shudder; if I recollect his name was Crosby, a tall, gaunt, black gloomy, whose face never wore a smile, and whose countenance was vengeance, a blue stocking you are sure. I chided, (pointing to gloomy,) Capt. Bennet for uniting "with that man."

### OHIO RIVER.

A number of steamboats were lying too at the shore of the Monongahela, when we took passage, whose decks seemed alive with rough looking men.* The ladies' cabin being on the upper-deck, I stood on the portico to observe the motly crew which lay beneath, these upper-decks being much higher than the top of our largest boats in the east. They seemed to consist of degraded characters, (the effects of civilization to be sure,) and when we moved off from the shore, one fox-headed man put his head out of a window and addressing himself to me, said, "good by." The salutation was not returned of course, and aloft in air I waved my hand to my friends on shore, amongst whom I discovered the amiable Mr. Faris, whose soft beaming eye, methought was raised to Heaven for my safety, and insensible to every thing but the pleasure arising from hailing the queen of rivers!! We soon glided

* This shore is paved with barrels for half a mile

by O'Hara's glass house, Anchutz's smoking salt-works, and hamlets on our left, cliffs, white bridges, to which the bridges in the east bear no comparison in beauty.—They are low, flat, and without paint, but to see a bridge up in the air, white as the unsulled snow, with its graceful bends, nearly a mile in length, added to the rounding slopes, swelling fields, pointed hills, smooth valley's curling smoke, and three noble rivers, would inspire any one with delight. But for one who has been separated from a beloved object, to meet these again, and greet in soft and silent sighs; I gave myself away to unspeakable rapture. All hail to thee thou beauteous river! Thy beauties are truly great, and must forever please. So peaceful, so swift, yet smooth and still, my longing soul once more embrace thee. Heedless of thy matchless beauty, long mayest thou roll in defying pride, and may *Adeona*,* forever preside over thy limpid bosom.

The lofty trees on my right, soon caught my eye—the rich alluvial bottoms, but it is vain to pourtray the surpassing beauty of this unyielding country, to understand it, it must be seen. When I used to stray on the shady banks of this beautiful river, I was insensible of its superior charms, nor is it in the power of any one to appreciate its beauties, who has seen no other.†

The left shore of the river presented a rich soil, and some handsome farms, but on the right, was distinguished by a rugged mountain, which drew close to the river, a road however, has been cut on the margin through rocks, and cliffs, over which we saw numbers of wagons tot-

* Godess of voyages.

† I have been much gratified to hear that Hon. E. Everett, has taken a tour through the western country. To a gentleman of his taste and refinement, the tour must have been highly pleasing, nor was I less pleased to find his just and liberal remarks on a country so dear to me. But if Mr. E. found so much to admire in the soil, rivers and improvements of the western country, what must have been his feelings towards its generous and high-minded sons, who received him to their bosoms, and paid to him those honors he so justly merits I am proud of my country, I am proud of Nashville, I am proud of the Yankees, each find I have not mis-represented either, and what is singular, of all towns, Boston and Nashville have been my ablest patrons.

tering along; now and then a hamlet, and sometimes a man, other times a woman trudging on foot towards Pittsburg.

We do not meet steamboats so often as on the Hudson, but the season of running was nearly over. When a person wishes to land in the eastern country from the steamboats, it is proclaimed aloud by the porters; for instance when drawing near the place where any one is to land, the porters cry aloud, "Poughkeepsie baggage, Fishkill baggage," or as the case may be—the passengers then stand forth and point out their baggage, and the moment the boat stops the baggage is first taken out then the passengers descend from the boat, the captain in the meantime standing at the gang-way; when all have landed, the captain asks aloud, "all ashore," one of the porters answer, "all ashore," then, and not until this proclamation, the captain again speaks aloud to those who take passage from this place, "come aboard;" when they with their baggage are all on board, the captain again speaks, "all aboard," "all aboard." This is the business of a minute, and were it not for their despatch, boats would be forever detained.

But this business, (at least on the Reindeer,) is negociated privately between the parties in this country, and the first you know of a passenger landing, is the boat drawing up to the shore.

Towards dark we passed a beautiful village called *New Economy*. I should have been pleased to have called there, from the character I had received of the place. This place is settled by a society, who have every thing in common, all work, and all come in for an equal share of the profits, so says report; some speak well of the society, and others say they practice deceit and cunning, and first allures people to join them, and then cheat them out of any property they may have owned at the time of joining, and defraud them out of their labour. Others say they are a mild, humane, honest, industrious and sober people, and disperse kindness and hospitality to all around them. Mr. Holdship was amongst the number who spoke

favorably of the society, whose word alone is a sufficient refutation of the slanderous reports respecting the society.

But facts speak for themselves; the appearance of the village is the best evidence in its favor. They cannot be bad members of society, who are industrious and sober. Here is a neat new village consisting of elegant brick houses, which appears to have sprung up in one night. A handsome church, and a large cotton steam factory of one thousand spindles, a woollen factory, and various other manufactories are carried on here. People who evince such marks of industry and improvement, cannot deserve the name bestowed on them by their enemies, who are doubtless, the black-coats, who are only sorry they cannot finger the proceeds of their labor. It is an eternal slur on America, that this many mouthed monster—religious tyranny has been suffered to grow up amongst us, until it threatens to swallow those who have fled it. People of America, will you not be wise? These few Germans, (I think they are,) cannot inhabit their little spot and eat the labor of their own hands in peace.

We were shortly after passing Economy, called to tea, which was well served up in neat china, by very attentive waiters. I ought to have mentioned dining, as we took dinner on board, and in both instances my friend Captain Bennet, paid to me that attention which you never receive from any other than a gentleman. The Reindeer makes her trip to Louisville in two days, if I am not mistaken. Fare for cabin passengers $18. Deck passengers $5. Cabin passengers are found of course. Deck passengers find themselves; and men and women are confined to the same place.

Perfect order appears to be maintained, and the engineers are modest and respectful in their behaviour.

All I can say of the boat, is that its machinery differs in every respect from the low pressure boats, and takes up a great deal more room. The boilers being in one place and the engine in another, and the greatest part of the engine lies flat upon the floor, neither are enclosed as those are eastwardly; and the boilers instead of occupying the center, are aft at the extremity of the boat. I should only

raise a laugh to attempt a description of the machinery, as I do not know the name of a single particle about it—wish Walsh was here, or the Pink, or some other wise head, we might make it out between us.

### STEUBENVILLE, OHIO.

It was quite late, nearly 12 o'clock when we arrived at Steubenville, sixty miles from Pittsburg by water, thirty-eight by land. And on the bank of Ohio, I took leave of the noble Captain Bennet, who would not receive one cent for my fare, this certainly does honor to the man, and still more to my country. Very few passengers were in the Reindeer, it being late getting under way, the passengers had taken another boat.

Mr H. who first disposed of his daughter at a friend's, took me to Mr Dorhman's tavern, and from that moment until I left Steubenville, I never found myself more at home.

Mr. Holdship having an extensive manufactory at this place, Miss Holdship merely took an excursion with her father, and while he attends to his concern Miss H. amuses herself with those sprightly Yankees; while the wind blows the smoke out of her eyes. Then she returns with her father to Pittsburg. This young lady, (for she is very young,) I should have esteemed for the sake of her father and brother, whom I had associated with during my visit in Pittsburg, but much more from the sweetness of her manners, and the modesty of her attire and conversation. Her only fault, if it be one in a young lady, was her diffidence; and though doubtless, the greatest ornament of the sex, it deprived me of much anticipated pleasure. This modesty is peculiar to Mr. Holdship's family, his son, who is also a partner, is one of the most interesting young men in Pittsburg.

Steubenville is a handsome town, the metropolis of Jefferson county, and very flourishing It is like Pittsburg the seat of industry and enterprise and contains several very extensive manufactories. It sits on a beautiful plain surrounded on all sides by an unbroken eminence, which

runs up to the river above and below the town forming a semicircle. The plain on which the town is built, is a black loam; most of the houses are of wood, though those on the principal street as well as the great factories are fine brick buildings.

It is regularly laid out, the streets crossing at right angles.

It contains a court-house, jail, a bank, town-house, market house, four churches, two cotton manufactories, a paper manufactory, a woollen manufactory, and several air foundries, three thousand inhabitants. The greatest paper manufactory in the western country, is said to be in Steubenville But I should say it was superior to any either east or west, it certainly is superior to any I have seen, (and I have visited all the principal,) in the excellence of the machinery and quantity manufactured, from the coarsest, down to fine bank note paper, it far exceeds any thing of the sort in Pittsburg, or in the eastern states, the machinery particularly. The vats, all of copper, are the largest, and the whole of the establishment displays a degree of skill, neatness and industry, unrivalled. The engine is thirty horse power; the building is 150 by 35 feet. Capital $38,000. The name of the establishment is the "*Clinton Paper Mill.*" The following is an extract of a letter from the bank note engravers in Philadelphia to a gentleman in Steubenville.

"The paper is of good quality, and we have no doubt will wear well; it is similar to some we printed some time ago for the bank of Pittsburg. From the competition which exists in this neighborhood, considerable improvement has been made in the manufacture of the article. We inclose a half sheet of a kind which has been esteemed the best by many banks in this quarter of the country. We, however, do not think it better than that made at the Clinton mill—the latter affording a very gratifying evidence of the great improvement made by Ohio in the manufacture of paper."

I brought away a sheet of the bank note paper, the first I ever saw, and the first time I knew that bank note paper was manufactured in our part of the country. The

sheet is deposited in the national library, (looks better than Sunday school union books.)

In short Steubenville is taking a pattern by Pittsburg, and promises to come in for a share, (and no small one,) of the renown acquired by that enterprising city.

Coal, iron and water abound here, as well as in Pittsburg, and the fogs of smoke and hammers and wheels, black faced men and boys, rush of business, the same steady independence of our first judges and statesmen, Steubenville will soon be one entire workshop.

These manufactories are forced upon both these town from the endless masses of coal and iron. It would be criminal in them to refuse those vast sources of wealth, when thrust in their faces; the whole country both on this side and Virginia shore, is one mass of coal, the best in the union. I have seen no wood burned except for cooking since I left Philadelphia.

Besides the Clinton factory, there are two large cotton factories, two foundries, and the first woollen manufactory, beyond doubt, in the United States. The cotton manufactories are propelled by steam, the buildings are large and extensive, and conducted by industrious enterprising men; one of these was just going into operation, the building one of the finest in the western country. Capital vested in all the cotton factories, $55,000.

Capital in air foundries. $20,000.

In steam flour mills, $20,000.

Nearly one third of the population are employed in those manufactories. But the woollen manufactory astonished me, being greatly superior to any I have seen in the United States. In the first place there is,

One building fronting on Market-sreet, 110 by 35 feet, four stories high: in the rear of this building and with the end adjoining, is a two story brick building 35 by 30 feet. East of these buildings, and about 40 feet distant, is a brick building with the end resting on Market-street, 100 by 35 feet, three stories high. In addition to these, there is one frame building for a clothery house, one brick and two frame buildings for woolery houses, and a brick age-house.

The capital invested in real estate, building, machinery, &c. is estimated at $100,000. The manufactory gives employment to about one hundred hands, manufactures 40,000 lbs. of wool annually into about 16,000 yards of broad cloth, a considerable quantity of cassimers, pelise cloths, flannels, & &c.

All the wool used is of American growth, the principal part raised within a compass of sixty miles around Steubenville; and the greater part of the finest wool is furnished from the flocks of the owners of the factory, Mr. Wells, Mr. Dickinson, and from the flocks of Messrs. A. and J. M'Dowell.

The quantity of wool purchased, always far exceeds the quantity manufactured: the surplus, raising in different years from 30 to 45,000 lbs. is made up of the middle and lower grades and sent to Boston for sale.

In the spring of 1829, an increase of machinery is contemplated, by which the business of the manufactory will be increased one half or three-fourths.

The cloth manufactured here, is the finest I have seen at any factory, by a long way; I certainly am not a judge, but should say it is little inferior to imported broadcloths.

But I never saw a comparison for the flannels, they are as soft to the touch as cotton or silk, and come high.—There is nothing like these flannels made in our country, and well they may, as the wool (a sample of which I now have in my possession,) is as fine as silk. This wool is the growth of the enterprising and indefatigable owners, Messrs. Boyle, Wells, and Dickinson, who rear the sheep. These gentlemen own 8,000 sheep, and it is a well attested and singular fact that they have improved the original imported breed. Mr. Dickinson, the only one of the proprietors I saw, is an actual shepherd, and spends most of his time with his sheep. Mr. D. is a Virginian, a gentleman of learning and wealth, but has by habit become so much attached to his sheep and they to him, that they cannot live asunder—they knowing him from any other person, and will follow him any where and every where.

It is owing to this that he has become complete master of the art of rearing fine sheep. He has various kinds, and so acute is his discernment that the moment he sees one of his sheep he can tell of what kind it is, at what time imported, &c. He often takes them several miles from Steubenville, and very often changes their pastures.

He informed me that, though he had had some of them several years, no such thing as rot, or disorder of any kind, was ever yet amongst them. From this it appears that Ohio is favorable to the growing of sheep.

He imported *Columbus*, a fine male sheep, from Spain, at 1000 dollars; and *Bolivar*, the son of Columbus, was the sheep that obtained the premium, two years since, at Baltimore. I saw the silver cup awarded to Mr. Dickinson; it is very handsomely engraved, and valued at 100 dollars. Bolivar was carried to Baltimore in the stage over the mountains to be sheared, and produced the finest and heaviest fleece at the show, of all their Saxony and fine Marinoes.

This must have been highly gratifying to the young State of Ohio, but peculiarly so to Messrs. Wells & Dickinson. I have deposited a sample of the wool of both sheep in Congress Library. It is not so long as the Saxony wool, but much finer. These gentlemen say it is the better for making broad cloth.

Besides this mammoth establishment, Mr. Wells owns a copperas manufactory, near Steubenville, where he makes 160 tons per year, superior to any imported. It sells for 3 cents per pound—capital 15,000 dollars.

Two other copperas manufactories are established within a few miles of the town. There are various articles manufactured in Steubenville, all in a flourishing condition.

Steubenville is an incorporated town, with a President, Recorder, and seven Trustees, and from its situation on the Ohio, the industry and enterprise of its inhabitants, the fertility of the surrounding soil, promises to become a wealthy prosperous town.

The citizens differ very little from the well informed Pennsylvanians, equally liberal and affable in their man

ners; and many of them are gentlemen of the highest literary attainments. Hon. John C Wright, late member of Congress, Hon. John M Goodenow, member of Congress elect, Hon. Judge J. H Halcock, Hon. Judge James Wilson, Hon. Judge Tappen, and many other highly respectable men, have their residence in Steubenville. Messrs. Wells, Dickinson & Co. I have mentioned: but the most singular character in Steubenville is Mr. Neef, a teacher of the famous *Pestalozian* System.

Early on the day that succeeded my arrival, I addressed a note to the Hon. J. M. Goodenow, with whom I had business In a very few minutes Mr. Goodenow arrived, and having often heard of each other, and had exchanged a few letters, we had formed a mutual and favorable opinion. On my part, I must say, Mr. G. rather exceeded the high exalted opinion I had formed of his politeness and generosity; and the factories being some distance from the tavern, he ordered a carriage and attended me to them all, which took up nearly the day; nor did he stop at this. His whole time was devoted to me while I remained in the town. Such men are an ornament to any town or district they may honor with their residence. Politeness to strangers is the true characteristic of a gentleman. Mr. G. is a tall, slender man, and finely made. His gait is elastic and genteel; and his deportment manly, affable and gay; his features are good, and his countenance open and pleasing; his complexion is rather dark, and his eye small, keen, and searching, and I am much mistaken if he does not bring much talent and information with him to Congress.* He is married

* Since I had the pleasure to see this gentleman, I have seen the ablest, best illustration of masonry I have hitherto witnessed, contained in his address before Steubenville Lodge, No. 45. Mr. G. appears to have attained the highest honors of masonry; and the introduction, address, and the vindication of masonry, which follows the address, are written in a masterly style. The closeness of argument and soundness of reasoning with respect to the Morgan affair, (to which he adverts,) is unanswerable.

"If Morgan was killed, as it is stated," says Mr. G. "why was his book not destroyed? And if they, (the anti-masons,) have the secrets of masonry, why are they not satisfied with the great discovery?"

to the sister of the Hon. J. C. Wright, *all* Yankees. Mrs G. and her brother are from Wethersfield, Conn. famous for its onions, and mentioned in the Black Book. I do not recollect the birth-place of Mr. G. but wherever it be, (some part of Connecticut,) she may be proud of her son. He has doubless decked masonry with a wreath that will bloom to the end of time.

Mr. Wright was absent at Washington. He and Mr. Goodenow are opposed in politics—the first being an Adams man, and the latter for Gen. Jackson.

Hon. J. M. Goodenow is by profession a lawyer, and lives in elegant style. I think he has no son, but has two very accomplished daughters, for their years, being quite young. The eldest was educated in Boston; of course, she has acquired all the graces of fashion and manners. She is a very pretty small girl, sings and plays well, and is in full possession of those fascinations common to Boston ladies.

It is needless to add that I might have spent my time, during my visit, at the house of Mr. G.*

Mrs. Goodenow is a tall, accomplished female, but of delicate health. Her and I had a great laugh about the *Jonathans* and the onions.

Unfortunately several of the distinguished citizens were absent. I saw neither the Hon. Mr. Hallock, R.

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And wisely and logically proves that the Morgan excitement is a struggle for religious and political power; and compares it to old age struggling to recal the beauty and innocence of youth: "But which," says Mr. G. "every day removes you farther from your object, which lies beyond a stream you *cannot pass*."

Speaking of the principles of Masonry, among others, we find the following: "Its obligations are holy, and impose by the four-fold tie of *interest, friendship, character* and *conscience*, a solemn duty to relieve, protect, defend, and sustain *the female household of a brother*.

"Nor is this duty a sleeping trust: it is warm and active, as thousands can testify." [I can for one—in its widest latitutude I have ever found them *brothers*.] But the whole is alike brilliant and masterly, and by far the best illustration of masonry I ever saw, if we except the writer's actions, both as a man, a mason, and a gentleman. His title is "P. G. M. of Grand Lodge of Ohio, K. M. K. T." &c.

*Through his means I recovered a manuscript which had been lost, as I thought, forever

Marsh, Esq H. H. S——tt, and others, before mentioned. Judge Tappan is a Yankee, and a distant relation of the famous Priest *Tappan*, of Augusta, Maine, but as different from him as oil from vinegar, or noonday from midnight. The first being one of the most liberal, intelligent, and exemplary men to be found in our society, and forms a shining contrast to Parson Tappan, described in the second volume of the Black Book He is polite and friendly, rather a light figure, of middle age, and a thin, pale face. He is the friend and patron of the celebrated Neef, of whom I shall soon speak.

Benjamin Tappan, Esq. if I do not mistake, is a brother of the Judge, and alike entitled to the confidence and esteem of the liberal and refined. Hon. James Wilson was almost the first person who called to pay me his respects—he was the first but one. He edits a paper in Steubenville, called the Steubenville Gazette, an Adams' paper. It is somewhat surprising that, in every part of the United States, I maintain an unbroken, and it would seem, an indissoluble friendship with the two great contending parties. This is regarded as astonishing by some, and wonderful by all ! And I must confess I am astonished myself to hold so distinguished a place in the confidence, esteem and respect of two parties, in many instances at dagger's points.* Nor have I any recollection when or how this extraordinary fact came to pass. It must surely be ascribed to the novelty of my unpolished manners; and, perhaps, an indiscriminate manner of exposing faults.

I felt proud, therefore, at receiving homage at the same time from Goodenow and Judge Wilson, one on my right and the other on my left.

The Judge was much pleased to see me, inasmuch as I was the friend of Mr. Duane, of Philadelphia, his former friend and patron.†

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* I must except the Judge of the Pumpkin court.

† I find a note amongst my papers, which ought to have had a place in the first volume of these travels, under the head of Philadelphia. It relates to Col. Duane, and enumerates his literary and other avocations. viz.

Editor of the Aurora from Oct. 1798, to Sept. 1822; wrote for it as

It appears he learned the printing business with Mr. Duane, and expresses the highest veneration for his virtues and his talents. Judge wilson is a man of grea size, a tall, manly figure, with a round full face, and fine, full hazle eye; his countenance is cheerful and pleasing, and his manners gay, candid, and friendly; he resembles the Pennsylvanians in hospitality and the plainness of his deportment, and appears to be a man of general information. His family, as well as that of Mr. Goodenow's, were well educated, which corresponded with what I was told, that there were not many missionaries in the place. He had three pretty little twin daughters, that is, born at one birth, of about ten years of age, which resembled each other so exactly they could not be told apart—they are stout and well grown. I think Congress ought to give them a section of land and provide them husbands also. Besides these gentlemen, Mr. Turnbull, a book-seller, is a very liberal, gentleman-like man, and every way worthy of liberal patronage. In short, the society of Steubenville is in considerable advance, and bids fair to rival the first towns on the Ohio.

Besides Judge Wilson's paper, there is another published in Steubenville, by J. M. Laird, Esq. a very interesting young man. He supported the election of General Jackson. The paper is ably edited, and some do suppose that Mr. Goodenow is the writer of much of the editorial matter This paper is called "The Steubenville Republican Ledger." Nor must I overlook my friend, G. A Dohrman, of the tavern, a man who richly deserves the patronage of the public, on many accounts. Mr. D. is a *gentleman* by education and descent, having sprung from a noble Spanish family, of great wealth. His father or grand father, I am not sure, was amongst the

a volunteer, in 1797; Epitome of Science—school book; Military Dictionary, 2 vols. 8vo; Infantry Sytem, 1 vol.; Hand Book, 1 vol.; Cavalry System, 1 vol.; Treatise on the Staff of Armies; Visit to Colombia; Manoeuvres; Pamphlets, political and moral; Several works in manuscript; Treatise on Usury, &c.; Treatise on Political Economy; Geography of South America; Gazetteer of South America; A Historical Sketch of the foundation and policy of Colonies, &c.

number of those disinterested foreigners who, fired with the love of liberty, joined our troops in the revolutionary war, and served most of the time.

At the end of the war he received for his services a large portion of land: but when his heirs came to take possession of the land, after his decease, it was found not to be worth one cent! And after spending a large fortune, and much hard service in defence of our liberty, his heirs were left to struggle with poverty! Mr. D. however, is an enterprising, industrious man, and seems to be cheerful, independent, and happy; and as generous as a prince. I spent two days at his house, for which, and my stage-fare to Wheeling, he would not receive a cent, he being one of the proprietors.

While Congress are granting relief to the revolutionary soldiers and their children, I should be pleased to hear they had remembered the children of this distinguished foreigner, particularly as it appears the country put a cheat upon him in the land. This is the country that says "We are so very, very honest and grateful."

Mr. D. did not mention the subject to me himself—I had the particulars from Judge Wilson.

So it appears, go where I will, I meet friends, excepting one sect, of which I found two in Steubenville, by the name of Collier, I think a disgrace to the place.

I also found a little trifling Yankee just from the sod, with a load of horn flints or wooden nutmegs,* I cannot tell which. He said he saw me at Dartmouth College. It appears that Mr. Jonathan is studying law—a hopeful lawyer he will make, doubtless. He came to the wrong place; and I advised him to stick to his old trade.

* The Yankees, it appears, brought some wooden nutmegs into Pennsylvania, and an old German, who used to purchase of them annually, got sadly taken in towards the last. They brought him some made of maple, which being very hard to grate, the German exclaimed, (after exerting his strength in vain on the nutmeg,) "Dem dees Yankees da has chete me, da uze to pring de saf-woot-nootmeg, put da mak um zo hart now, me gant crate um no more."

### MR. NEEF.

But the most extraordinary man I met with in my tour was Mr. Neef, of the school of Pestalozzi. Mr. Neef is pretty well advanced in age, perhaps fifty years, though he is very stout and active.

As this new system of education seems to be gaining ground in our country, it may gratify the public to learn a few particulars of the man, and his mode of teaching; which differs from all others practised in our country; and appears to be the best hitherto discovered. Mr. Neef is a native of Switzerland, though he spent some time in France previous to his arrival in America.

He mentions Pestalozzi as an old man of Bern, at the foot of the Alps, in Switzerland—a man of learning and observation; and after considering the vices, follies, and miseries of man, after some—many years reflection upon the subject, he concluded they must flow, in a great measure, if not altogether, from an improper education; and finally formed a plan of his own. And, after combatting the prejudices of the world for many years, he at length established a school in his own neighborhood, and Mr. Neef was one of his pupils. The fame of his system extending to France, he was solicited to send a person skilled in his system thither, and Mr. Neef was the man selected

In 1805, Wm. McClure, Esq of Philadelphia, and Mr. C. Cabel, a brother of the ex-governor of Virginia, being in Europe, happened to visit Pestalozzi,† saw his system and admired it. When Mr. McClure returned to France, he sought for Mr. Neef, and finally persuaded him to come to the United States, where he has remained ever since. But as I was but a short time in his company, and had so many things to ask, I did not inquire what had been his success; nor was I long enough in his school to enable me to give a satisfactory definition of the routine pursued by him. I saw enough, however, to

† Pestalozzi was a member of the Helvetic Consulta.

perceive that the system differs from any extant, as the first thing in other schools is the last in his, which is learning to read; nor does his system embrace *our* alphabet, or any alphabet whatever! and yet it is a system of complete education, and acquired in a very short time!!

It has often struck me that the drudgeries imposed on children by delving at these letters, and a, b, ab's and t, i, si's, &c, was a barbarous and round-a-bout way of acquiring knowledge, and as apt to make a foolish man of a wise child as a wise man of a foolish child; and since I have witnessed with my eyes and ears that small children have acquired the most useful and ornamental parts of education, without knowing a letter of our alphabet, it proves the justness of the hypothesis. I saw little girls, in Mr Neef's school, solve problems in mathematics, who did not know a letter, with the greatest facility! and who could not have been more than eight or nine years old at the extent.

The Pestalozzian scheme supposes that man is essentially an active and sociable being. The effects of one man's activity must, of course, affect his fellow man; and if they do not benefit they must needs harm each other. That we ought to do no harm, but, on the contrary, do all the good we can, and make the best use of our capacity. The scheme goes on to prove by what means we can produce happiness to ourselves and the greatest sum of good to our fellow creatures.

The next thing is to qualify man to discharge these great virtures. Nothing new is taught by this system; but old things are taught in a new way. Every science taught in our first seminaries, is embraced in the Pestalozzian system. This scheme, however, in doing this, does not attempt to introduce any thing *into* the pupil; its object is to develope what is found in him; and the fundamental point being found out, or fixed upon, the teacher goes on, step by step, making every point of knowledge a step by which to acquire a new one; and by the *known* developments of the mind, the *unknown* and complicated are discovered, taking care to have one thing perfect before proceeding to another. In this

manner the pupil's faculties become unfolded, and, in the end, he finds himself qualified to be happy, and enabled to dispense happiness to all around him. And he is astonished to find himself an arithmetitian, a correct grammarian, mathematitian, chemist, natural and moral philosopher, profound in astronomy, geography, ethics, &c &c. and all this without the help of the a, b, c,! which take up so great a part of other peoples' time.

Mr. Neef follows the book of nature, and takes his scholars, as nearly as possible, of the same age—none under six, and none above eight. They all proceed together, and are of no more trouble than one child to the teacher, as they all learn the same thing at the same time; at least, such are my impressions. For instance, the teacher, speaking loud, tells them to draw a horizontal line, or, as the case may be; this is instantly done by the whole school upon a slate: as they do this they repeat aloud, "I draw horizontal line." The teacher then says "Have you drawn your horizontal line;" the pupils, speaking altogether, reply "yes, sir."

It must appear strange that these sciences are taught without books, and to small children, to whom it is play, mere amusement; and yet, such is the ignorance and prejudice of the world, that the system makes but little progress. As to my part, I think the discovery amongst the greatest that was ever made either in ancient or modern times.

Learning has always been the greatest difficulty and the greatest good to man; therefore, the easiest means to acquire the greatest good must finally prevail in all cases; and I have no doubt of living to see this system flourish.

But many will wish to hear a more particular description of the system. I cannot, though I at once saw through it myself, do the subject justice; yet, as I said at first, the teacher has no use for alphabets or books; he annihilates our grammar with a dash of his pencil, and makes himself merry with our numerical figures, and so of all our systems, and gravely asked what books Cadmus learned from, and whether Cadmus did not learn to write long before he learned to read or spell. He has no mer-

cy on spelling books, and contends, (which is most true,) that geometrical figures and drawing are more plain and simple than our alphabetical letters, and that the former preceded the latter.

I observed his books and cabinets were nature. He makes a very liberal use of the works of nature in teaching, and first, after selecting any object, the human body for instance, he confines himself to the exterior. He begins with the whole, and descends from decomposition to decomposition, until the subject is exhausted; he makes this a general rule.

This being done, serves as a double problem, viz: the pupil being shown an object, or a part of an object, he must name it, and again he is called upon to show the object, or the part of an object.

The next stept is to determine the coherency, sub-ordination, connection or relation between a part and the whole of any object. This operation enables a pupil to solve the next or the following problems.

Question by the teacher. What coherency or subordintion is there between the nail on the fore-finger of your right hand and your body.

Answer. The nail on the fore-finger of my right hand, is attached to the inferior phalanx of the fore-finger of my right hand, the inferior phalanx of the fore finger of my right hand, constitutes a part of the fore-finger of my right hand. The fore finger of my right hand, is a part of my right hand; my right hand belongs to my superior right member or arm, and my superior right member or arm, is attached to my body.*

Thus he proceeds, step by step until he has unfolded all the works of nature, their qualities, their uses and similitudes. By which time the pupil's rational powers are thoroughly unfolded and prepared to develope other truths. Thus they never read or look in a book until they are able, not only to comprehend what they are to read,

* It is understood that these members are distinguished in the decomposition of the body.

but to distinguish good from bad, truth from falsehood, reality from absurdity, &c.

Instead of cypherng, Mr. N. teaches the power of combining numbers, for this, he uses any moveable thing, such as beans, marbles, pebbles, &c. and begins with one bean, and after adding another, he does not say twice one is two, as we do, but one time one bean, more one time one bean is equal to two times one bean, thus he proceeds as far as ten. He then takes one bean or marble from the ten, and says, ten times one marble less one time, one marble are equal to nine times one marble.

He often changes the things numbered to boards, peas, or any thing else. Thus the words one, two, &c. being immutable and the objects numbered, always changing, lays the foundation of abstract ideas of numbers in children.

This operation prepares the child for another, viz. he has a table which contains ten horizontal rows of rectangles, each row including also ten other rectangles, each rectangle in the first row, contains one space so as to be visible at a distance. In the second row, each rectangle contains two spaces, and each succeeding row contains one space more than the preceding, and the tenth and last row contains one hundred spaces.

This table becomes a powerful engine in the system, and leads the pupil on to algebra, thence to geometry, and finally to the mathematics; while the pupil, recollect, is not more than seven, or perhaps eight years old.

To give a succinct account of the management of these rows, spaces, and rectangles, would take up too much of my book, though I do not know that my object, which is to benefit mankind at large, could be better answered—I shall therefore give a few examples.

The reader has perceived in the very outset with the beans, &c. it is began and carried on upon mathematical principles, or a correct system of reasoning. The utility of these marble operations is readily discovered when applied to this table, they are applied in the abstract. Thus four times two more, five times two are equal to nine times two; and again, ten times three less four times

three, are six times three. This done, a new exercise arises by dividing nuts, peas, apples, &c. into equal parts, and to prove them equal, and their use in developing the human mind; they are thus applied: by looking on the first number of spaces included in the first rectangle of the second row of the table, as divided into two equal parts, and proclaim, one time one is the half part of one time two—two times one is one time two, &c.

In the third row, the number three will be considered likewise as divided into three equal parts Thus, one time one, is one time the third part of one time three—two times one are two times third part of one time three; four times one, is one time three more one time the third part of one time three, &c.

After going through the table in this manner, the following problems are resolved, to which the foregoing is the key: forty-seven times one are equal to how many times five, six, and seven? The exercise is then changed from one shape to another, and some times inverted until it leaves the child at algebra. The last combination of this exercise, the following: sixty-three are nine times seven, nine times seven are nine times the fourth part of four times seven; four times seven are twenty-eight, twenty-eight is four times five more three times the fifth part of one time five.

The preceding exercise is fourfold, and enables the pupil to solve the following: three times the seventh part of twenty-eight are two times the ninth part of how many times the eleventh part of fifty-five, and expressed thus, $\frac{a}{g} \frac{b}{h} = \frac{o}{g} \frac{m}{h}$ a most astonishing hight to be attained by a child of seven years old, who knows nothing of letters or cyphers, and while he was learning this he would not have got through his spelling book and his brains addled into the bargain.

It is hardly necessary to remark, that by this step the pupil enters the field of geometrical proportions. Eight successive exercises enables him to determine the fourth term of every geometrical proportion, the three first being given.

In all these and the succeeding, the hands, eyes, and tongues of the pupils, all move together, so that when one is perfect the whole is; while the teacher sits in his chair;* sometimes he will ask them questions untrue, pretendingly, the pupils instantly detect him, and, no sir, that is not so. Well, I declare, I beg pardon, I will be more particular in time to come. They are all frolic and fun, the teacher Mr. Neef, plays with them as though he were one of them, and the children are much attached to him. He uses no whiping or cruelty in his school, on the contrary, he is jocular and facetious.

After exercising his pupils until they are perfect in the preceding sciences, he teachers them drawing, or in other words, they teach themselves by imitating him. For instance, he says, I drew three horizontal lines and make it equal to the third on the table, they repeat the same.

When they are perfect in this, he teaches them not to read and write, but to write and read together, as they learn to write they learn to read. This is also a new and unthought of plan; he begins thus, what is the name of a tree that bears cherries? Answer. A cherry-tree.

The art and use of coherrency is here introduced.—The answer being given, the teacher asks the pupil, what he did when he answered.

*Pupil.* I spoke.

*Teacher.* Very well, but what did you, before you spoke.

*Pupil.* I do not know.

*Teacher.* Did you not think of something.

*Pupil.* Yes, I thought of trees and cherries and cherry-trees.

These questions give rise to the nature of ideas or thoughts, and forces the pupil, for the first time to see the necessity of writing in order, to convey his thoughts to a person at a distance.†

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* Mr. Neef introduces two other tables before he is done, consisting of squares ranged upon a table, which enables the pupil to unravel the most intricate and difficult point.

† He makes reading a consequence of writing.

The profound reasoning which takes place after this discovery, embraces, nay it completely anatomises the organical parts of the human body, which are combined with sound, the tongue, the teeth, throat, glottis, gullet, lungs, palate, lips, nose, &c.

For the sounds of the human voice, he has entirely new names, as he explodes the whole of our vowels and consonants, and proves them the silliest things in the world.—He says there are ten simple sounds in the human voice and we have but five vowels.

To the articulations of the human voice he gives the following names: *dento-labial*, *dento-lingual*, *palato-lingual*, *palato-somo-lingual*, and others to the same effect.

In a very short time, perhaps a day, the pupil learns to write and read.

If Mr. Neef scatters our alphabet in the wind, he annihilates our grammar, and his pupils, who are perfect grammarians, not only teach themselves, but make their own grammar. He says our verbs are not verbs; in short, he tears up the whole of it root and branch, without much pity for the poor *ams* and *haves* who have to undergo so much hardship and toil as helping verbs.

I cannot follow him, but give a few examples, and must first observe, he has neither nouns or pronouns in his grammar, or one single article of what we call the parts of speech. He comprises grammar under three distinct heads, viz. Ideology, lexography, syntax, and as in all his proceedings, the first question in other grammars is the last in his. Ideology contain his materials of speech, lexography dissects them, and syntax employs them. I am sorry I cannot either find room for, or sufficiently understand this part of the Pestallozzi system, as it has all the appearance of being the deepest and most useful part of science in the system. He says our verb, what is it, the word, to eat; he says, eat is a word, but he is witty upon the neuter verbs, for instance, I march, you say gentlemen I march, is a neuter verb, and I love, denotes action, while I march, denotes neither action nor passion, nor activity. When I, therefore, travel on foot from Philadelphia to New-Orleans, I am the laziest fellow in the

world; but when a young man is whispering soft nonsense in the ear of his mistress, he to be sure is the most busy man in the world. Another,

They burn, { a bull / a cow / a log

Here it is seen, that a bull is masculine, cow feminine, and log, Neef says, no gender at all. Sothat the word burn must take the name of a thing, verb. He in short, ungrammars the whole of our grammar, which in his hands appears to be the greatest piece of nonsense in the world. He is equally pleasant with the auxillaries, to be and to have, in the verb to hit. Under the head grammar, Mr. Neef, analyzes the whole fabric of speech in a masterly style.

His system of Ethics follows grammar, and is remarkable for its simplicity. He admits as a fact, that all religions consist of dogmas and morals, but permits his pupils to think as, they please, what tenets are right and what not, and does not meddle with any in his system, as all religions, however, abhor crimes, or ought to do so, and inculcates virtue. He teaches his pupils to avoid the one and practise the other; and instead of asking them in the first place, as others do, what is God? he asks them whether they have hands? This question his pupil answers at once, whereas he would have to be instructed what to say in the other, and get it by heart.

He laughs at the practice of telling children they must get one page or two, by heart. Next to the hand question, he goes on with all the members of the body, and that all those members belong to them, and if so, they cannot belong to any body else. By this means the child perceives his rights.

His next question is, did we give ourselves these members, and every thing else, of which we are proprietors? The pupil answers, no. Who then is the author of these valuable gifts? By this method of proceeding, the pupil learns the existence of the Supreme Being; this he does not tell his pupils, they discover it themselves. As they receive their intelligence and every good thing from this

great supreme good, they conclude his intelligence must be infinite.

As his pupil's ideas unfold themselves, Mr. Neef supplied them only with words to express those ideas. The faculties, wants, &c. of the body, arise out of the foregoing, and of course are to be supplied by these members, and hence government and laws of society, that one may not invade the rights of another, and from a knowledge of these rights, the pupil discovers his duties; these duties teach them to respect the rights of others; and though the earth produces every thing, by which they, by these members and their faculties, supply their wants, yet they are not to prevent others from doing the same.

His pupils are brought to reason thus, God is the author of our existence, our existence subjects us to wants; from these wants flow our rights. But other men have the like wants, and the like rights; all men are subject to duties, in other words, laws, and proves that we are dependent on, or liable to be dependent on our fellow beings, and that our rights pre-supposes, that we are neither to suffer any wrongs, nor inflict wrongs upon our neighbors, and that we ought to render reciprocal favors

This is a powerful motive to improve our faculties.— Thus the little pupil becomes a legislator, and is initiated into the field of metaphysical disquisitions. Natural history falls in next, and seems to be a favorite part of education with Mr. Neef, as in the preceding system, he differs from all the learned naturalists in introducing his pupils into the field of this beautiful and unbounded science.— He remarks in the outset, that there are but too many people who know or pretend to know every thing in the world, except what lies under their own noses. He calls those walking dictionaries, and though they can tell at what hour the emperor of Japan rises, and at what hour he goes to bed, what time of the day he dines, &c. and every thing that passes in foreign countries, and yet is ignorant that their next door neighbor is sick and in want of assistance.

On the contrary his pupils, to use his own emphatical expressions, shall know what passes before their eyes,

and what concerns them and their neighbors. Takes nature for his book, and confines them to surrounding objects, and every object is explained with great exactness. He first begins with water, and shows its uses to man and beast—next fire, and its powers in calcinating substances, and transforming and reducing them.

Thus he goes on, examining, observing them, describing, and analyzing all the various earths and stones, salts, bitumens, metals, vegitables, trees, plants, quadrupeds, birds, worms, insects, and fishes: and makes excursions for the express purposes, some times altogether, and some times in parties, and after examining each collection by themselves; the whole squadron is then assembled in one room, and correction made if needful—no book or author being consulted.

In all these proceedings, he has but one vote.

From this he proceeds to classing, uses, specific weights; and from the superior skill of his pupils in calculating, they can ascertain the weight of an oak, ship, wall, &c. He has botanical gardens, and discovers the diseases and death of plants, and the whole kingdom of plants undergoes a thorough examination, and all their uses to mankind.

Natural philosophy comes in after this.—In this part of education, he pursues nearly the beaten tract, but without a book.

Chemistry also, makes a part of his system, but he has no laboratory—he takes the kitchen for his laboratory; he remarks, what is very true, that cooks are the greatest chemists we have, and his chemical operations are carried on before a common fire, and begins with snow, ice, or any solid body, and reasons upon the effects of cold and heat, evaporation, transformation, &c. also the effect of different substances upon each other, in their combinations, such for instance, as metals, oil, acids, acohol, salts, &c. In this study, I perceive, discoveries and illustrations of some of the common processes of chemistry for the first time.

Gymnastics or exercises, is also a part of his system, and he indulges his pupils in the open air, at running,

jumping, climbing, bathing, swiming, summer and winter: to aid the extention of the bones and nerves of the children, and urges it as requisite to health, as air and sunshine is to the growing of plants.

He takes his pupils to an open plain, and ranges them at equal distances, and setting the example, he takes a firm upright posture, which is the foundation of all their future movements; it is equal to, if not superior to a dancing school—when they have taken their position, he explains to them, that every motion is composed of two distinct parts, performance and duration, and to hold out in any position, requires as much force as to take it.—Having taken his position, he begins to move, while the whole of the pupils imitate him at once upon the word of command, viz. Head forward, head backward, head right, left, &c. When the pupils have sufficiently practised all the graceful movements of the head, the motions of the body is then combined with that of the head—and the exercises in this double movement, are extended to some length, until the pupil gains a complete command of himself, and moves with ease and grace. The pupil next uses his members, arms, &c. with the same care until they are perfect in the whole—they are then let into the secret of using these members, as means of supplying their wants, and defending themselves from enemies, should these rights be invaded.

Mr. N. says, I know, that on this happy globe of ours, there are to be found monsters of every kind and discription, which go under the name of emperors, kings, despots, tyrants, crowned heads, domestic traitors, [true enough,] assassins, persecutors, robbers, murderers, and other but less ferocious wild beasts, and that we have those members and faculties to defend ourselves against all enemies. Some, says Mr. N. may blame me for inculcating those ideas, but I had no hand in making society what it is. I perceive, however, he is no admirer of standing armies. His motto is, "Do not unto others that which thou wouldst not have done to thee." He opposes at all points a superfluous navy, unnecessary fortifications, national debts, permanent taxes, and all such state machinery.—

No such thing, said he, is necessary; history and my own experience, have too fully convinced me, that those very establishments are the harbingers of thraldom, that they are just as compatible with real freedom, as consciousness of guilt is compatible with a good conscience, and means only, that every freeman ought to be capable of acting efficiently in defence of his country.

His scheme however, appears only to extend to the health of the body, sanity of the mind, and purity of the heart. He therefore, amuses his pupils with military evolutions, and first begins with platoons, and when perfect in these, divides them into squads, and a severe discipline is then introduced: they have arms and practise at the target until they are complete marksmen, or as he terms it, the best in the world.

The entrenchment or redoubts follow, or make a part of the discipline, which their knowledge of geometry enables them to construct. He said, (humorously,) that nothing but the want of cannon will prevent his pupils from becoming artillerists, and the want of horses, from becoming horsemen.

Though a proficient in all the ancient and most of the modern, he does not seem to be a warm advocate of the dead languages; he thinks it a useless waste of time, and gives unanswerable reasons why they are totally useless; yet he teaches Latin, Greek, and French, the latter very differently from the other teachers.

Geography is embraced in the system, and he seems favorable towards poetry, and very partial to music, in which science he appears to combine in his own person, every thing which has been discovered, said, set, composed, or sung since its origin; and though his soul seems on fire at the sound of music, he rejects the common track. I perceive this to be peculiar to Mr. Neef, he discovers a profound knowledge of every science and language, yet rejects the whole manner of instructing youth, by all teachers, and proves to demonstration, that our whole structure of education is radically wrong, and in every branch of his system, he commences as though he were the first in the world to frame a system, going back to

the earliest ages; he improves by their errors, and clearly points them out. The system pursued before Pestalozzi, was doubtless, the best that weak inexperienced man could devise, but this is no reason why a better should not be substituted in its room, and that the Pestalozzi system taught by Mr Neef, is superior to any system hitherto discovered, there is no question. It is self-evident, from the surprising facility with which his efforts have been crowned in teaching mere children, what it would take twenty years to learn the old way, and perhaps I might with propriety add, no student ever attained the same degree of knowledge, whereby he is fitted to enjoy happiness and confer it upon others.

A gentleman in Steubenville waited upon me to the school-room. I found it so crowded I could scarcely get in, and with difficulty procured a seat. Mr. Neef was sitting near the door with his profile toward me, very busily engaged, and paid no more attention to me than if I were a fly or a gnat—he never turned his head, bowed or took the least notice of me, whatever. This I learned afterwards, is his uniform practice, no matter who enters his school. It appears reasonable, as his pupils, agreeably to him, would have to imitate him. He had a large table before him, and little girls and boys sitting around it, and others behind them. When I entered the pupils appeared to be learning music, but being intirely taken by surprise, and having no conception of his method at the time, it might have been some other part of his system. His countenance was pleasant, and his eye was studiously bent upon the hindmost row of the boys, it being understood that the boys were on one side and the girls on the other, face to face. The boys were also smiling, particularly when they would make a mistake. He would chide them for laughing in perfect good humor; now what do you see to laugh at. They would proceed altogether. He would repeat, one, two, three, four, five, very loud and all upon one key; when he stopped the pupils would take up the same key or tone, and repeat *la la* as often as the master repeated the numbers—when they

were done, he repeated the same thing, and was followed by the pupils as at first.

He continued at this for some time, when they commenced another lesson on their slates in geometry. The master always speaking first; I draw my upright or parallel, or as the case may be, they follow him—all speak and using the pencil at the same time—after the figure is completed; have you all done, yes sir, all replied. So they continued without ceasing, while I remained in the school, but not one of them took notice of me—some of the children might have been ten years old, and all seemed to proceed as though they were at play. It drawing near night, I withdrew to Judge Tappan's, a few paces only from the school, and in a short time Mr. Neef entered the parlor with several of the judge's children, boys and girls. It was then, I perceived the superiority of the Pestalozzi system. Upon being introduced to those children, they saluted, looked, spoke, and acted different from any children I had hitherto seen. The most accomplished gentleman had not more easy grace or intelligence, in their looks or manners. But the most striking trait, was their unequalled, chaste, warm, and genuine friendship; they appeared to be the most kind and hospitable little beings in the world, and have no equals in conversation or politeness.

Mr. Neef was polite, lively, gay and facetious, and having understood, I was opposed to the missionaries, he joined me with much cordiality, and said they were, also great enemies of his. Mr. N. is almost, if not altogether, the only person at least, that I have met with, who displays the same independence on the subject of this religious tyranny and priest-craft. They will certainly oppose him, as his system will soon put an end to their impositions. I should rejoice to see a school of this discription in every county, town, and city in the union.—Mr. Neef is of middle height, rather heavy, plainly dressed in a grey surtout, his hair cut, though not short, profuse and lay in clusters over his forehead, his face was round and well featured, and his eye and countenance of the true Swiss independence.

## JOURNEY TO WHEELING.

On the 17th December, I left Steubenville for Wheeling in the stage, the steamboat having passed in the night. We crossed the Ohio at Steubenville, and went down on the Virginia shore.

The day was very cold, and no passengers except a little boy, we were sadly jolted, the road being rough and hard frozen. The Ohio river however, with its wonted radiance, cheered my spirits and sweetened all my toil. Its smooth glossy bosom filled my soul with transport, and imparted an unspeakable charm to the heart.—The tall straight trees, added no little to the grandeur of the scene, and transported me out of myself.

I dreaded the moment when night would shut out the beauty of the scene. It was dark when we arrived at Wheeling.

I had heard Miss Frances Wright was lecturing at Wheeling, before I left Pittsburg, and I hoped to have met with this celebrated female at that town: and almost the first thing I said, after entering the tavern, was to inquire whether she had left Wheeling? I was told she had. I observed, I was very sorry, as I was anxious to see her, and remarked, I understood, she was very popular; she is very popular amongst the gentlemen; replied a woman, who sat rather behind me, in a very tart voice: she is not respected amongst the ladies, none of them admit her into their company. Whenever you hear these bitter remarks made by a female against her own sex, you may set down two admitted facts, viz. that the female who makes them, is a bad woman in any sense you please, and the female of whom they are made, a good woman. From Miss Wright's writhings, I had at first formed an exalted opinion of her talents, but now when I saw her the object of bitterness and envy, I was confirmed in my opinion; I made nearly the same remark to the woman, who, no doubt, assumed a title of which she was unworthy, that of being a lady. Whenever you hear a female speak of her own sex in this manner, you cannot mistake her real

character, any more than the character of the object of her envy. This was not the lady of the house, but some visitor, and a true missionary—I began to tremble for Wheeling.

Miss Wright had left Wheeling about two days, after lecturing several nights to crowded houses, and made, as I understood, several converts.

I saw just such another remark, at least it contained as much gall, by the translator of the travels of the Duke of Saxe Weimer. He, like myself, was anxious to see Miss W and as well as I recollect, was disappointed. He mentions her in his travels, and rather in respectful terms.

When the translator comes to this part of the duke's travels, he says, "Miss Wright is a woman who travels alone, very little respected, but by a certain class," or words to that amount, "and writes and speaks against religion." And what does he do?—does he give an evidence of religion, except the religion of tracts, in slandering a woman? What if Miss Wright did travel alone? What had she to fear amongst such godly people? are they not gospel spreaders, and about to convert all the heathen on the globe? This missionary, as he doubtless is, by his charitable remarks, would take a different step from Miss W. he would not travel alone, nor would any of his sister missionaries, though they are all so holy. Suppose Miss Wright had travelled in company with a gentleman; would this have silenced their slanderous tongues? I fancy not; this is one sure mark of the hypocrasy of these people, I mean that of slandering their neighbors—it is a sure mark of the vileness of the one, as it is of the merit of the other.

I had still one solace left, and concluding I might still have the good fortune to overtake Miss W as she was before me. I sent for Dr. Oaf, an old and respectable acquaintance whom I knew lived in Wheeling.

In a very short time the Doctor came, and though it had been some years since I had seen him he was little altered.

Though I had spent some years in West Virginia, I had never been up the Ohio as far as Wheeling—my pleasure, therefore, at meeting with an old acquaintance in a strange place, may well be imagined. The doctor is one of your liberal men, and hates the missionaries, and though he and I used to kick up a dust about our gardens, (as we joined fences,) when we lived next door, it was all forgotten, and we laughed our old quarrels over about the pigs and the chickens. Dr. Oaf, however, is an amiable man, well informed, lively, and sociable, and beguiled me of many a laugh, while I remained in Wheeling; and for the hundredth time related the old anecdote of Col. Ruffner and the hog, which had now become new to me, at least. For be it known, other people had pigs as well as I, and the moment I saw the doctor, I thought of the anecdote—and by way of antidote for the remarks of the snarling old maid, as I suspect she was, we have the anecdote as follows: Besides my pigs there was a large grown hog that baffled all the doctor's skill, she jumped equal to a deer, and let him fasten the gate as he could, the hog would be in the garden in spite of him; sometimes the doctor would set up the whole night to save his fine melons, as this learned pig prefered them to all other vegetables—he would have killed the pig and paid the owner an equivalent, but he was unable to discover the owner.

One evening, Col. Ruffner, the great salt-works owner, happened to call in. The colonel lived within half a mile of Charleston, the doctor's residence at the time, which is on the Kenhawa river. He related the circumstance of the hog's trespassing, and asked the colonel's advice on the subject. Oh, said the colonel, I will put you upon a plan that will rid you of her forever, catch her with your dogs, and get a sharp knife, and slit her feet an inch or two, exactly in the middle where the hoof parts, and I will engage she will never get in your garden again. The colonel was a magistrate and an elder in the church besides, but there were no missionaries in those days.

A few evenings afterwards, the hog paid a visit to the melons again, and the doctor caught her with his dogs,

and went to work with his knife, and just as he had split the two fore-feet; who should step up, but the colonel. Ah, I see you are upon the right plan, that is the way.—The doctor split the other two feet, but instead of one or two inches, he split them between three and four, and let the hog go, but lo! she fell down, being unable to walk at all. Confound it you cut too deep, said the colonel, as he stepped up to examine the operation, why let me see; looking at the mark; if it is not my preeden sow, (he was a German,) Cod pless me, I would not take $20 for her!

Being dark, I was unable to see the town until the next morning, and after tea I retired.

Wheeling is a very handsome town, situated on the bank of the Ohio river, and has considerable trade.

Like Pittsburg and Steubenville, it is surrounded with hills of coal, and is deeply engaged in manufactures. It is built on Wheeling creek, from which it takes its name, a romantic stream, with a high perpendicular shore of rough wild rocks, and the town is environed with hills, which are clothed with lofty majestic trees to their summit; in these hills lie the wealth of Wheeling, being solid masses of coal. They differ however, from the hills of Pittsburg, as they are fertile and susceptible of cultivation.

Wheeling is regularly laid out, and the buildings are large but not showy.

The public buildings are a Presbyterian church; Episcopal do., Methodist do., Catholic do., all brick.

A Lancastrian academy, a handsome brick building, erected and supported by a fund left by the late Noah Lindsey, Esq. a Yankee lawyer, who lived and died in this place, and a better man never breathed, ordered, it is said, in any plan.

A Masonic hall, a handsome brick; two master Masonic lodges, and one royal arch Chapter.

A stone court-house, a brick gaol; market-house and council chamber.

Two circulating Libraries.

Population 4,500, and rapidly increasing.

There are also, three air foundries, one woollen manufactory, one glass manufactory, two cotton manufactories, three carpet manufactories, one copperas manufactory, a brewery, &c. &c.

### WHEELING MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

Messrs. Shriver, Wood, and Co. owns the American Steam Foundry of forty horse power, and appears to be superior to any I have seen, in expedition at least. It finishes a steam engine of one hundred horse power in from three to four weeks! Every description of machinery made of iron, is done at this foundry in a style of excellence and strength equal, if not superior, to any cast in the western country. It consumes 200 tons of pig and bar iron annually.

This foundry is supplied with water from the Ohio, which is conveyed through iron pipes, from which it is contemplated to supply the town with water.

### PHŒNIX FOUNDRY.

Owned by Mr. Cooper, makes small castings, from 50 to 75 tons per annum, of a superior quality.

### UNION FOUNDRY,

The property of Messrs. Scott, Pollock, & Co. is a new and extensive establishment, and the castings made at this foundry are in great demand. It is in south Wheeling.

### WOOLLEN MANUFACTORY,

Is owned by Messrs. Prescot and Co. manufactures 60,000 pounds of wool annually, in broadcloths, flannels, blankets, and carpets. Employs 80 hands.

### WHEELING GLASS FACTORY,

Is the property of Messrs. Knox and M'Kee. Amount manufactured annually, $2,400.

### COTTON MANUFACTORIES.

I saw but one; the property of an extensive company, has 1500 spindles; manufactures 360 bales of cotton annually. No cloth is made here, they sell the yarn faster than it can be spun. Annual sales of spun cotton amount to $34,000. Capital invested, $35,000. So that more force is wanted here.

### CARPETING.

Some of the best carpetings are manufactured in Wheeling, in the United States, or perhaps superior. This business is carried on to a great extent, and employs a number of hands. The colors are bright and lasting, and the texture equal to any imported.

### WHEELING BREWERY,

Is the most extensive I have met with in my travels. It is the property of Henry Moore, Esq. The building is 100 feet by 50, and strongly built of brick and stone. Makes 225 barrels of prime breer, and 200 of porter, annually; which consumes 8,000 bushels of barley and 7,000 pounds of hops. The capital invested is $8,000.

There are also, a large steam grist and saw mill in Wheeling. All the machinery for those manufactories and many others, is made on the spot.

Besides those great machineries, there are first

### A SADDLETREE MANUFACTORY.

This is a very important establishment, and is the property of D. Murray and Sons. Amount manufactured annually $6,250.

### WIRE MANUFACTORY,

Owned by Messrs. Mathers and Son. Amount manufactured annually is $4,500.

### TWO OIL PRESSES,

The property of John Dix, Esq. Value of oil (cold pressed castor,) made annually is $8,000. The beans from which the oil is made are reared in the neighborhood.

### LABORATORY.

This is the property of Dr. Hornbrook, and employs, from 10 to 12 hands. The doctor manufactures weekly, to the amount of $8,000 worth of copperas and alum, besides spirits of nitre, (dulce,) spirits of vitrol, varnish, &c.

Besides these, there are various other manufactories in Wheeling, such as hatters, cabinet makers, coppersmiths, &c. &c.

Every branch of business in Wheeling is carried on to greater perfection, than in any of the great workshops, as these towns are called, in the western country. All the work is neatly finished and substantially made. I saw the neatest and best finished chairs in Wheeling, the manufacture of that place, of any in the Union.

Thus goes on the west. Their soil rich, coal and iron, at their doors; their climate healthy, air pure, water fine; their citizens enterprising and industrious, plain, independent, and persevering; navigation at their doors. I see nothing under Heaven to prevent them from being the happiest people on earth, but the growth of missionaries.

All these towns, but particularly Wheeling, is a most delicious spot. What do they want? and yet this delightful spot is cursed with the worst of all curses, the missionaries! lamentable! that people in their senses, men of understanding, and particularly those opposed to this robbery, do not exert themselves to expel those enemies from amongst them. Here is a town, teeming with every beau-

ty and blessing, and the whole wearing a cloud of sable blackness; the look of the women would freeze the blood of a pirate. In the very place, where we ought to find the last touches of every charm, we find the death heads. I would rather find a thousand stinking skulls, than to find my sex, instead of imparting life and joy, and smiles to all around her, and ravishing sour senses, by the sweetness of her voice, and stealing our hearts by her kindness; erect her snaky (just received another sweet gospel spreading letter from Baltimore; put me in the right humor, nothing like a spur of some sort,) front and hiss, and writhe, and sink her envenomed fang with deadly aim into her female neighbor's reputation—gracious powers! one should think shame would arrest their tongues, as every gentleman at least, know that none but exceptionable females ever say ought against her sex, and no matter how vile men are, they are never made the object of their ill-nature, nor do gentlemen, at all, associate with them. No gentleman goes to these night meetings or Sunday schools; none but coarse, raw, awkward, ignorant young men go to these places.

> "The action with the music suits:
> So Orpheus fiddled, and so danced the brutes."

I can keep no measure with those women, a literal curse wherever they are, a chilling gloom overspreads their countenance, and taints the very atmosphere with hideousness. The damp my spirits received from the religious female upon the night of my arrival, was such, that I was unable to shake it off while I tarried in the town; and most of the females were of the same stamp. I met with a very engaging Boston lady at the tavern where I put up; this was Mrs. Petteson, a very amiable female, and abhors this missionary mania, as much as any one can do. My landlady was also, a very amiable female.

Many of the gentlemen, were likewise intelligent and liberal minded, though, doubtless, as in all other places, they are under the influence of their wives.

I found the people of Steubenville much less infected by priest-craft than Wheeling.

My friend Dr. Oaf is proprietor of the theatre, but meets with much opposition from these religious hypocrites, who wish to tyranise over the world, and suppress every thing that does not put money in their own pockets, or that tends in the least to improve, amuse, or instruct mankind. Had it not been for theatres the world would still be groping in the dark. Which is the greater evil, to receive amusement and instruction from a well represented play, or to dupe the ignorant and unguarded out of their money, and plunge them into ignorance by stuffing them with tracts, and alluring females to follow them night and day, to the injury of their health, reputation and fortune? When American women were kind and hospitable, a few years back, there were no such thing as night meetings, or tract or bible societies; every female was found at home, attending to her household affairs; and if an unfortunate fellow creature came to the door he was invited in, and his wants relieved. But now, although they are gadding to church two thirds of the time, they would just as soon give him a broken leg or a broken head as a piece of bread. These are the people who object to theatres. There is no place where you can receive more instruction than at a theatre, if properly conducted. It is nothing more than a mirror which reflects the vices and follies of the age; showing folly its end, and virtue its reward in a well represented play. But this is the reign of terror and of priests.

I found several enlightened Yankees in Wheeling, but they are not able to stem the tide of ignorance. I find education in the hands of Presbyterians here, as in most other places. Strange infatuation of our people, not to see and prevent this greatest of all curses—a total suppression of useful knowledge, by letting this dangerous and designing sect ruin the youth of our country. This may truly be called the dark age of America.

Mr William Petuson, the husband of the lady mentioned, and counsellor Nelson were both Yankees, and clung to me during my visit to Wheeling. Had it not

been for the polite attention of these gentlemen I should have found some difficulty in searching out the information under the head of Wheeling.

Dr. Oaf, as the smallpox was then raging in Wheeling, was constantly engaged in his professional business;* and, of course it was not in his power to pay that attention to me he otherwise undoubtedly would.

Mr. P. is rather a young man, of good size, and genteel in his manners, learned and intelligent. He is the soul of kindness and true Yankee hospitality. Nearly his whole time was devoted to me; and to his politeness I am principally indebted for many of the particulars on the subject of Wheeling.

Morgan Nelson is an eminent lawyer, and though a Yankee, I am unable to say which of the New England States has the honor of his birth. He is of middle age, and rather over the common size; an erect, good figure; fair complexion, of very engaging manners, and one of the most intelligent faces in the world.

Morris W. Chaplin, Esq. likewise ranks high at the bar. He is, if I recollect, a Virginian—a tall imposing figure, with a fair, round, full face, fine blue eyes, and gay open countenance. Every part of the human body contributes more or less to express the indications and properties of the mind, but more particularly the face. Nature, ever consistent with herself, will speak in the countenance, and with more eloquence than words can utter. I have more than an hundred times, since I began to travel, paid very little attention to the language of a man, but a great deal to his countenance, as nature forms us first within for every part of her plan; and by watching the countenance narrowly, when addressing a man, you have a more accurate knowledge of what passes within than by attending to his language. At first sight, therefore, I conceived a favorable opinion of Mr. C. though he was busily engaged in writing when I entered his office, and scarcely took time to salute me. His manners

* I ought to have mentioned that the smallpox was also raging at Pittsburg.

are mild, friendly and polite, mixed with that sort of elegance and ease which indicate a highly improved mind.

Besides these gentlemen, Wheeling boasts of Messrs, Jacobs, Whitehead, and several others, members of the bar, whom I did not see. I suspect these were blueskins, and kept out of my sight—the wisest plan.

Mr. Focet, a wealthy and independent merchant, was a convert of Miss Wright; or rather maintained the same principles, which goes the same length that I do against the imposition of priests; at least, those who make a traffic of the gospel, and corrupt our women. Both he and Miss W., however go much farther than I do; but they are people of science and learning, and perhaps can see further than I can. I have nothing to do with science or disputation, and abjure all sorts of religious arguments, for this good reason, I do not understand it. And though I do not know what religion *is*, (I mean the Christian religion,) I know what it is *not*. I know that it cannot consist of falsehood and robbery under pretence of converting the heathen. It cannot consist in slandering and in cruelty. It cannot consist in money It cannot consist in feathers and flowers, and all the pride and profligacy which mark its possessors. It cannot consist in superb churches and show. It cannot consist of Tracts and Sunday schools, as Christ its head, never said a word about either.

Therefore, so far as Miss Wright goes against these things I am with her.* Mr. F. spoke in the highest terms of Miss Wright, and being a great admirer of her himself, he inspired me with very exalted sentiments in her favor, and I regretted exceedingly not having seen her. I understand she is a tall, elegant woman, of fine talents, and much independence.

It is certainly honorable to the sex that one of them, at least, has had the spirit to resist the daring impudence of these gospel spreaders, and to expose their impositions on the sex. Their influence over women is truly alarm-

* Miss Wright, in one of her remarks, gives these love-lady priests a good hit She told them, "Christ said he would make them fishers of men, but they had become fishers of women."

ing. Never, in any age, were women so degraded, and I may say men too; as they have completely established their power over the one through the other; and this state of things cannot be changed but by enlightening the people, and this requires time. Unless some very decisive measures are taken to arrest this dreadful monster there is but little prospect of a speedy deliverance.

The present alarming situation of our country, from religious tyranny, has driven Episcopalians, Methodists, Baptists, &c. into the same absurdity; and as there is but one way to establish tyranny, viz. falsehood and deceit, the whole of these sects, from mutual fear of each other, mutual depravity, and a total prostration of virtue, have thrown off the very last semblance of decency, and are all alike hostile to our safety; and, like a swollen river, threatens our whole country with destruction. They are alike barbarous and hard-hearted to the poor, avaricious and greedy for money, mean and perfidious in laying schemes to acquire it, and uniform in seizing upon the passions of ignorant women. Each has the same end in view, which is universal dominion; which, by surprise or stratagem, they are bent upon; and he man or woman who has the patriotism and courage to meet this hideous monster, and at least keep it at bay a little longer, deserves eternal renown.

I think it no wonder that Miss W. should not believe in the truth of the Christian religion when she has such undeniable evidence of the vileness of its professors. Instead of attempting to convert her, as that is their object they say to convert the heathen and infidel, they heap all manner of slander and vile language upon her, and are continually sending her letters filled with obscenity and billingsgate. I suppose they learn this in the Bible.

I have a guess what kind of letters Miss W. receives, from what I received myself: doubtless such as I received from Carlisle and Pittsburg I challenge these religious hyocrites to come forward and show in what part of the Bible they learn this infamous practice. I insist upon an answer, and shall consider them as hypocritical

knaves and slanderers unless they point me to the chapter and verse. Now, they have loaded Miss W and myself with obscene letters, that no inmate of a brothel would write. I have a few of them now, with the handsome pictures. They are said to be in the hand writing of women. I suspect these pious missionaries give these gadders a few lessons in drawing from the original. I cannot say whether the specimens in my possession are well or ill drawn; but I can say that if such is the christian religion Miss Wright is not to be blamed for raising her voice against it. And, as for myself, I can say, that I have never seen any action of these missionaries but what would disgrace a Turk. The whole community cannot too soon unite against them. See the degraded state of our funds. How long can our country stand at this rate? And all these abominable women are perfect tyrants over their husbands.

Mr. Focet is a very amiable man, and highly respected, and has that kind of independence that every American ought to possess. He is a moral upright man, kind to the distressed and hospitable to strangers; which is more than can be said of the "good, sound Presbyterians," who strip the widow and the orphan. And as for his opinions, he is accountable to none but his God.

Mr. Fisher is likewise a liberal, benevolent man; also Messrs. A. & E Picket—they are booksellers. I was pleased to find them free from the pollution of the missionary system; and while this is the case there is some hopes of a reformation; but as soon as book-sellers and presses are bought up by the missionaries liberty is no more!

These are very amiable, enlightened and independent men, and must be proof against money; for, doubtless, they have had the offer.

Mr. Peabody Atkinson has a good deal of the blue-skin about him, but did not approve of the *Church* and *State men*. Nonsense—whoever approves of tracts, and such societies, are aiding and abetting the scheme, it is putting arms into the hands of the enemy. Mr. Atkinson is, however, a very amiable man, and a Yankee. He

had seen my books, and observed the notice I took of a friend of his, Mr. Peabody A. Morse, whom I met with first at Dartmouth College, and again at Haverhill, where he resides. Mr. Morse is mentioned in the second volume of my Black Book—I am bound to him by the deepest obligations; and it gave me much pleasure to meet with his friend and namesake. I should certainly have esteemed Mr. A. for the sake of his friend, and it gave me double pleasure to be enabled to esteem him for his own sake. He is a tall, stout, and well turned figure, plain and friendly in his manners, and much respected in Wheeling, though it strikes me he does not live exactly in the town.

Wheeling is the residence of the Hon. Judge Caldwell. I had the pleasure of meeting with Judge Caldwell at Wilmington, Delaware, some time back, where he had brought his daughter for her education; but, unfortunately he was absent from Wheeling at the time of my visit.

Dr. Oaf, my friend, is a middle aged, light figure, of middling height, with an oval, fair face, blue eye, and gay, lively countenance; he is genteel and affable in his manners, and doubtless one of the ablest physicians in the western country. He is full of anecdote and fun, but of sober industrious habits, and is a man of very general information. I have seen several ably written pieces of his on science, which prove him to be a man of study and discernment. But I am most pleased with that part of the Doctor's character which goes to oppose the missionaries, and hope he may meet with a liberal patronage.

I am the more pleased at the opportunity of doing justice to the Doctor, as I had, upon a former occasion, passed upon him some rather unjust censures.

My landlord, Mr. Graham, and particularly Mrs. G. was kind and obliging, and highly deserving of public patronage. Their table is one of the best I have seen in the west; the rooms comfortable, and the servants attentive. I had the pleasure of meeting with the brother of General or Governor (which you please) Carroll, at Wheeling, who was accompanied by his lady, a tall, el-

egant woman, but rather distant and stiff, I thought for an eastern lady, nor did I admire the appearance of Mr. Carroll

I have little more to say of Wheeling, my time there being limited to one day, (Saturday,) and part of Sunday, and the days being then at their shortest, it may be supposed I was not idle. When the stage called for me at one o'clock, A. M. I recollect very well it found me talking with Dr. Oaf and writing, and without tasting dinner, though on the table at the same time.

I have often remarked, the variety found in mankind, in the same state, same town, and in the same house, are as unlike as the dove and the viper. And merely for the sake of example, I found a most detestable fop in Mr. Nelson's office. He grinned like a monkey, as nothing but four-legged and two-legged monkeys grin at all. I always find these monkeys in gentlemen's houses, and was told they were for amusement; with book in hand, it lisped and grinned and bobbed its head. High life below stairs. He went beyond Judge Hall—now each clime has its peculiar quadrupids, birds, and fishes, but fops are found in all climates.

One thing however, is peculiar to the western country, which is a native and inbred sense of honor, common to children; I do not recollect publishing this remark, which I was unable to do, until I saw the old states. This is another evidence, why a person who has never been out of his own country; is not only unable to describe it; but of all countries, he has the least idea of the one he lives in. He may form some idea of other countries, but of his own none. It would have been impossible for me to have known the difference between children, men, trees, rivers, soil, or any thing in the new and old states. Why? Because I never heard the remark; and how happened this, doubtless it has never been made. We have Brackenridge's views, and Darby's views, and guides and pictures, and many other things, representing, to be a description of the western country: none are careful to mark those bold lines which distinguish the western from the old or Atlantic states: nor does it require any great dis-

cernment to draw lines, where they are already strongly drawn.

But what do we care for children? says the historian and traveller, our business is with the improvements, and where other improvements may be made; we are only the pioneers to point out where good settlements may be made, and navigation encouraged: in short, where populous towns may be located or begun, and the seeds of arts and sciences my be planted. We sometimes notice the growth of vegetables, and the variations of climate.

> "To tame the soil and plant the arts:
> What wonders there shall freedom shew,
> What mighty states successive grow."

But though we necessarily come often in contact with our fellow men, we never notice children, more than pupies or chickens, and wherefore? Wherefore? When you construct any thing made with the hand, for instance, a house, a ship, &c. do you look out for the best materials? It appears between the old and the new states, we are to have a mighty empire, which cannot hang together without laws. This leads us to the making of laws. Now, though there are a great difference of opinion upon governments: that is whether despotic, limited, or republican, are best suited to the happiness of man, yet there are but one opinion respecting the necessity of laws, which is, that as we are so wicked, we must have laws to protect us from each other, and that the utmost wisdom is requisite to frame them, which are to secure equal rights to all. Every citizen, therefore, will, for his own sake, elect men for this purpose, of the first wisdom and integrity, integrity above all. These men. all will admit, have once been children. It is with children, as with a nursery of fruit-trees, some are thrifty and flourishing, while others are sickly and dwarfish, and in the one case there can be no question, so neither can the other admit of a doubt; it therefore must follow, that a sound healthy child, is more likely to become a sound energetic man, than one who is not. Every species of the animal and

vegetable kingdom, proves this premise. But whatever may be the cause, whether from fertility of soil, salubrity of climate, or other causes not yet developed, the children of the west greatly exceed those of the old states, in size and manliness of expression, and the capacity of the mind seems to be in proportion to the size of the body. But besides this, they have an independence of manners, and an elevation of thought unknown in the latter.

This struck me forcibly after crossing the Allegheny mountains, or rather the Blue-ridge, on my first visit to the old states. "Oh, I love that man, he gave me a ninepence." I was quite astonished to hear this, which is universal wherever I have travelled; the children are the most avaricious little wretches in the world, of the Atlantic states. What sort of men will these make? Now he did not like the man for any good quality he might possess, but because he gave him money. The principle is shocking, a robber might say the same, and he would like him because he gave him money. Such children, I apprehend will, when grown, become a set of sharpers.—But you could not offer a greater afront to a child of the western states, than to offer it money, and the parents would consider it an insult.

While I was resting myself in the brewery, a middle-aged man accompanied by a pretty little boy: upon hearing who I was, requested him to sing the "Hunters of Kentucky." The boy without hesitation, sung the song, and acquitted himself to admiration. When I arose to return home, I took out a ten cent piece, (forgetting the character of the western children,) and was about to present it to the child, but in doing so, it accidentaly dropped on the floor, and the boy, (no other person being privy to it,) and I looked for it in vain; I returned to the tavern which was half a mile distant.

When we were about half way on our return, the father came galloping after us on horseback with the money, and insisted upon my receiving it back, and seemed rather offended, that I should have offered it to his son.—These are the children that will make upright honest men, and such are the parents of the noble west.

This high sense of honor is our surest safe-guard, and is worth more in a republican government than all the learning of the boasted schools of the old states. These principles will soon give a preponderance to the people of the west, and accordingly we find them now at the head of the nation.

## VISIT TO WASHINGTON, PA.

Here I take leave of the Ohio. Upon leaving Wheeling, we take the celebrated Cumberland road, which leads us directly up on a considerable eminence back of the town. I kept my eyes upon the broad, smooth river, until it was no longer in view, and ascended the eminence which was to divide us, but I hope not forever.

We had an extensive view from the eminence: The Ohio with Wheeling Creek—Wheeling, with its variety of factories; and the country to a great distance. The land is rich, but broken, and rises up into every shape and figure; with deep fissures and ledges of rocks; intermingled with lofty sugar-trees: while the hills are one solid mass of coal This description of country continued to Washington—24 miles; the whole way being watered by handsome, brisk running streams.

The Cumberland road, which must have been very expensive from the unevenness of the ground, is going to decay. Strong bridges throughout are built over all the streams and hollows, and a statue of Mr. Clay perpetuates his name, in sight of the road. It certainly was a stupendous undertaking to make a road of such magnitude, over such uneven ground.

The stage was full of tolerably good looking men, who, like myself, had left Wheeling without dinner. But we prevailed upon a lady to set us a lunch, while we changed horses at one of the inns. Judge Burnet, senator of Ohio, of whom I shall speak hereafter, was one of the passengers: he proves to be one of the first men in that state.

It was quite late before we arrived in Washington, and one of the gentlemen of the stage escorted me to th ta-

vern, (different from the stage house,) where I had been recommended. I was pleased to find a candle burning, and a very genteel young lady, who met me at the door very politely, to prepare supper.

I had been told that Washington and Cannonsburg were the head-quarters of the bluestockings in the west of Pennsylvania; but the tavern-keeper was a *Mason*, and a very clever man.

While the lady (who was the tavern-keeper's daughter) was gone to prepare supper, the landlady came in (the husband having retired) but a more terrific looking female I never saw: her face was flaming iron, and her countenance of steel. She questioned me with great impertinence, to which I returned such answers as soon silenced her, and she betook herself to reading her *Bible*, which lay on a candle-stand before her. I asked her if she learned such impertinence in the Bible. She made no reply. In a short time I had tea, and retired to a very neat comfortable chamber.

### WASHINGTON,

Is situated in a rich flourishing country; and is a thriving, handsome village upon the Cumberland road, which leads to Baltimore, and takes its name from an old noted place in Maryland, called Fort Cumberland. Washington occupies a commanding eminence, though it descends to steepness from one point. This would be one of the most delightful inland spots in the world, were it not cursed by those *viceroys* of Satan (so called,) the missionaries. The view is extensive, cheering, and beautifully diversified with hill and hollow, and farms, and must, in summer, present its quota of rich scenery.

Washington is the capital of Washington county, and is the seat of Washington college, to which my attention had been called by the friends of civil and religious liberty. Both this and Jefferson college at Cannonsburg, a few miles distant, has fallen into disrepute from the influence of the Presbyterians, who have turned both into repositories for tracts, and bible and missionary societies, to

the total suppression of learning and virtue. It is a well known fact, that wherever this sect has established its sway, virtue and honor has become extinct. Whether this be true, with respect to Washington college or not, I am not able to say. But it gives me much pleasure to have it in my power to exculpate the President. Rev. Mr. Wyley, from all share of blame with respect to the government of the college. I had heard many complaints of these colleges, and the principals of both Washington and Jefferson, being nick-named one (Mr. Brown,) being called the Pope, and Mr Wyley the Cardinal, such being the ignorance of the people with respect to objects of the first importance.

Neither of these Presidents are to blame for the tyranny and disorder of the Colleges; which the smallest investigation into their affairs will confirm. It is the Trustees who are to blame, and not the Principals or Professors. The hands and feet and tongues of the Principals are tied up by the tyrannical laws of the Trustees, who have made havoc of every thing learned, liberal or noble in the Colleges; which, like Dickinson, have become dens of unheard of wickedness: but the Principals are gentlemanly and liberal men. It is cruel and unjust to charge these men with the tyranny and misconduct of the Trustees; and it is the more heinous coming from the source, who alone is to blame for the evil, I mean the PEOPLE. Why do the people appoint these clergy Trustees? And why, when they are put in, do they not watch them and turn them out when they no longer fulfil the duties of their trust? There are, if they must have clergymen for Trustees, (for which I can see no reason,) honest Lutherans and Moravians, or Roman Catholics, enough, I should think, to make Trustees for all the Colleges in Pennsylvania; and they are the most liberal and learned men I find in the State. These Colleges are established by the people, and then left a prey to these ravenous wolves, and not a soul cares how they go on. If the Legislature can say, they have endowed and chartered a College, they think they have done something to promote learning, and conclude they have no more busi-

ness with them: they never dream of looking into their condition afterwards; and least of all do they consider that it is of the last importance to their country that they should do so. And now, too late, they see the consequences. All these Colleges ought to be suppressed, or remodelled upon a plan to produce the benefit for which they were designed. I presume they were not designed as missionary schools, which they have now become; and I might add—brothels!

I was truly sorry for Mr. Wesley, one of the best of men; who, heartless and hopeless, was about to resign his chair. Heart-broken, he found it impossible to bring his conscience to submit to the tyranny and wickedness of the Trustees; and actually left the College shortly after I saw him. A more capable or worthy man could not be placed at the head of any College than Mr. Wesley. He is a young looking man, of stout make, and a perfect gentleman, in every sense of the word. Learned, candid, and highly polished in his manners, he would do honor to any seminary over which he might be placed. But these qualifications only served to disqualify him to preside over Washington—any thing but honor, learning and integrity for them.

This state of things is quite alarming, and instead of serving for a laughing stock, as both these seminaries do, a speedy and thorough reformation ought immediately to be set on foot, and all these missionary men banished from all concern in our schools of learning. To sit still and laugh at them is the height of folly: for the next thing may be the knife or halter at our throats. I presume this would be no laughing matter.

The whole of this county, it appears, are thorough going Presbyterians, and are dangerous to our liberty.

Several of the students called with the President, and had a fine appearance: but by far the greater number kept out of sight. I was told they were distributing tracts, and collecting money for these and other societies, which pious purposes take up about two thirds of their time.

Missionaries and ladies have swallowed up every thing like goodness in this beautiful county. It is women that are to blame wholly and solely for this religious swindling. "O, let the women alone, Mrs. R., lash the men as much as you please, but let the women alone." And why; should the innocent be punished, and the guilty go free? When a woman commits a crime, does the law exhonorate her because she is a woman? Do not historians give the history of women as well as men? Does a historian deserve credit who does not tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth? My book is to stand forever; and, therefore, nothing but truth shall appear on its page, and as much of it as I can lay on. "But, Mrs. R., spare your own sex, you do harm to your cause." Were I even a man, this fallacious argument ought to have no weight, as it has no precedent; nor is any history valuable but in proportion to the integrity with which it is written. It is a gross error, therefore, to sacrifice truth to falsehood, virtue to vice, and modesty and innocence to unblushing guilt and impudence My object is to root out corruption, and regardless of the world's opinion, I go to the root: which is woman. I presume the cap fitted those gentlemen. Com. General G. paid by by our Government, is one of them His aunt, the old maid, Miss S. of C—e, (who kept her room several days, for shame, after my book came out, because it told the truth,) put this in his head, and has turned him against me. Thisis not all, he has turned Col. T. against me; and thus we have a proof, at once, of the evil of priest-loving women. This movement of Gen. G and Col. T proves they have little value for the good of society, to say nothing of the good of their country. I merely, hint that men who are governed by vicious women, and wish to conceal crime, are dangerous to our liberty.

It appears that both these gentlemen have not been altogether clear of traducing a highly respectable female. I traduce none: I come forward in the face of day. If I hear any more of this effort to stifle crimes and vice, because of the sex, I will open a scene of crime perpetrated amongst them, that will settle the business at once.

Are not all the actions of females in *all* ages, recorded with the most scrupulous exactness? This is indispensable, or we may give up history at once.

I shall be told that historians confine themselves to *great* females—distinguished females, queens, empresses, dutchesses; ladies, and princesses, and sometimes they condescend to mention the wife of an officer, and now and then an actress, but to descend so low as to notice common women, it was out of the question. I am not so: I contend that all women are like men, born free, and have equal rights, and "*we* are the most enlightened nation on earth." Our females are upon a par with the greatest in Europe! And let me ask, who polishes man? Is it not to woman we owe our civilization? What would the world be without women?—A mere herd of savages. Softness, beauty, gentleness, virtue and charity, gives a grace to the female form that tames the savage heart of man. They are the mothers of our Presidents, Senators, Generals, and Statesmen; and upon them alone hangs our future glory, or downfal, as a nation. It is to our females we are principally to look for our advancement in civilization; and from the boldness of their undertaking, of late, viz. to convert the world to christianity: by giving birth to, and educating pious young men, it would seem they are perfectly aware of their weight in the scale of society.

But for want of education, our women have lost their influence over men of sense and taste; and losing their power over men, men themselves are no longer restrained by charms, which no longer exist. Thus women have lost their power to attract, and are left to herd together; and being neglected by one class of men, they have fallen a prey to another—the missionaries. Thousands of dollars are pocketed by these men, from the labor of these silly women in Washington county. Their whole labor, I am told, goes to the support of missionaries, or, more properly, church and state men. I saw the daughter, (an old maid,) of the tavern keeper where I put up, working a lace veil, valued at 20 dollars, for the missionaries.

"That ancient heathen godhead, Moloch,
Oft stay'd his stomach with a bullock;
Or if his morning rage you'd check first,
One child suffic'd him for his breakfast."

I took myself off—these madams might cook me for their dinner.

The number of students at Washington College is greatly reduced, amounting at this time to no more than fifty. As my business was principally with the College, I did not extend my visit. I saw very few of the citizens: Mr. Griffin was all. I found him a very worthy, amiable man, of young appearance, mild and gentle in his manne s; of middling size, with a round, fair face, intelligent. bright blue eye, and an accomplished gentleman throughout. It strikes me he is an attorney.

I also heard of my friend, whom I met in Westmoreland, and was pleased to hear he was highly respected in Washington, (where he resides,) by the liberal portion of the citizens; but am so unfortunate as to have lost his name.

I found several gentlemen from the neighborhood, who were attending court. These were the finest looking men I had seen in West Pennsylvania—remarkable for handsome people of both sexes. I took a list of all their names, and of the most distinguished students: but unfortunately the paper fell amongst those delivered to the school committee.

The landlord was a plain good man; but the kindness of his son, I shall never forget, a most amiable young man; none of the male part of the family are missionaries. To the disgrace of my sex, the iron mask was the gentleman's second wife.

### CANNONSBURG,

Is but eight miles from Washington. I had had such an appalling account of Jefferson college, that I expected rather a rough reception, but was pleasantly disappointed.

I was much pleased in the first place, with the town, and found the people kind, exceedingly so, and the accommodations superior to any I had met with since leaving Steubenville. After taking breakfast, the best I ever sat down to, I was shewn into a large elegant parlor, and the weather being cold, it was comfortably warmed by a large coal fire. Calling for pen and ink, I addressed a note to the President, Rev. Mr. Brown, who called in the course of half an hour.

It has already been remarked, that Mr. Brown is stigmatized by many hard names, and looked upon with horror by the liberal part of the community. Imagine my surprise, upon seeing in the person of Mr. Brown, a tall mild looking man, with all the softness and ease of the most finished gentleman! So much for hearsay! So near Washington, and yet the report I had heard, was rather confirmed there. How cruel! how unjust! is this world! For though doubtless, the college deserves all that was said to its discredit, and a thousand times more, yet, no part of the blame ought to rest on Mr. Brown, but upon the trustees, as at Washington college. I am truly pleased that I called at Cannonsburg, as it may be the means of rescuing the character of Mr. Brown from the foul charges alledged against him. All that Mr. Brown ought to be blamed for, is prostituting his name and talents to the college. He is however, going to leave it, as he finds the efforts to discharge his duties so cramped by the severe and rigid regulations of the trustees, he cannot submit to them.

Mr. Brown is advanced in years, tall and slender, of very delicate appearance, and uncommonly mild and genteel in his manners. Neither he nor President Wyley, have any of that puritanical acid in their looks common to the sect, and both ought to stand acquitted of all blame for the degraded state of these colleges. I was unable to procure the rules of the Washington College, as there were none in print—nor was there a catalogue to be found; I was more fortunate at Jefferson, though the rules and catalogue was dated in 1825, three years back. But such rules would disgrace a state prison; and that any

gentleman would send his son to a place where even the repetition of the vulgar language, would cause a blush in the face of the most desolute. Here are a few of them: "If a student be caught stealing—If a student be caught in beastiality." One would think they were familiar with those crimes themselves, and doubtless they are, else how could they have thought of them.

This is fine language for the ears of gentlemen's sons. The d—l himself must have penned such rules. This is all the effect of priestcraft, and if not shortly checked, must end in ruin And what makes it more dangerous, not one person in the whole state, so far as I have been able to learn, nor a single member of the state legislature, or school committees, were apprised of these abominable rules, until I presented them myself. Here is, where all our states have erred in suffering trustees to possess such unlimited power over seminaries of learning. Every rule was alike absurd, obscene, and tyranical, and consisted principally in missionary regulations.

But since these rules were published, they have turned Jefferson into a complete missionary school, and the students have no time for any other species of learning. For instance, they must attend missionary, tract, and bible societies, three, perhaps more, nights in the week, and sing and pray. The remaining nights, they must go from house to house, and distribute a certain number of tracts, call on all the females, (fine business for young men,) to collect donations, &c. Every Sunday morning they must repeat so many chapters of the bible, they must attend preaching three times every Sunday, winter and summer; and as if this were not enough to exhaust the time and spirits of the students, they receive a tract every Sunday, if I recollect, which they must commit to memory, and not only so, but lecture on and define it; they must contribute a certain sum at stated periods for the *spread* of the *gospel!!* As if these regulations were not sufficiently degrading, they were marked on the margin for the press: one was "The reading of tracts strickly enjoined!" This appears to be the science of Jefferson.

Every nation and people have had their fits of insanity, but ours cannot be called insanity, so much as it proves we are unfit to govern ourselves: let us boast as we may, and by an unpardonable neglect of the one thing needful, education; we are divided into a poor set of slaves on the one hand, and a set of sly, cunning, hypocritical despots on the other. The latter ready to seize upon those rights we are no longer worthy to possess, since we no longer have the spirit to defend them—and lest these hypocrits should lose in the succeeding age what they have gained in this; they have turned our colleges into *dunce schools* and brothels, so that the next age will not be likely to meddle with them. An army of women and priests would march as they now do, from Maine to Georgia. Ye that approved of colleges, why do you not see who are put over them?—Ye that voted for money to build them, why do you not see from year to year, what goes with it? Ye that send your sons to colleges, why do you not sometimes see how they spend their time? Do you wish your children to become abandoned to all manner of wickedness? Do you wish them to put the finishing stroke to every thing manly, and to become brutes in principle, and worshipers of tyrants? If so, send them to these colleges. Ask the young men at Jefferson, how they spend their time when not on these religious duties? I hope the legislature will examine a few of these, when they take up the business. But I will exhibit a few facts. In the evening, some of the eldest and better sort of students called — Some of them were grown, and it appeared, had not been long at Jefferson, some were from Georgetown, D. C. and all seemed pleased with my visit, alledging it might be an advantage to the college. I was much pleased with the gentlemen, and their judicious remarks. But these had not been in long before another party came, whose looks and the manner they intruded, I by no means approved, nor was it long before their rudeness was such, that before their fellow students, I was forced to order them out of the room. Three or four of them arose and walked down stairs, but one refused until I called the landlord.

After sometime, two or three more arrived, as they were of good appearance, I asked them to sit down, but the rude ones went off and brought a reinforcement, and was about to enter the house, when the landlord discovered them, and in time to lock the door against them.—Can Pennsylvania hear this without a blush? And does she contribute money to this end? No such conduct was ever heard of at any other college, until this swindling business of spreading the gospel commenced. It would be an insult to the good sense, honor and dignity of Pennsylvania, to suppose she will suffer these colleges to remain any longer in such hands: eleven are priests.

An old field school, or any school not under the control of these gospel spreaders, is greatly superior.

All that appears necessary, is the new moddling these seminaries upon a plan to ensure success. I left the rules marked on the margin and other papers, with the chairman of the school committee, which is all I can do.

I am sorry that amongst these papers, were the minutes I took of the young gentlemen whose conduct towards me, did honor to themselves. They called again in the morning and escorted me to the stage-house, where I took passage to Pittsburg. But these acts of politeness, were the effects of habit acquired before they came to the college, and had taken too deep a root to be destroyed by bad example.

Another charge against these blue-stockings, calling at the Post-office to put in my letters, I was struck by a pile of magazines and tracts, piled upon a shelf franked to the postmaster; and I asked him the cause of this. He said, they were sent free to him for the subscribers in the town and neighborhood, and to be distributed amongst non subscribers. I told him if I lived to see Washington I would put a stop to it. This was not the first time I had seen these tracts sent free of postage, and the public swindled in this manner by these state thieves. Doubtless, the mails are every where loaded with this trash, to the injury of the country. I hope the Postmaster General and Congress will put a stop to this open swindling. The postmaster, a very clever man, was aware of the law, but

was afraid to mention it lest he might offend these pick-pockets. Is this religion?

The college buildings make a handsome show, upon the top of an eminence, and there are nearly double as many students here, as at Washington, but the town is not so large, nor the building so handsome, yet the situation is equally beautiful, and the country around it rich and flourishing. Cannonsburg, however, is going to decay. I have seen no Germans in this part of Pennsylvania.

Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon the landlord and his amiable family, whose name I have lost—I do not know that I ever spent my time more pleasant at any tavern, and his charges were reasonable.

## RETURN TO PITTSBURG.

I spent but one day at Cannonsburg, and took my departure to Pittsburg, from which I designed to go to Harrisburg by the northern route down the Juniata.

The day was cold and the road rough, as I left the Cumberland road at Washington. There were several passengers in the stage, amongst them was a very intelligent Yankee lady, she did not go far; but we were continually picking up travellers, which kept the stage full.

As it happened, though not customary, I contrived to have dinner with a cup of tea the last stage. There was a genteel looking woman with a little girl, and when I proposed dinner, said she would like the tea, but she had the headach so bad, she could not eat.

When every thing was ready we sat down, and the lady seemed to forget her headach and forgot to pay.—This was a fine house, and it was a great piece of courtesy in the man, as well as the stage driver, to accommodate me.

We had a considerable distance to drive still, and the road led over hills and hollows, but our horses flew; they were the handsomest set of horses I ever saw, in harness, four beautiful greys; such was their spirit and speed, that I expected to be dashed to pieces, but the driver to whom

they belonged was the best of his profession, and managed the reins with dexterity and skill.

The scenery was such, I found generally in west Pennsylvania, consisting of hills and dales, and covered with handsome farms and lofty timber.

We arrived at Pittsburg about sundown, and being in haste to pursue my journey, I spent but one day there, which was Christmas day.

As the northern stage went from the house of Mr. Ramsey, I sent up my trunks to his house, and spent the last night with him. This is by far the best house in Pittsburg, and has few equals any where; and you are sure to meet with two very essential requisites at Mr. R. which are fine parlors and good company; the rif-raft which deluge the other taverns, are not admitted here. This is the gentleman who narrowly escaped being murdered by robbers on the Allegheny mountains.

The story is as follows: Mr. Ramsey, it was known, went to the lower part of the state, perhaps Philadelphia, with a drove of cattle; two men who were travelling on foot, getting intelligence of this, took a narrow view of his person and horse with a view of robbing him as he returned, supposing he would have a great deal of money. For this purpose they loitered near the road until he returned from the sale of his cattle.

It so happened that Mr. Ramsey swapped or sold his horse in the meantime, and the gentleman who received the horse, was nearly the same size and much like Mr. Ramsey.

It also happened that the gentleman returned the same road, and about the time; and so diligent were these men that by watching the taverns and listening to travellers, they knew the very day upon which Mr. R. would pass up the road. But it happened he passed one day sooner than it was reported, to which alone he owed his life.

He had seen and noticed these men as he went down with the cattle, and knew them again upon his return, one was carrying a gun on his shoulder, and both examined him very closely. He was suspicious of them at the time, and rode on pretty brisk. The next day the other man

came along upon the horse he had received from Mr. R. and one of the men shot him dead

They found but little money, and hiding themselves near the road, were taken shortly afterwards—one was hung, and it strikes me the other was killed in his defence when they were taken.

Several of my friends called on me the evening before I left Pittsburg, to take leave, and with the most lively feelings of friendship and gratitude, I parted with them over-night, as I was to leave the place at three o'clock, A. M.

When the hour drew near, I was called by a servant, and upon entering a parlor, I was agreeably surprised to find coffee, bread, butter and pickles on the table, prepared by the kind hand of Mr Ramsey, who was up and had a fire, candle, &c. These are the men that deserve patronage. Mr. Ramsey's sister was my fellow traveller with two others, who were Scotchmen, and though laborers, were smart intelligent men.

## VISIT TO DENISTONTOWN.

The northern route leads through Denistontown, Blairsville, &c. This was a source of much joy to me, as I was to pass through a country—the very neighborhood—the very houses—or where they once stood fifty years since. But I will not anticipate. The country was nearly like the land generally between the Allegheny mountains and the Ohio, though the farms were by no means so large. This is easily accounted for, no Germans. The appearance however, is equally beautiful, and was doubly so to me, and every inch of ground was hailed with rapture. How eagerly would I have embraced every tree, and kissed the ground upon which they grew. Deniston! and the Loyalhannah! I thought of nothing else.

The Scotchmen proved to be fine company, and were either singing or relating anecdotes the whole way.

Sometime before day we stopped to change horses; Sawneys wishing to take a dram, the key of the bar could not be found. The bar-keeper hunted high and low, but

all in vain. The first instance, I suspect, upon record. The Sawneys disliked this, as the morning was sharp and cold, and recommended to the tavern-keeper to shut up his shop, as he could no longer take care of the key, and laughed it off.

At the house where we stopped to breakfast, I found a female of singular appearance—she had arrived in the bar-room while we were at breakfast, and stepping in to pay the bill, I discovered her, and soon perceived she was in distress, though her countenance showed no depression of spirit; her clothes were old, and patch lay on patch; she was on foot and might be near seventy years of age—she was a stout robust woman, and her countenance showed the marks of intemperance, and she had walked all the way from Pittsburg, and still had some distance to walk—we gave her a trifle and the landlord gave her her breakfast—one of her hands with part of her arm was shockingly burned, and I had a sly thought it was occasioned by drink. But she was a fellow creature and in distress.

Towards twelve o'clock, we parted with the lady but not before we came in sight of

DENISTONTOWN,

Which the lady showed me from the gate where she stopped—I turned my eyes that way, and my heart palpitated with a species of delight I had never before felt; I had indeed passed the whole morning in a delerium of pleasure when I was told we should pass through Denistonstown; for of all places in which I had been tossed in those troublesome time, I had the clearest recollection of Denistontown, though no tour was thought of then.

It was two miles from where we p rted with the lady, but I remember nothing of it but the Loyalhannah, (upon which it is built,) was not more than half so large as it appeared to me fifty years since. I used to think it a great river, whereas it is only a creek. A bridge had been built over the Loyalhannah at this place, but the floods had prevailed against it, and it is now useless, though its re-

mains add no little to the scenery from its great height from the water.

I hastened to enquire for the Deniston family the moment I descended from the stage, and was informed that one only of the name lived not half a mile distant.

I called for dinner, intending to wait upon him after I should have dined.

Meantime there was a large party of young people at the tavern, upon their way to Blairsville, a few miles distant to a Christmas ball, and among them happened to be a son of Mr. Johnston, who owns the saltworks on the Kiskaminitas at the mouth of the Loyalhannah.

From this young gentleman, I heard from my sister, whom I had seen but twice in fifty years, and her husband never. She lived near the saltworks, and I was gratified to hear she had raised a whole brigade of fine large sons, who were becoming wealthy and independent — The boys, Mr. Johnston said, were industrious and saving, but the old man would drink too much, but an honester man was not to be found.

All this had something wild and novel in it, but would not have touched my heart, had it not caught the spark of enthusiasm by associating the scenes of my childhood, awakened by the spot I now occupied—my heart swelled with unspeakable pleasure at the sight of the Loyalhannah, upon the banks of which I had often strayed, and the sight of the place where I had trudged to school! the very farm upon which the little log school-house stood! I was all delight.

Meantime, while dinner was preparing, I amused myself with the rustic beauties, and who should stagger into the room but one of the holy willies, about three sheets in the wind; I was instantly struck by the name and the likeness—was told the old man lived near Bedford, Pennsylvania, and being a widower, was upon the hunt of a wife.

There appeared to be some truth in the story, as he was quite in a loving strain, and sung several obscene verses for the entertainment of the fair ones, whose blood rushed to their faces at his vulgarity; notwithstanding all

this, he was by far the best of the bunch—I wonder his holy brethren of Washington do not convert him: but wonders increase upon wonders respecting these godly people, and godliness is the only thing they are not guilty of. He grew so bad at length, he had to be put out of the room. He was likewise going to the ball. At length I was called to dinner, and while in the act of dining, some of the family observed Mr. Deniston was in town, and I sent for him to come in. He soon made his appearance, but little was he aware of my feelings upon viewing one so very dear to me—my heart throbbed with pleasure, and I gazed at him for some time without being able to speak; at length I asked him, what he was to Nancy Deniston. I am her son, he said; and had it not been for shame, I would have rushed into his arms. And where is her husband John Deniston, and where is she, and where is the father and mother of John Deniston! My grand father and mother, are long since dead, so is my father John; my mother still lives and lives with me; I have a wife and daughters. It was at his grand father's I lived on this farm, but the house, he told me, was long since torn down, having gone to decay.

Mr. John Deniston and his wife Nancy, of whom I had the clearest recollection, when I knew them, lived in the same house with the elder Mr. Deniston—and were a very young and handsome couple; they had but one child then, which many an hour I have rocked in the cradle. This child, a son, is still living and had I known it, I might have seen him in Wheeling, where he resides Mr Wm. Deniston, the gentleman with whom I was conversing, is about forty years of age, and born since I left that country. Having gained this intelligence; Mr. D. said he would walk on and I could ride up to his house in the stage, which passed his door, and that I might have some excuse to return, (as I did not wish to trespass upon his generosity,) I left my trunks at the stage-house, and rode on in the stage.

From some misstatement in the papers they had been looking for me at Blairsville several days before the ball: but on that day to a certainty; and the lady at the tavern

where I first stopped, and Mr. Johnston, endeavored to persuade me to go on to Blairsville with them: but this was vain, though the report that I was to be there had circulated widely, and all the young folks expected to see my ladyship at the ball, and no doubt some of the spruce beaux expected to have me for a *partner*. *I felt* for their disappointment, but resolved to breathe a few sighs to "Old Langsine" before I saw Blairsville; where, nevertheless, I understood I had many warm friends, and was of all places most anxious to see.

But there was a large party of young people also at Mr. Deniston's on their way to the ball.

Mr. D. had arrived home some minutes before the stage. When he entered the parlor he found the party engaged in conversation about the *distinguished* guest they were to meet at Blairsville, and all were on tiptoe to see me. Mr. D smiled, and just had time to apprise them that they would have the pleasure very shortly, as I was close behind him.

When I entered the house my eye passed rapidly over the company, and a lady pressing through the crowd with great eagerness, embraced me with much ardor. I was forced to believe this was my old friend, and still I thought she looked too young; but who else could it be? It was not Nancy Deniston! It was Mrs. Wm. D. who soon led me to my old friend, whose features I recollected at the first glance: but, strange to tell, she had no recollection of me! I was rather hurt at this, but was sufficiently gratified to see and know her.

When the company dispersed I related several circumstances to Mrs D. of old time—she recollected every thing but myself. This might be accounted for from the the nature of the times, as the country was much harrassed by the Indians, and for greater safety, many families used to live in one house, though I do not recollect of any but myself at the time, so that I must have been very young. I was taken there to go to school, but as to how old I was I have no recollection, nor have I any idea of the year: it could not, from my present age, however have been less than fifty years.

Mr. D. the grand father of Mrs. D. was at that time about middle aged, and his wife about the same. These two, and Miss Jinsey D., their daughter not grown, their son John, and his wife Nancy, were all I recollect of the family. Miss Nancy and I used to crack walnuts in the meadow, and go to school together; and I used to sit by Mrs. N. D for hours, and rock the cradle. Mrs N. was then, as she is now, a woman of very few words. She used to sit from morning till night without speaking half a dozen words; and was the handsomest woman of her time. I was very partial to her, as she was my namesake: a circumstance that went far in those days.

The old gentleman was a lively, good-natured man; and his son John used to trade over the mountains with pack-horses, and would bring home many handsome presents for his wife One article, in particular, I recollect surprised me—it was lump sugar; also, loaf-sugar. But I was still more surprised that they should put the sugar on the table and not use it, and as they did not, I would not have touched it for the world. And so the sugar came and went every day. I thought it was a great piece of folly.

When I returned home I told my mother, and she said they were Jersey people, who did not use sugar in their tea. Old Mrs. D used to be subject to sudden fits of sickness which often threatened her life. Miss Jinsey and I used to be greatly afflicted at this, and ran through the house in distraction.

I think there were about twenty of us who used to go to school, and would hold the frying pan to cook the meat for our dinners. We used to have agreeable plays, where boys and girls, and even young men joined. One, in particular, was called "*The Juniper Tree.*" One person sat in the middle of the room, the party taking hands, and walking around the person seated in the centre of the circle, sang altogether a beautiful air to the following words:

"O, sister Phœbe, how happy were we,
When we sat under yon juniper tree—heigho:
Take this hat on your head, to keep your head warm,
Take a sweet kiss, it will do you no harm, I know."

At the conclusion of the verse the person wearing the hat, (there being but one in the company,) puts it on the head of the person seated in the centre, kissing her at the same time.

I was not fond of these plays, but being drawn into the *Juniper Tree* once, and sitting in the centre, had to be hatted and kissed, which set me to crying. The young man, (for it was a young man,) picked me up in his arms, and after pacifying me, carried me out of the play. This is all I recollect of the school, except that I could read in the Testament before I went there. I also used to help to pen the sheep and calves, and was a great hen-hussey.

Mrs. Nancy D. could recollect every thing but myself; and we had a long talk about the Messrs Pars, Larry Irvin, old Mr. Blane, and old Mrs. Freeman, who was lame; and fleeing once from the Indians on horse-back to Shield's Fort, gave the alarm as she passsd by the neighbors, beating the horse she rode with the beam of a pair of steelyards to urge him forward, while the Indians were close at her heels. The people never thought of fleeing to the forts in those days till the Indians were within a mile or two.

Thus we talked of yore, while I called to mind the soft smile and blushing cheek of my admired friend; and though she could not recollect me, she mingled with my feelings, and as I gazed at her decayed features I could not help thinking of 'Auld Lang syne,' when her face was round, plump, and beautiful.

"We twa have stray'd about the brays,
And form'd the garlands fine;
We've wandered many a weary foot
Since auld lang syne"

I was better pleased with Mrs. D than her mother-in-law. Had I been her mother, or some long lost friend she could not have shown me more affection. This matchless woman thought nothing in her house too good for me. Her hospitable table was soon spread with every dainty, and though I had just dined, I was pressed to par-

take of her bounty. The best room in her house was fitted up for my use. Her daughters, Miss Nancy and Rachel and Mr. Deniston himself oppressed me with kindness—I thought no more of the inn. Mrs. Wm. D. is one of the most fascinating females I ever met with in any country. I could not have believed so much perfection existed in the female form. Fair and lovely in her person, graceful in her manners; her soft beauteous blue eye, her sweet cheering smile, but, above all, that heart-refreshing kindness that marked her every word and action—she certainly is the pride of her sex. Mr. D. seems to be aware of his happy lot, and values it as he ought: a more amiable or better matched couple I never saw!

Mr. D. has met with a reverse of fortune, yet has a treasure, invaluable as it is rare, in such a wife.

The have only two children, both daughters, handsome, and accomplished in ever part of useful education. This is the place for young men to seek wives. You will always find daughters take after their mothers, let it be good or bad, with very few exceptions.

It certainly added much to the pleasure of visiting my native walks to meet with such unlooked for and unmerited kindness. But the half is not yet told: For immortal acts cannot be described by mortal words. Thus,

> "From the mild converse of the virtuous fair,
> . . . . . Joys unspeakable that glow,
> In the calm bosoms of the friendly pair."

When we had interchanged the pleasures of friendship and feeling, I took counsel with my friends about visiting my sister. Upon inquiry I found she lived about eight miles distant, directly off of my road, and that this was the nearest point. If, therefore, I paid her a visit at all it was to be done from this place. I was, on the one hand, pressed for time; yet, on the other, as I had never had an opportunity of visiting her in my life till now, and might probably never have one again, I consulted my friends upon the ways and means. Mr. Deniston was never at the place, though he knew where it was, and was at my service in any way he could serve me.

I longed to see the place of her residence, particularly as I had once lived there prior to my residence at Deniston's; and I recollected several circumstances which kindled in my bosom a strong desire to see the spot my infant feet had often trod.

Of the road, no one could give any satisfactory account. It was a wagon-road, and a good deal used by wagons going to the salt-works. It lay on the bank of the Loyalhannah, and the place I was aiming to see was at the junction of the Conamaugh and the former.

But a serious difficulty arose! No carriage to be had, though all the horses in the place were at my service, and as many to escort me as I chose to accept. But the difficulty: it was doubtful whether I could ride on horseback. True, I had once been famous for horsemanship, but had never been upon a horse for six years! and I was doubtful as to my abilities to manage a horse now, particularly if the road should be bad.

All these matters were debated in full council, and it was finally concluded that "Mrs. Fly," Mrs. Deniston's saddle-mare should be saddled in the morning, and I was to try my skill, and if successful, Mr. Deniston, upon another horse, was to attend me to my sister's.

After every thing was settled, it now being late, we assembled once more to partake of my favorite supper. This was a dish renowned in olden times, and a favorite with Mrs. Nancy D. as well as myself—mush and milk. Yes, Mr. Barlow, mush and milk, I like the name; were I to call it pudding not a soul in Pennsylvania would know what I meant. And Mrs. Nancy D. and myself joined in "a cup of auld lang syne;" and I loved her the more for her preference.

Next morning I took an excursion over the farm, the barn, the spring-house, the distillery, orchards, meadows, &c. But chiefly my eye sought the spot where I had skipped like a fawn, when young. "It was more to the south I should see it."

Mr. D.'s farm occupies one of those enchanting swells that adorn this life inspiring country: which is one representation of farms, great barns, and vales, and groves

of inexpressible beauty. The people of this country have no idea of the beautiful region they inhabit. I observed this while I stood glued to the spot, unable to withdraw my eyes from the tall, slender trees; while, never having seen any other forest, Mrs. D. viewed the scenery without any emotion; and I should certainly have done so too had I, like her, have spent my days in the same place. We saw the bright Royalhannah winding through hills and farms to a great extent. *This* and the *trees* yielded me infinite pleasure. For the timber, there is no parallel, not even the umbrella trees of New York; as these are choked up by an under-growth, but these towering trees usurp the whole of the forest. You see through them for miles, while they unfurl their silken branches, and reach the clouds in airy pride.

When we returned to the house *Fly* stood ready saddled, and Mr. D. and the Miss D.'s, all the servant, and the distiller to see my essay on horse-back. Fly and I seemed to like each other at first sight, and Mr. D. vouched for her good behaviour. "She was very decent, never took fright or stumbled, or was known to be naughty in any respect." Fly seemed to confirm the character by drawing up, of her own accord, to the wooden block for me to mount, and made a motion with her head, which seemed to signify, "No ceremony, Madam, I am genuine back woods; I know nothing of the mithology of pagans, or the di inity of modern *tracts:* least of all do I trouble my head with drawing rooms and high life: it is just the same thing with me whether Adams or Jackson be President, or whether there be any President at all. It is the same thing with us ponies: we have always our share of labor let who will be President; and as for admitting one of us honest and faithful quadrupeds to a share of the administration, it would be the last thing I should expect at their hands, though they no doubt admit worse animals; and although we can do very well without them, they cannot do without us. This is some comfort"

Fly switched her tail and lifted her head rather angrily at my delay, and gave a leer at her mistress, as I suppos-

ed, to ascertain the meaning of this new order of things. Fly is rather advanced in years, of middling height and weight, rather handsomely formed, light and active—answering to her name She was a dark grey, and had a full, sparkling eye; her countenance was open and gay, though I perceived a great deal of the coquette under this disguise.

At length I ventured on the saddle, which was held by Mrs. D. herself; and the word was given to "balance—tight rein, &c." and off I moved, or rather Fly moved, very gracefully down the road! I rode just as well as if I had practised for a month, and soon fell into a gentle pace. I hope some of my friends of the *nine* will prepare a neat epitaph for Fly, and be sure to recollect that she once carried the famous "Mrs. W——r S——tt, of America;" and let Noah Webster put it in the dictionary.

The road from Pittsburg to Harrisburg is from west to east, and we quit the road a little above the village, and took a southern course.

With a view of showing me the spot where once stood the house in which I used to rock his brother in the cradle, (John was his name,) Mr. D. threw down fences and opened gates, and conducted me to the spot! The spring looked small! and the meadow looked small! yet I had some recollection of all. "There stood the house," said Capt. D pointing to a spot of sideling ground with his switch. My eye rested upon it in silence, striving to recollect the situation of the door A large gate used to stand before it—"And where was the gate"—"Just there," said Mr. D "a few steps from us near a small drain west of the house." At that gate I stood, and cried after my mother as she rode away, after leaving me at the grand father's of the gentleman now with me, which has been noticed.

A large pile of wood always lay near this gate, and men choped it with axes; and I used to pick up the chips and carry them into the house. "But where was the spring, and the spring-house?" "There, where you see those clusters of bushes; the spring-house was just below it." I now recollected the place perfectly, and

my eye traced out the well known course of the once trodden path, which wound up a little rise, where the cabin stood in which I used to go to school, and where we played the Juniper Tree!

Ye who have been torn from the haunts of your childhood, and after a separation of half a century to enjoy the felicity of seeing those sacred spots, endeared by innocence and a thousand recollections, will know what I felt! To be borne on the stormy sea of life almost an age, far from the scenes of youthful innocence, to which your heart was wedded, and would give worlds to see! thus, on a sudden, to hail those dear and "long between" but never forgotten shades, where oft I used to sit and weave the many colored leaves, and stray after a May-apple, was joy unutterable! Nor do I believe it possible for any situation on this side the grave to impart so high a share of rational pleasure.

Mr. D indulged me sometime, and it was like tearing my heart and body asunder to leave the spot. The meadow too! and the same walnut tree under which Miss Jinsey and I used to sit and crack the walnuts, and pick out the kernels as a treat for her father and mother. She was a most affectionate child to her parents. She married a Mr. Kirkpatrick, (if I recollect.) I saw a song of her's after this, but I forget whether she be living. But, strange to tell, the meadow did not appear half so large, nor did any thing except the trees, appear to retain its former size.

We next passed a large apple-orchard, on the same farm, but it was not in being when I left the Loyalhannah, though planted thirty years since.

He led me on the bank of the Loyalhannah, to show me the old seat of Larry Irvin and his wife Ruth, and the Messrs. Pars, all respectable in their day, but now no more. The house of Mr. I. was on the opposite shore on a steep hill-side, and overlooked the river. The old house was gone—what a pang it gave me: but another was built on the same spot, and just such a one as he

lived in fifty years since.* Larry was a short man, and his wife Ruth very tall. They had no children.†

The Pars was on our side of the river. I recollected both, as each had been a place of refuge from the Indians: it being the custom in those days for several families to assemble at one house.

Not far from here we lived, (if it could be called living,) at a place, I think, called Moor's Hannahstown was five miles from hence, and contained a fort, and we were continually running either to it or Shield's, the latter a little over a mile from the former.

We still hung upon the Loyalhannah, and passed several Indian graves, killed in an engagement since I left the country, and the former residence of old Mr. Blane. This had also been a place of gathering together, and I remembered it well. The house not the same, but stood in the same place. The barn, the spring-house and the meadow were familiar to me. But this meadow, like that at Deniston's, was but a speck. I used to think it boundless, whereas it is only a patch! I cannot account for this. Mr. Blane and his wife were old people when I knew them; had no children, and were wealthy. He, the Pars, Larry Irvin, and the Denistons all emigrated at the same time from New Jersey, and were all wealthy. But, to return to Mr. Blane—the old lady took a little too much now and then, which proved a great source of trouble to me; though I was often relieved by a bound boy they had, by the name of Patton. Patton was nearly a man, and was the only person that could manage Mrs. B She stood in great awe of her husband when sober, but put him at naught when tipsy; and then Patton had to take her in hand. There was an old nine tailed wig about the house; and, of all things, Mrs. B. had the greatest antipathy to this wig. Patton had put it on her so often, that the very sight of it would set her to raving. The wig had belonged to the ancestors of the family, who were of the first respectability, and were from Ireland.

* Equal to Waverly.

† He was killed by the limb of a sugar-tree after I left the country, and Ruth married again.

It had been thrown about from post to pillar, and so roughly handled by Mrs. B. that it looked like any thing more than a wig; and, for my part, the first glimpse I had of it I took it for a racoon skin.

Patton was between 18 and 19 years of age, stout built, not very tall; his face was broad and goodnatured, and he understood work both in doors and out He could cook, wash, milk the cows, churn, reap, mow, plow, hoe; in short, Patton was the life and soul of the family, and nothing could be done without Patton. All I can remember of Mr. Patton's dress, is, that he wore bucksin breeches; and, in summer, neither hat, shoes nor stockings; and his hair was profuse and bushy. By way of dress, he sometimes wore leggings and moccasins. But Patton had too much upon his hands to dress every day—every thing fell upon him. He had to act as cook, butler, laundress, dairy-maid, wood-chopper, ostler, plough-man, and hay-maker.

Meantime Mrs Hannah Blane, when sober, would lend a hand, but she did more harm than good; and if Patton was not upon the alert she would undo in three minutes what he had labored three hours to accomplish. She would overturn the pans, pots, and kettles, overset the milk, claw the butter, cream, &c. and Patton had no resource but to seize her round the waist and throw her forcibly on the floor, and tie the wig on her head, as often wrong side foremost as right. Often, however, she would seize the wig, and terrible scuffles would ensue, in which the wig always had the worst of the battle: while I used to look on trembling with afright. Not willing, however, to expose his mistress, when company was present he would merely show her the wig, with a significant nod—this was enough, and restored peace for the present.

One day Mr. Blane, as he thought, having secured all his kegs and bottles from his wife, and being harvest time, had a number of hands eugaged to assist him, and after Patton had assisted with the morning's work, he went to the field also, leaving Mrs. B., another woman, and myself to prepare the dinner for the hands. I could

do but little, such as bring a small vessel of water, wash the potatoes, or set the table.

Hannah, however, was too cunning for the whole of us, and (Heaven knows by what means,) she had contrived to get a bottle of whiskey, and before we knew what we were about, she began with her "dear creeter," a word that denoted her failing, and "I say," was another—"I say deer creteer, the big pot must go on." "Oh, madam, we dont want the big pot, we will boil in this and bake in that, and the fowls." Hannah would hear nothing. "I say, dear creeter, this big pot shall go on;" and on it went, and in she soused every thing pell-mell, vegetables and all.

She was with all her faults very stingy, and though she had plenty of provisons, she would stint the workhands if she could. They had some spoiled beef on hand, which Mrs. B. did not despair of palming upon the workmen sometime or other; and as drunkenness proves principle, she thought this a good opportunity to cheat the workmen with the beef.

The woman finding argument vain, quit the premises, and desired me to tell Mr. B. that Mrs. B would have her own way, and she would be of no service to him, or words to that effect.

Every one may guess how matters went now, cabbage, potatoes, beans, &c. all spoiled in the big pot, and Mrs. B. tumbled over and went to sleep, leaving me to manage matters at my own discretion. I always had a bad time of it with Mrs B. but this was the worst of all. I shall remember it while I live. I could not have been more than seven years of age, but had sense enough to keep up the fire, and fill up the pot with water, but the fire would singe my clothes and burn my face, and at one of my attempts to get water in the pot, I inadvertently trod on a log which rolled on the floor, and I very nearly fell into the fire! what was to be done now?

I plucked up courage and taking the broom-handle, rolled the log off the floor, and busied myself in hunting up the knives and forks.

Mrs. B. arose about the dinner hour, in a pretty good humor, called me "dear creeter," and to hand her the ladle and the flesh-fork, and the big pewter dish, and the little pewter dish, and between forking and dishing, and fishing, she and I placed the dinner on the table; I was then sent to the spring house for milk with my little pigin, and then to the field to call the men to dinner.

We had a shell by which Mrs. B. used to blow the men to their meals, but she was past blowing now.

Walking by the side of Patton, I let him into the secret of matters at home—he muttered a few curses and walked on before the company, and entering the house amidst the buz of the flys and odour of the meat, found the old woman "dear creeter," sitting with her red eyes and stewed countenance, scarcely awake.

Patton soon came to a resolution, and without the assistance of John Doe or Richard Row, brought his suit of enactment againt the whole squadron, and pitched the whole of it out of doors, as far as he could send it, potatoes, beens, cabbage, all were again scattered upon mother earth for another crop. It was the only time I remember to have seen Patton in a passion. Meantime Mrs. B. was not a silent spectator of Patton's short work—she greeted him with "I say," and meaning to say it was as sweet as a nut, and red as a cherry. "I say, it is as red as a nut and as sweet as a cherry." Meantime the men came in. Here was a lesson for drunken wives, eight or ten hungry men, who had borne the heat of the day, hard at work, and nothing prepared to eat. But Hogarth nor West could paint the looks of the old man. He had an impediment in his speech at all times, but had now lost all utterance, outright.

He with the others entered the house just as Patton was in the act of carrying the meat to the door to throw it away, and getting to leeward as fast as they could, the old man surveyed his wife in amazement—at length he found utterance; wh wh-wh-where is the wo-wo-wo-wig—d-d-d-l—n her old soul, wh-wh-where did she get the wh-wh wh-whiskey.

Patton after clearing the table, produced the wig and running to the pot, ladled out some of the grease and bespattering the wig with it, showered a copious portion of flour upon it, and tieing it hard and fast under his mistress' chin, told her she might sit at the head of the table. She began with "I say." But Patton had something else to attend to; and calling me to follow him, he took a plate and tin bucket, and proceeded to the spring house for butter and milk. "I say, Nancy you shant go with Patton." We proceeded however, and Patton filling his bucket mostly with cream, and laying on as much butter as the plate would hold, not less than four pounds, we returned to the house.

Meanwhile the old lady had retired to a little back shed to avoid, what she could not prevent, the mirth of the party, and the anger of her husband, and by the way, she had evidently taken a few more of the drops, as appeared in the end.

The only chance now left for the workmen, was to stay their hunger upon the milk and butter—there was plenty of bread and onions, and Patton soon had it in readiness.

Mrs Blane, however, suspecting Patton had made an inroad upon the contents of her dairy, grew restless, and hearing the plates rattle upon the table, came forth with her powdered head, and the tail of the wig dangling over her face, and eyeing the plate of butter with something that might be called rage, and holding her self up by the side of the house; she began, "I say Patton, you shall not waste my butter, it is too much, take it back, take it away, I say, they shant have it." Patton paid no attention, and picking up courage, she ventured to walk to the table, but losing her balance, she made but one step of it and pitched with her face upon the plate of butter! The reader must imagine the rest, for I have no recollection of what followed. I laughed until I fainted away; such another laughable scene I never saw before nor since.

It was never ascertained how she got the whiskey that day, as there was none within six miles, but what was in the field—she must have procured it out of the keg before it was taken to the field.

I could fill a book with the incidents of Mrs. Blane and Patton.

The old man had a distillery of his own, and used to keep his whiskey barrel in the spring-house, and when he drew enough to serve him a certain time, he would cut off the peg even with the head of the barrel One day, however, he perceived the barrel grew light, he had drawn but once out of it, and turning the barrel about, he essayed to speak thus: "Na na-na nancy," he said, (I was then in the spring-house with him,) "ho-ho-how is this, so-so-so-somebody has been at my whiskey." I told him I did not know; and after examining the end next to the wall, he discovered where his wife had followed his example, by first boring the head and having a peg to fit it, cut it off even with the head, (no such thing as faucets in those days.) But instead of one, she had five pegs. Mr. B. was outrageous. "D-d-d-d—n her soul, she has fi-fi-fi-five stopples for my one."

My parents used to leave us where they thought we (only my sister and myself,) would be safe, and would go to their farm, but very often called to see us—my sister at this time was at some other house. The people in those days were kind and affectionate to each other, much more so than now. Tracts, bibles, priests and missionaries have destroyed every thing like charity, benevolence, love, and friendship, except between the women and the missionaries.

But to return—my mother calling to spend a few days at Mr. Blane's, was employed in spinning tow; she kept her tow in a barrel, and taking some of it out, she found a bottle of whiskey Mrs. Blane coming in at the instant, exclaimed, "my dear creeter, that is just a little drop I had for you and me."

Mrs. B. however, has long departed this life, and poor old Mr. Blane after weathering many a storm, was at last killed by the Indians a few yards from his door. Peace to his name, he was one of the best of men.

All these scenes were recalled to my memory, as I passed by the door, and glanced at the spring where I used to hold the candle at night, for Patton while he strained

the milk—and over the meadow, where I had to carry cool water for the mowers.

The place was unoccupied, and stillness seemed to rest upon it. "Roll on fair spring." I breathed as I pursued my way down the road to meet with other scenes of yore.

Near this place, on the summit of the hill, stood an enormous tree, which over-topped its neighbors, and like them was desolated by fire. At the junction of the limbs with the tree, there was a large eagle's nest, which had remained there, time immemorial, and was still inhabited by the bald eagle. There were three of them, two of which were of amazing size and strength. They would carry large sticks of wood to their nest, for miles, as stout as a man's arm, from three to five feet in length. Standing in our door, we could see them every day, (at the season of feeding their young,) carrying fish from the Loyalhannah. We saw the fish distinctly struggling in their tallons; sometimes they would drop them, and darting back to the river, soon re-appear with another. They always pass each other on the way. And were constantly adding to their nest, which could not have been less than four to five feet in diameter, and it was supposed the weight would finally break down the tree.

We jogged along slowly, the day was fine, and every thing reminded me of old times. The road passed on a high ridge, between which and another, the Loyalhannah stole along. We found some difficulty from Mr. D's. ignorance of the road, and though we saw the house of my sister at the distance of two miles, we travelled at least five before we reached it.

The house stood on a hill, which Captain D. called Mount Pisgah, and compared our journey to that of the windings of the children of Isreal, as we nearly encompassed the hill, before we found it accessable. At length, a lady whom we fell in with, said, there is Mr. Cowan's. and giving her palfrey a cut, paced off.

## MY SISTER.

The house looked much like those in the neighborhood, and the land was fertile, but an empty barn! my heart ached for my sister. But it was the handsomest situation in the country; and the first of the family who made their appearance, was about half a dozen pigs, who saluted with a grunt, and tails curled up gave us the path.

I was determined if I did not like appearances, to return with Captain D if the contrary, to spend the night, and let the captain return alone, and some of my sister's family might return with me.

All this was settled between Mr. D. and myself, at our first setting out from his house. It was also settled, that I was not to disclose my person, and that we were to pass for travellers. Finally, I resolved to stick to Fly until, as the phrase is, I saw how the land lay. I knew nothing of the people, they might be savages, they might be missionaries, they might be civilized, and they might not; they were all strangers to me, and I determined not to venture neck and heels too suddenly amongst so formidable a force.

My brother in-law, I had never seen, my sister but twice, and one of the sons, Jim. But I had a powerful motive, independent of all this, to visit Mount Pisgah.—Though I have never mentioned it yet, Mount Pisgah was not unknown to me. It was the first place we settled after removing from the State of Maryland, to the backwoods, as it was then called. I recollect the camp we lived in at first, the spring, and a large gang of wolves which trotted by it one day, when I went for water, a patch of corn, and several other things. But how I got upon the top of Mount Pisgah, I know not—but the place was still dear to me, and I was anxious to see it.

When rising the top of the hill, I perceived a well dressed, genteel looking young man, which put me in heart—he was neatly dressed throughout in broadcloth, and was walking slowly into the house; but seeing us, he stopped until we rode up, by which time several other good looking young men, stepped out into the yard, and

seemed to view us with much surprise—by the time we reached the front of the building, my sister, for I had some recollection of her person, stood in the door.

Mr. D. saluted and asked, if Mr. Cowan lived there, the young man replied, he did.—Mr. D. then addressing himself to my sister, asked, if he could leave this lady there a while, as he had a little further to go. My sister assumed a most inhospitable frown, and knitting brow, said, yes, I suppose she can I nevertheless, was loth to dismount, for though pleased with the young people, I did not like the cold eye of my sister—and after viewing her sometime, I asked, if Mr. Cowan was at home? he was not, but he will be at home in a short time.

Mr. D. now took me from the horse, and I walked slowly into the house, and looked my sister in the face, to see if she would recollect me, and finding she did not, I asked her if she had no recollection of me. No. Do you not suspect? I begin to suspect now, said she, you must be my sister. Yes, and we saluted. The children then came up, (or rather the young people, as they were all grown but one,) and saluted very friendly, but I set my sister down as a missionary; I was not far wrong, she was a mighty pious methodist, and gave me a less hearty welcome than any of the family. They had just returned from a party in the neighborhood.

None of their sons lived with them, excepting a boy, those I saw, were merely there upon a visit—most of their children being married and gone.

By degrees my sister grew familiar, and seemed much pleased, and the young ones remarkably so. I could not praise the neatness of her dormitary and parlor, which formed a great contrast to Mrs. Denison's. But she could not attend to her domestic concerns as she had to go to meeting. My next enquiry was after James, my old acquaintance—he lived some miles off, and the little boy, (poor little fellow, I never saw him afterwards,) was sent off on horse-back to collect as many of the family as he could. But hearing they lived near Blairsville, I was sorry the boy went, as they did not arrive before I left the place. All my pleasure now, was confined to amus-

ing myself with the scenes, and the old gentleman when he should arrive. Mr. D. finding I was contented, gave me a strict charge to keep Fly safe, and took his departure.

It was not long before I paid a visit to the long remembered spring, said to be the best in the country; I remembered its situation, and the hollow below it, where the wolves trotted by me; but goodness! it seemed to be three times the distance then! My sister pointed out the spot where our little cabin stood, I had a very clear recognition of it also—but the spring was familiar and the stream that issued from it.

A man calling at our hut one day, asked for a drink, my mother sent me with a tin cup for the water, as I drew near the spring, a large gang of wolves, as I found afterwards, trotted across the spring run, without deigning to stop or look at me. When I returned to the house, I informed my mother, I saw a large gang of dogs, at the spring. It is wolves, I'll bet, said the man. And doubtless were, as the woods swarmed with them. This is the first knowledge I had of the name, or nature of the wolves—I have often reflected upon the circumstance since, and am surprised they neither testified fear nor hostility.

At another tour to the spring with my tin cup, I was terribly beset by a snake—I was running along and meeting the snake in the path, he disputed the passage, and I took a circle round him—on my return I kept a look out, and discovered him in the same place, with his eyes fastened on me I discovered from his looks, he intended to attack me, and I had no resource but my heels, keeping my eyes on him, I creeped along slowly, and as I expected, he darted after me, and flinging away the water, I ran for my life to the house, the snake pursuing me to the door. The woods were then alive with snakes, and every species of wild beasts and game, came to the house; and no end to fire.

I spent some moments at the head of the spring absorbed in extacy. In short, I enjoyed more pleasure from the time I came in sight of the Loyalhannah at Denistontown,

than I ever thought was within the power of human abilities: yet every thing looked less.

At length Mr Cowan came. I had charged them all strictly not to discover who I was, as I could have a better opportunity to ascertain his character, and wanting amusement for the afternoon; the old gentleman was one of the best timed subjects, I could have wished for.

He is rather under middle height, very thick and corpulent, and quite old, his head was as white as cotton, he looked old enough to be my sister's father: she being quite a young looking woman. His face was fair and round, and his countenance open and honest, his eyes were blue, but they were nearly shut, from having taken too much Christmas times.

I had no intelligence of his approach—but guessed it was him; he was dressed in a grey overcoat—and as he came in, clapped Mrs. Cowan on the shoulder in a manner, that showed he both esteemed and respected her—well old woman, I have got back again. I see you have, said she very mildly. I was afriad she would scold him. The children too, behaved very respectful—not a frown marked the countenance of one of them.

It was sometime before he observed me, and merely bestowed a transient bow, and said, Who is this? I returned the salutation, and told him, I was a traveller—had called to spend the night, and had received a very kind reception from his lady, and hoped I had his approbation. To be sure, he said, you are as welcome as the flowers in May, and turned off very unconcerned, and addressed the family about the party, &c. After sometime, looking very earnestly at me, he observed; you are a good looking woman, any how. But never asked me where I was from, nor where I was going, or any impertinent questions whatever, which gave me a very exalted opinion of him—casting his eyes on me again; he made the same remark, you are a good looking woman, let you be who you will, and I'll be bound a sensible one. I trembled, lest he might ask my name, but he did not. Drawing his chair near me, he sat down and said, faith you are the smartest-looking woman I have seen this many a day,

and if I was widower, I don't know that I would stop to court you. I laughed and said, he honored me, &c.—He seemed to attach himself to me, and at length began to sing a masonic song, and sung very well—when he finished the song; I told him I was a mason's widow, and was very partial to them. He was much delighted, and pressed my hand with great warmth, while the soft tear stood in his eye. Thus we passed the time until dinner.

After I took my seat at the table, he came up and said, Well, I will take a seat by my noble sister. Meaning a mason's widow—this was close guessing. Tea had been made for me, and my sister, forgetting herself, asked, Do you use milk in your tea, sister. Ah, said Cowan, sister, a methodist, I suppose? Well, I do not think the less of you for that, neither—my wife is a great methodist. I could not bring myself to use disguise any longer, and addressing him immediately, said, I am your sister sir. Oh, yes, I know you are my sister. Meaning masonry. But I am actually your sister, sir, I am Mrs. Royall. Oh, you love to joke too. I am serious, sir; ask your wife. Yes, said Mrs C. it is my sister. Now is it possible! I'll not eat another mouthful to-day; (and dashing down his knife and fork, caught me by the hand,) I thought you were something past common. While the tears ran down his cheeks. It did appear, he had some presentment—he almost ran crazy with joy, and it was genuine.

Absorbed in my own reflections, I knew not half this kind man said. It was enough to see his heart was noble, warm and generous; his sons are sober and industrious, stout, fine looking men; there were, however, but three present: there are eight in all living, and four daughters! I saw two more of the sons afterwards, and a son-in-law. The rest had acquired money and gone to the west.

I perceived that my sister felt proud of her children, as well she might, though they were very deficient in education.

I have no idea of the period we settled this place, but think it must have been about the beginning of the revolution. We were the last house of the settlement be-

tween there and Pittsburg, if we except the Peerys, who lived at the mouth of the Connemaugh, where Saltsburg now is. I inquired for the Peerys, but they were all extinct.

An old man by the name of Stephen Rybolt, lived in the wilderness about ten miles beyond us, and remained there, throughout all the wars, till the day of his death. He was a German, without a family, and lived the life of a hermit, without any human being or animal, excepting a dog, whom he called Wasser.

He was an old man then, tall, slender, and swarthy, and bent from age; his chin was long and pointed, and his cheek hollow; but his countenance was bright and winning, and his conversation highly interesting. He came into the neighborhood at stated periods usually hung round with a great number of gourds. These he would give away to the women, and some he would fill with lard, salt, &c. It did not appear that he, like the hermits of old, lived upon vegetables. He had lived in the wilderness from the earliest recollection of the inhabitants, neither afraid of, nor molested by the Indians. He called to see us often, and used to tell us that he charmed the Indians; and by calling his dog, (for he always kept a dog,) Water, it prevented the Indians from using *their* charms, (which he believed they could,) to stop him from barking, as you could not *stop* water from *running*. He was evidently superstitious; but, strange to tell, his superstition seemed to enable him to set fear at defiance. He walked with a long staff in his hand. I remember him more distinctly than any occurrence of Mount Pisgah.

Stephen Rybolt lived till within a few years since, and must have been the oldest man at his decease in America. Before he died he was bent nearly to the ground.

I am sorry that I am unable to tell the cause of his sequestering himself so far from the haunts of men.

No great length of time after our settlement on Mount Pisgah, we fled from the Indians into the neighborhood of the Denistons', &c. which has been narrated. Many particulars of interest relative to this part of West Penn-

sylvania, will appear in, (if the fates permit,) "Letters from Alabama."

At this place I sung, for the first time I have any recollection of, "Fire in the Mountains;" and learnt to read also. I recollect this well: after receiving from my father a little insight into the sound of the letters, and putting them together, I went out and sat alone upon a small stump before the cabin-door, and went on through several pages by myself, and learnt to read in the course of the evening. The joy I felt at both these acquirements was unspeakably great.

I have already observed we were compelled to leave this place soon after it was settled, and from that time to the present I never saw Mount Pisgah. Nor do I wonder at Mr. Deniston, or any body else, for not knowing where Mr. Cowan lived, or rather perched, being inaccessable but at one point.

### SCENERY.

But it is a real Pisgah, and has its Moseses and Aarons, and its Children Israel, and rods and rivers, and canals and salt-works, and forests and milk and honey. My Yankee friends, during the last war kept calling out "Where are our Moseses and Aarons to go before us unto battle?" They have only to go to Mount Pisgah. The Pink, or Noah Webster must have been amongst those Yankees. We, of the west, wanted neither Moses nor Aaron to lead us to battle, nor to pray up a resolution or pray it down, as in the Hartford Convention.

This hill is level and rich upon the top, and well watered; and upon it, principally, my sister has reared those lusty sons. It is the handsomest situation in West Pennsylvania, commanding a view as extensive as it is rich and beautiful. The house, which can be seen several miles distant, commands a view of the three rivers. It is built upon the verge of Mount Pisgah, precisely at a right angle with the Loyalhannah, overlooking a precipice of about 3000 feet. The Loyalhannah, as straight as a line, runs down, at a right angle with the door, to the base of

the Mount between two hills richly clothed with the most beautiful timber. This river turns suddenly round the base and empties into the Connemaugh. Thus, you have a view of the Connemaugh, the Kiskaminitas, the Pennsylvania canal, Saltsburg, the bridge, and the Loyalhannah. But the beauty inimitable of the scenery arises from a happy combination of images: like a well woven wreath, every thing is in its place—every shade and attitude is happily matched. The Loyalhannah, rough and foaming, but straight, the Connemaugh, winding in a smooth serpentine; the Kiskaminitas, flowing in a broad, smooth stream; the symetry of the canal; the rural village; the sea-like meadows, all intermingled with a towering foliage in nature's richest dress. Imagine yourself raised to the sudden height of from three to four hundred feet, and embracing an extent of three counties, in harmonious stillness, while you are seated aloft upon an even green, which seems to sit smiling at the rolling streams, and all the airy gems of polished nature. Such is the view from Mount Pisgah: but chiefly I loved to dwell upon the Loyalhannah. It was the only image of the whole I recollected.

The shape of the Mount is an oblong. The surface may contain from 90 to 100 acres, strong land; and the best peach-orchard I have seen in Pennsylvania. What a retreat from the world! It equals the most extravagant romance. Such is the view from Cowan's door. When I took my last look of this, I seemed to leave my soul behind! The spring, where the wolves passed—the dim path, where lay the snake—the slope, up which the hermit Stephen used to come. But how shall I bring my swelling heart—yes, how—to touch the tender string which, and forever, binds me to the small tranquil spot, where waves a small sugar-tree, as if to perpetuate the day, when surrounded by the lords of the forest, I sat upon the low stump at the cabin-door and learned to read!

## SALTSBURG.

Early the next morning, accompanied by my sister, I returned, as the stage to Blairsville passed Capt. Denis-ton's at 12 o'clock, and I was to proceed in it. Fly was brought out and saddled, and taking leave of the family, she soon brought me to the river.

About half way to the river, as we wound round Mount Pisgah, we saw a large deer bounding gracefully through the woods.

When we came to Kiskaminitas we left our horses and crossed the river in a ferry-boat to Saltsburg, a new, flourishing town at the junction of the rivers, upon the canal, which is completed some distance towards Pitts-burg, and is to meet that at Juniatta at Lewistown.

After viewing the canal I walked towards the town. I had sent word to the managers by a young man, who crossed the river with us, of my name and arrival. As soon as he received the news, he sat off to meet us It proved, however, to be Mr. Drum, the brother of my friend of Greensburg. He saluted us very friendly, and conducted us to the first tavern, and observed the visit was quite unexpected, as they were afraid I would pass without calling.

Wishing to see the engineers, Mr. D went to apprise them. Their boarding-house was not far, and I waited till I knew they must have had time, and finding they were not in sight, and my time pressing, I called to my sister to return, and re-crossed the river.

Our horses were a short distance down the river, in the care of a boy, and I being lame took a straight course to a house on the road side, and my sister proceeded to forward the horses Not liking the looks of the house I sat down upon a log and waited their arrival I saw my sister and the boy advancing, and at length observed her stop and speak to some person over the river. She then moved briskly towards me, and said, "There are several gentlemen crossing the river to see you, and they beg of you not to go till they arrive." She was much surprised that so great a mark of respect should be paid me, and

seemed, for the first time, to think that I must be somebody, indeed.

I suspect no ferry-boat ever crossed a river in so short a time, and the gentlemen soon reached me, while I laughed at their narrow escape. They laughed too, and congratulated themselves upon their fortunate escape: for, had they not redeemed their credit, I certainly would have laid it on hard.

Mr. Randall, the principal of the canal, took all the blame upon himself, saying he was at breakfast when the news came, and not dreaming that I would leave the place so soon, waited to finish his breakfast. All well enough—we were all merry upon the occasion. I was glad to see gentlemen; and they were delighted. I had but a minute to spare, however, so unfortunately was I situated: though I would gladly have spent a week with those amiable, friendly people. But I have no pleasure in travelling, separate from the public, or rather they have the pleasure, if there be any going, and I have the pain.

The gentlemen who came over, besides Mr. Drum, were Messrs. Randolph, E. R. Livermore, a Yankee, Lafferty, a lawyer,—a pretty good turnout for Saltsburg. These were all genteel, friendly men. Mr. Drum was much such another as his brother, but younger, with warm manners and the finest face in the world. Mr. Randolph is a tall, good figure, oval face, and blue eye; his countenance and manners very engaging. Mr. Lafferty, a warm-hearted Irishman, and among the first to make his bow: I was particularly struck with his friendly manners, his fine figure, full, dark eye, and fair, oval face. The other gentleman, I think a lawyer, is a tall, slender, very young man, his face a fine oval polish, with a large, soft, dark eye. Mr. Livermore is also young, and interesting in his features, all round, full, and handsome; and the whole of them were as familiar as though we had spent our days together. This, however, is generally the case, as I am familiar with the public by report. What a victory this was over the old maid missionaries, to have such a party of handsome swains in

my train. This was the greatest honor ever paid me; and considering the time and place, it has acquired for its generous actors an imperishable name.

I find in my notes on the same page, a minute of a Messrs Sterret and McFarlin, of which I have no distinct recollection, as five only crossed the river: but, that I met those gentlemen, either there or in the neighborhood is certain. They are thus described: Mr. McFarlin is a tall, stout figure, round, fair, oval face, and dark eye, and of genteel manners. Mr. Sterret is described as a stout figure, handsomely shaped, oval face, open countenance, blue eyes, and very genteel manners.

When about to part with my friends, from the restive manners of Fly they found much difficulty in placing me in the saddle. They procured a chair from the house, but found it impossible to succeed without something of greater height, and walked on, carrying the chair some distance, to a tall stump, upon which I mounted, by the aid of the chair, while it required their united strength to hold Fly steady; and interchanging the most cordial wishes for each others happiness, we parted.

Thus acted the generous sons of this proud State! I wished, for their sakes, I had been a daughter of Pennsylvania. But it was of no little amusement to witness the surprise of my sister. She seemed puzzled to account for those extraordinary honors. She had lived amongst them her life time, and might probably live seven life times without receiving as many marks of respect as were paid to me in the course of a few minutes.

*The canal* is 28 feet wide at the bottom and 48 feet at the top. The workmanship is well executed, but the locks are of wood, very long and narrow.

As we rode on, my sister pointed out the house of Dr. Kirkpatrick, the son of my friend. She was personally acquainted, and proposed to call and introduce me, representing him in very favorable terms. The house stood near the road, and an avenue leading to it: we rode down to see him.

The Doctor had been at Capt. Deniston's the preceding evening, and heard I was in the neighborhood, and

seeing us ride toward the house, suspecting the truth, very politely walked to meet us. I merely saluted and inquired after his welfare, as I had no time to lose.

The Doctor is a young man, and quite a light figure, with delicate, handsome features, a sweet countenance, and the most engaging, friendly manners in the world. But I was doomed, as before, to tear myself from him, though I know of none with whom I would sooner have spent an hour. He is said to be eminent as a physician, and has a handsome practice: a man of his address, however, must always succeed.

About 12 o'clock we reached Mr. Deniston's, where tea and every thing was ready on the table, waiting my arrival, as the stage was expected every minute. The Captain and his daughters were absent at a funeral; I therefore missed the pleasure of taking them by the hand; and after snatching a hasty dinner the stage called, and I took leave of my sister and the Mrs. Deniston's and departed, well assured that I never shall look upon the like of Mrs. William Deniston again.

The afternoon was pleasant, and I had a charming drive through a most delightful country to

### BLAIRSVILLE.

It is situated on the Connemaugh, and called after Mr. Blair, the principal in making the great northern road. This road has been made within a few years through Huntington, Lewistown, and thence to Harrisburg, a few miles below the Blue Mountains. The canal also passes by Blairsville, and is in a great state of forwardness. Blairsville is the most flourishing town I have seen in the State. Here is the road, the canal, salt, iron and coal in great abundance, the country rich and flourishing, and such is the rapid growth of Blairsville that it has the appearance of enchantment—one hundred houses are now going up.

Four years since, there was no house where Blairsville stands! It contains 1200 inhabitants, and five churches! It has more activity and industry, in proportion to

the inhabitants, than any spot I have yet seen in the state, and is inhabited by a noble, lively, generous people.

I find this road is a paradise compared to the middle route; I would go an hundred miles round to see the people; where as I am told, if any, it is the nearest—and no mountains! I have understood that those numerous ridges of the Allegheny, are scarcely perceivable. And here is also, rich scenery, a bold ridge runs parallel with the Connemaugh, which, and the canal with its locks and dams, and the numerous workmen, all in view from a gentle eminence, on which the town stands; added to the bustle and activity of the town, was truly an interesting picture.

But the cheerful and friendly manners of the inhabitants, were alone enough to render Blairsville an interesting spot. No missionaries here but one, and he is harrassed out of his life. They have balls too, and common sense, and are the happiest people in the state.

My friend William Jack, directed me to stop at Mr. M'Anulty's. I also had a letter to Mr. M'Cabe, a lawyer, and from his partiality to me, of which I had heard; I addressed him a note from Pittsburg apprising him of my intended visit. This led them to look for me sooner than I could possibly arrive, and in one word, Mrs. M'Anulty was fit to devor me, and first and last, almost killed me with kindness.

I had been but a short time in my room before Mr. M'Cabe came in; I was partial to the man and longed to see him, and had intended dropping him a note, but notes were needless—they were all looking out, and the news soon flew, and Mr. M'Cabe lost no time in paying his respects, nor was this all, others flocked in, and my room was constantly filled.

Two gentlemen from Ireland, by the name of Grier, lived opposite; they are brothers, engaged in mercantile business, and are among the first people in the place They were remarkably pleasant in their manners, and engaged much of my attention. The ladies were distinguished for gaity of disposition and sprightliness of man-

ners, and we were all romp and play, like so many children.

Mr. Grier having seen my books, would threaten the ladies. Ah! Mrs. Royall is coming, she will fix you, she will put you in the Black Book. But Mrs. M. Grier, was amongst the first who called, and I was charmed with her wit and elegant manners. When she returned home, she told Mr. Grier; I have been to see Mrs. R. and she likes me too well to put me in the Black Book. She told me playfully, they almost scared her to death with the Black Book. Mrs. Mark Grier, is a stout, young handsome woman, with an oval face, and fine blue eyes. Her countenance is open, gay and benevolent, and indicative of great wit and good sense, and one of the most facinating women I ever met with. Her husband, Mr. Mark, is an exemplary man, hospitable, kind and generous, he is the delight of every eye, is a small man, and very handsomely featured, with the softest blue eye in nature. The youngest, Mr. George Grier, is much like the first.

When they are gentlemen, the Irish are not surpassed by any people on the earth; and no people have warmer hearts.* First and last, these gentlemen behaved to me with all the disinterested dignity, generosity, and politeness, common to gentlemen in every sense of the word.—Their kindness is written on my heart. Mrs. George Grier, is a small lady, very handsome and equally kind and polite.

Mr. M'Cabe is alike entitled to the esteem and respect of every liberal mind, and laid me under many obligations to him. Mr. M'Cabe is a thin light figure, with an oval fair face, delicate features, mild countenance, soft blue eyes, and very genteel manners. He is of middling height, quite a young man.

Mr. Stewart Davis is a tall slender man, very fair, with golden hair, oval face, fine blue eyes, and of amiable manners.

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* I shall ever esteem the Irish since they rallied round me in this city, when I was in the clutches of the Blackcoats. "We'll stand by you Mrs. R." This chivalrous declaration, has effectually won my good opinion and regard.

Thomas Johnston, Esq. from the neighborhood, is a stout, noble figure, and open generous countenance. All the gentlemen of Blairsville were distinguished for politeness and hospitality. Several of those were engaged as engineers on the canal; of these were Mr. Johnston mentioned, also Mr. Alonzo Livermore, of New-England. Mr. Livermore is a young genteel man, and seems to hold the first place in conducting the canal. He appears to have the best education, and appertains to the first people of New-England, These Yankees I find, are every where sought for, wherever science is required.

Thomas M'Farland, Esq. perhaps the same mentioned a few pages back, is a most amiable man.

Mine host Samuel M'Anulty, is a stout young looking man; round fair face and soft blue eye—as an innkeeper, Mr. M'. is not surpassed in his calling—he is uncommonly mild and soft in his manners, low in his charges, and keeps a first rate house.

Andrew Brown, Esq. is a middle aged man, an attorney, I think, of very pleasing manners.

But as great a favorite as any I met with, was Mr. Mulhollin, the postmaster; a most gentlemanly and worthy man.

I was sorry I had so short a time to spend with these amiable people. Wishing to give a faithful picture of Pennsylvania. I had extended the time, until the weather was growing cold.

I was beyond measure pleased with the citizens, and had the pleasure of seeing a few of my nephews, Messrs. Edward H. Day and James G. Crow, the latter, the barkeeper; both excellent men. I think these were the cream.

It will be recollected, my sister sent off for her sons, some of which lived near this place. But not knowing I would leave Mount Pisgah so soon; they travelled there and arrived a little before my sister from Denistontown. I presented her with a volume of the Black Book, and they were so eager to see what was in it. They read it through that night, and returning to the neighborhood of Blairsville, called on me the same day.

My old acquaintance James, looked older than his mother, had a wife and children, and was a methodist! they all have long faces. But poor James, though I plagued him enough about his canting hypocrisy, I was glad to see him.

Robert, the one I had seen at his father's, came also, and a son-in-law of Mr. Cowan's, Mr. Henry Gibbons, quite a genteel man, and well educated. They behaved very respectful, bought books, and were much pleased, I was truly so

After they took their departure, Mr. John Cowan, another of my sister's sons came; he was accompanied by his wife, a very genteel looking woman. John was the best looking and most manly of the whole, and said to be the most industrious. I think he told me he made $30 per day, boring for salt-water! He is a giant in size and a handsome man, though hard of hearing This man will be rich if he lives; for he already owns several lots in towns. There were others in the neighborhood whom I did not see, and others again had gathered money and gone to the western states. They are all sober thorough going men, and lack nothing but education to render them amongst the first men in the country. John and his wife spent the day with me, with apparent pleasure, though Mrs. Cowan said she was almost afraid to come, having heard I was such a great lady, and James said, she must speak proper, and all that stuff. It was his religion, or rather the want of it, caused him to say this. Both John and his wife were well spoken, genteel and very interesting couple.

It was hard I could not spare one evening to visit them, but the dear creatures stayed with me until dark—and when we went to tea, I found Mr. C. had spoken for an elegant supper, and after supping together they took leave, having but a short distance to go.

All the people in this region are remarkable for good size, great modesty, and a keenness of countenance peculiar, and form a wide contrast to the people on the other road.

A petrefied fish was shown to me at Blairsville, a curiosity. It was found in sight of the town, in the middle of a solid rock, fifty feet above the surface of the river. It was a foot in length, with the scales and fins entire and perfect. The fish was of solid stone, of a very dark color. It was broken about the middle, and was a perfect stone throughout. Hope the Pink, or Walsh, or Noah Webster will favor us with a learned dissertation on the subject, and put it in the *Dictionary*.

The third day I left Blairsville late; travelling this fine country in the dark, over chesnut-ridge, where there was no ridge; slept at Alexandria, and arrived next morning at

## EBONSBURG.

It was provoking to travel over so much of the country in the night; it was near twelve o'clock when we arrived at our quarters, and had to start again at three o'clock, A. M.

Ebonsburg is on the top of the Allegheny mountain in a dense forest of the tallest hemlocks, perhaps in America. This was the scene of Harry Hemlock, and the three judges—never was a name more appropriate! It was equal to the Black Book.

Ebonsburg is settled by Welsh, and a few Irish and Scotch. The mountain forms no perceivable elevation. But how they cut through such a dense forest, is extraordinary—here grow the tallest trees I have seen to this day, they are a singular curiosity.

We arrived at Ebonsburg early in the morning, where I stopt for one day. I have always been partial to the Welsh from their character, and from having married a descendent of Llewellen prince of Wales. The name, Royall, denotes Welsh; having the double l, which is peculiar to them only. I was not long in Ebonsburg, which is in Cambria county, before the Welsh flocked in, and crowded around me with great ardor and affection. The day was very inclement and cold, but this did not prevent those dear people—I loved them all, and took their offered hands; nor was ever joy more mutual. The

real Welsh fresh from the mountains—their features were peculiar, and faces small, with a singular independence of countenance.

There were some of my own name amongst them, whom I did not see. These own a whole country, which lies on the Allegheny mountains, and proves they have a permanent fondness for mountains, as they could have purchased land any where in the union.

The Allegheny at this place, produces all sorts of grain, grass, vegetables in abundance. Their farms were extended in all directions round the town, and above all people, they have the most contented look. They have a very handsome college; the town is neat and flourishing.

These people might have been the happiest of the happy, had it not been for that curse, priest-craft; and wherever this curse fastens her fangs, the reign of terror begins. The Scotch, always dead going Presbyterians, began this business, and have drawn into their scheme, the innocent unwary Welsh, who pray and preach, tracts and bibles, by the gross; and have introduced such rules into the academy that the liberal of all parties have withdrawn their patronage, and the building is now unoccupied. This wide spreading evil is destroying all our seminaries. What business had they here; in this abode of innocence, on the top of these mountains?—the d—l himself would not have pursed innocence so far.

The split in the college, is that the blue-skins want a Calvanistic president, and the liberals will not consent to it; and the money bestowed on them by the legislature stands idle!—lost to the state! and to all parties. The cost of the building and the funds are considerable. Was there ever a nation so mad, to be giving, and always, and eternally giving, to discipline troops for the great struggle. I am astonished that none of our great men have had the courage, nor the curiosity to ascertain what those people mean by this great struggle. It has a very emphatical meaning, as I see it is eternally referred to, and seems to be a watch word, and a watch-word by which they have marched through the United States, and have an army of regulars. Since writing this article, I find their articles

of warfare and creeds, on every table and desk in our executive departments; they grow bold. I took secretaries, chief clerks, and messengers to task about the danger of encouraging these people in this open and barefaced manner. "They were in the department when we come, early in the morning, how are we to know who brought them?" If I were a secretary of war, or a secretary of peace, or entrusted with the treasury and arms of the nation, I should suffer no traitors to enter my camp. "They can do no harm Mrs. R. we have all the money and muskets." A fig for muskets, when these traitors open all doors, enter women's bed-chambers, as I have seen them, and range through all our departments. "They are brought in without our knowledge." This is a fine tale; and why are the departments not better guarded? What is to hinder these traitors from taking possession of every department, and every arsenal in the government, at any moment? Nothing. In the capacity of spies, they go over the whole United States. In all capacities they encompass the land. What business have they to open doors and go in where our state papers are? I would be happy to know this—there must be treachery somewhere What sort of messengers have we, to suffer these traitors to enter their master's cabinets. I find these pamphlets on every table. This shows what an enlightened nation we are, to encourage such swindling. What is to hinder them to seize our muskets? Nothing. And this not the worst, they have corrupted many of the clerks, E is at the head of the bible society and St. C is president. I hope they will soon get their walking papers. It is bad enough to have traitors without, and not within our camp.

But to go back to the policy of the legislature—These "good sound" hypocrites ask for money, and get it. Only to ask.

"Who would object to so laudible a thing, as giving money to instruct the ignorant?" Very true, it could not be better applied. But for want of common sense, the money has done more harm than good. I hope to hear no more of chartering colleges. If legislatures give money, let them see that it is put to the use intended.

The first who honored me with a call, was Dr. Young, an amiable man. The Dr. is young, middle sized man, with a noble countenance and regular festures; his manners candid, mild and genteel.

Mr. Lewis, with a real Welsh face, is rather low and heavily made, of middle age, round fair face and blue eyes. In his manners, he is plain, frank, and friendly.

Mr. Ivory is a tall, stout, and very muscular fine looking man, with an noble eye.

Mr. Stewart Steel, is an attorney, a tall, slender, fair young looking man, with a very keen eye, and a sensible countenance.

Messrs. Moses Cannon Noon and M'Donnald, are also entitled to notice. M'Donnald particularly, who kept a tavern; was remarkably polite, and a perfect gentleman. He is a man of family and education, and lives in a large handsomely furnished house. I was charmed with his manners and his family, with whom I took tea.

Shortly after my arrival, Gen. Smith from Bedford, who was in Ebonsburg, apprized of my presence soon called and brought Mr McDonnald with him, when I received a polite invitation to spend the evening at his house, and never was I more astonished at the taste and elegance of his family, and the style of his equipage. Mrs. McDonnald is a young accomplished woman, though the mother of several children. Being people of education they are taking much paines with their children and keep a Governess in the house. It was truly interesting, on the summit of the Allegheny, to see those little girls advancing in all the finer accomplishments of the sex. They were drawing and embroidering when I called, which constitute a part of their education. Mr. McDonnald and his lady are from Ireland. He is one of the Trustees of the academy, but was about to resign, as he was unable to benefit the institution. The tavern at which I put up was well kept and very comfortable, but not equal to Mr. McDonald's, the latter is one of the most pleasant men in the world.

I saw some of the best specimens of painting in the neighborhood of Ebonsburg I ever witnessed, which

were said to be done by an insane man. It was life itself, the design and the whole execution was inimitable

Amongst the wonders of the mountains I found a natural genius, a Welshman, who had made a set of large church organs without any instructions whatever, his name is John Lloyd, he Post Master of Ebonsburg

I took leave of my kind friends the next day, and a bitter cold day it was. I had passed the Chesnut ridge, Laural Hill, and a good part of the Allegheny in the night but without perceiving any elevation in either. This evenness continued till we drew near Blairs Gap, where the Allegheny Mountain ends.

In the course of the day I passed the head of Connemaugh and one of the heads of the Susquehanna, two small springs within one hundred yards of each other.

I had no company in the stage but a lady and her pretty littte daughter, who had been upon a visit, and we suffered much from the severity of the cold. The lady, she informed me, was the sister of M. T. Simpson of Washington City, agent of the General Post Office, a place of some trust under the Post Master General † knowing Mr. S as a gentlemanly man I was not a little pleased to drop in with his sister, whose pleasant and agreeable manners, helped to beguile the rigor of the day.

At Blairs Gap I had the pleasure *once* more of meeting with the all accomplished General Smith. These rencounters with the same person was truly pleasing. It was certainly a treat to meet him twice in a strange place. He was on his return.

After introducing me to the tavern keeper and seeing I had every thing I wanted, he took me by the hand and departed.

The *Sawney* at Ebonsburg told me he had an aunt at Blairs Gap, an old maid, the great grand mother of all the missionary societies in a hundred miles round, and expressed a wish we should meet.

† There is another S. also in the General Post Office, not worth his salt.

The tavern keeper's wife was a double distilled missionary, the fiercest monster I ever saw, a daughter of old Mr. Blair, and her husband a very clever man, between her and the old maid had a hard time of it; I tried to inviegle the old maid into an interview but she was too cunning. I amused myself with the landlady, her eyes fairly turned green with rage, she could have torn me to pieces—"She loved *good people*" she said, "I thought madam you loved us heathens." She darted out of the room and refused to wait upon me, but I soon called her back and told her "I expect to pay you madam, attend to your duty." She complied and growled like a *She Bear* all the while.

I pitied her husband, who suffers himself to be henpect by these two women.

I had another cold ride and arrived at Huntingdon upon the Juniatta about an hour before day the next morning.

I stopped at the stage house but not liking my quarters I sent for a friend after breakfast and desired him to look out for a more agreeable house. It may be thought strange, I should have a friend in a strange place; but it was even so. I had a letter from Gen. Smith to several gentlemen, and sending for the nearest [Mr Bell] he soon came and went off to procure me a house, but never was I in such a house before nor since. I had no fault to find with Mr. M'Connel, but his house did not suit me. He is a *Seceder*, and what that is the heaven knows. Those religious people need not decry farces and plays. For there is no greater farce than they represent, and though called by different names, they all come out upon the stage, make a long prayer, a wry face, ogle the women, and finger the *Cash*. The play actors do no more. The Presbyterians are called round heads from Washington Pa., to this place. But the liberals were getting rather the upperhand.

Huntingdon is the county town of Huntingdon county, and is handsomely situated, partly upon an even plain on the bank of the Juniatta and contains some very handsome buildings, the canal runs through it, which will bring the trade to their doors. Huntingdon contains a

Court House, Jail, Masonic Hall, 5 Churches, and 1200 inhabitants, and is a very beautiful town, containing handsome streets and several fine brick buildings. It lies between two wild mountains which gives it a romantic appearance, the scenery of Juniatta is much like Mauch Chunk.

I merely took a short walk when Mr. Bell returned with a tall elegant looking man whom he introduced by the name of Clark, and to whom, amongst several others Gen. Smith had written; whoever has had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Clark can never forget him, Pennsylvania contains not such another He combines at once every grace and virtue that adorns the human family; and if I were to write an octavo I could not do him justice. He bent his soft grey eyes upon me, [being a giant in height] and with a smile of inimitable sweetness, saluted and said "shall I have the pleasure to attend you to my house madam, I am afraid I cannot furnish you as you deserve, but I will endeavour to make you comfortable. When did you arrive, and how have you faired this cold season," any one might have said this.—But the manly look, the easy grace, the chaste smile, the stream of melting kindness that breathed "things unutterable," I was completely vanquished. They both attended me to Mr. Clark's where I was met by Mrs. Clark no less amiable than her husband. Tell me nothing of Kings and Coronets—give me the man whose heart is touched by Heaven with social kindness, who is wise to see and quick to feel, unborrowed delicacy for the wants and cares of a destitute female, and cheers the heart of the forlorn and weary traveller.

I scarcely rang the bell, while I staid at his house, Mr. C. though a thorough gentleman bred, was my waiter, footman, and friend. It happened to snow prodigiously most of the time, and this generous man was constantly coming up to my parlour to see that the room was warm, always accompanied by some friend. Where were the round-heads all this time, who travel thousands of miles to convert the heathen? here was a poor wick d heathen come to their very doors in the hardest of the winter.

But, "these are they, whose souls the furies steel'd,
And curst with hearts, unknowing how to yield."

Mr. Clark had taken under his fostering care a widowed sister of Mrs. Clark—was a father to her children and brother indeed to the bereaved widow! Both her and Mrs. C. were amiable women, all lived together as one family, the most interesting group I ever beheld. Mr. Walter Clark is a young man of towering height some inches over six feet and made in proportion—his face unmatched in manly beauty, and his countenance unrivaled in seraph innocence—His manners are of the highest polish, but all this conveys but a faint outline of the man.

J. M. Bell, Esq was the first to call on me, and never ceased in his attention during my visit; Mr. B. is a gentleman of stout make, young and very handsome, his face is round and fair, and adorned with black eyes of the most beautiful lustre—I have no doubt but they have done a great deal of mischief in their time. Mr. B. is an Attorney of some eminence, and the very milk of human kindness; the Huntingdon Bar is quite respectable

Besides Mr. Bell, Messrs Williamson, Miles, Orbison, Porter, and several others; it snowed hard the whole day, Sunday too, they were continually coming and going—David R. Porter, Esq. is a brother of Gen. Porter of Lancaster. The Porters are a distinguished family of Pennsylvania—Mr. D. R. P. is of middle age and size, with fine oval features, dark complexion, and a full speaking black eye; his countenance has great expression, he is a most amiable and pleasant man.

Mr. Wm. Orbison, is a good hearted man, of fine appearance and manners—Messrs Miles and Williamson are both excellent men, and respectable in their profession—Doctors Henderson and Benj. J. Berry, were likewise amongst those who called—they are highly respectable men, Dr. B. I think lived in the country, he is a very engageing man both in person and manners Mr. Moses McLean is a gentleman of portly size, round fair face and pleasing manners; A. P. Wilson, Esq. is a tall

stout figure, quite young and much esteemed—and Samuel Hines, Esq. must not be forgoten, he came in quite late, but insisted upon adding his patronage, he was a very affable German, and said he would help the widow, which much to his honor he did, he was a jolly lively man, plain frank and honest; Abraham Levy, Esq a Jew, was also amongst my friends of Huntingdon, and I must say, notwithstanding the kindness every where lavished upon me throughout the state, Huntingdon left the rest far behind, taking into view the badness of the *weather* and the *shortness* of the time, and the *day* being Sunday; the gentlemen's hats and coats would be covered with snow. This is the right sort of religion Sunday or Monday.

I never during my life recollect of spending a more pleasant evening than I did at Mr. Clark's, surrounded by a large circle of friends, by a glowing fire; the charms of their conversation, their undisguised friendship, their marked respect and overflowing kindness went to the heart, it was impossible not to love and respect them. This mark of attention is not only an honor to the state, but to the American character; the godly people were at preaching.

Apropos—They have an academy here too, the building cost $1000, and $1000 more was appropriated (by the Legislature) to support a teacher. The Presbyterians agreeably to their practice, got the management of the school into their own hands, employed a teacher until their own children were educated, and then drove him off because he would not teach for a trifle, for his services, reserving the balance of the thousand dollars for themselves.

Since that they have turned it into an Irish tavern (see their religion) and appropriate the profits to their own use, *besides* the $1000 for the Teacher. ! ! ! Was there ever a state so imposed upon as Pennsylvania. I informed the Legislature as I passed through Harrisburg shortly after this, and they knew nothing of it; one of the *black coats* spoke up and said "they turned it into a tavern because the canal run close to it, and on that account, it was not fit for students." The traitor, why did they retrench the

teacher's wages long before this? why did they not consult the Legislature? why did they not consult the people of Huntingdon? and if they were actuated by any thing but the principles of *theft;* why did they not pay over the money to the state. Pennsylvania, *great* in resources, great in virtue, and great in union, industrious and interprizing, yet cannot get on; *how* is this? Because those vipers are preying and have long preyed upon her VITALS, they have nearly eaten through the very heart strings of the state, and have deprived it of every *prop*, I mean its *schools* and *colleges*! prostrated to the dust, and the money in defiance of shame, appropriated to overturn our liberty. It is a known fact, they have to send to New York and New England for all their engineers, because science is crushed in the state.

Last year several hundred dollars were collected in Huntingdon to furnish Bibles for the town, what became of it? smuggled away to head quarters, Philadelphia. H re are a number of children to be educated, and though the state has furnished $2000 for that purpose, they have to send their children off to other places.

A man by the name of Adams, one of Dr. Ely's good "sound Presbyterians," passed through this country last year to convert young ladies, a singular way to convert them—He went from house to house, would get the young women in private, lay his arm round them, talk to them about the good of their souls, until he would get complete possession of the body. He would make these silly girls cry, and make them believe he could send them to heaven or hell, until they became frightened into any measures, one result was, that he drained them of their cash.

He converted every young lady in the neighborhood; every body remembers Mr. Adams. At length he was suddenly checked by a lady who found him in a situation with her daughter by no means pleasing to her: and too late the people opened their eyes, and banished him from the country.

The Juniata is a very handsome stream, at this place. There is just room for the canal between Mr. Clark's

house and the river. The house commands a handsome view of the river and the canal, from its lofty rooms. It occupies one of the most delightful situations on the road.

The scenery upon the Juniata is wild and fanciful, beyond description, consisting of piles of wild rocks, and circular hills, intermingled with lofty trees. The scenery around Huntingdon, particularly, is beautiful in the extreme. It must be amongst the greatest treats of the summer, to a person of taste, to lean in a window at Mr. Clark's, upon a warm summer day. The mountains, on both sides come in close to the river.

Dr. Shoenberg's ironworks are near this; where he makes 250 tons of iron per week.

There is also a celebrated mineral spring near Huntingdon, which is rising fast into notice.

### LEWISTOWN

Is also upon the wild Juniata, a few miles distant. As usual, I left Huntingdon before day, and who should be up, but I and Mrs. Clark. A fine fire blazed upon the hearth, and a cup of coffee smoked upon the side-board. I was oppressed with kindness, and even carried to the stage. It would insult the feelings of Mr. Clark to say he did not charge!

After day broke I had a very pleasing prospect of the country. Where the mountains do not interfere, the land is rich on the river; but they rise into fearful piles of loose grey stone.

We arrived at Lewistown about one o'clock, P. M.—stopped at Williams's.

I had longed to enter Lewistown for the sake of once more seeing the amiable Col. Clinton, the son of my friend, Gov. De Witt Clinton. He stopped at this house, and I panted to see him, without regard to the house, which is not the best.

The driver refused to give me my baggage, though in justice to him he did suffer me to get out of the stage: "this was kind."

I hastened into the house, and asked for Col. Clinton. "He was there." He was at dinner. I threw off my cloak. The table was long and crowded, as Lewistown was then the rendezvous of all the canal people. I crowded in at the head of the table, and cast an eager eye round for the Colonel, but not seeing him, I asked, "Which is Col Clinton?" when he raised his well-known face, and forced a smile;—but, alas! we both had more reason to weep. We dropped our eyes again; for since we saw each other, the world had lost his great and good sire. I saw, however, the image of the elder, in De Witt Clinton, Junior. He has the same eye, chin, forehead, and every feature of his father, and, doubtless, the same mind, same height, and same mild, benevolent heart and countenance. The Colonel was thin and pale, doubtless, from intense application to his duties as chief engineer.

It appears that he is at the head of all the canalling business in Pennsylvania, and a better they could not have.* I have very little doubt, but in genius, skill, and experience, on the subject of canals, he is little behind his splendid sire.

In 1826 I mentioned Mr. Clinton as being 25 years old. This was a mistake: De Witt Clinton, Jr. was but, at that time, 21 years of age, which makes him now about 23 or 24.

Several gentlemen saluted me at the table by name, who had seen me in different parts of the country.

After dinner I was shewn to my room, and shortly afterwards the Colonel came up; but such was the pressure of his duties, he merely took me by the hand, and set off perhaps 30 miles that night. He is constantly going from one end to the other of the canal; and often stays in camp, and seems to have a hard time of it. But he is always pleasing, and slips along through the world with the least noise of any man of half his worth.

The house was so crowded that it was difficult to get a room; and the landlord going into the dining-room, ask-

*I lament to hear Pennsylvania, blind to her interest, has suffered this talented young man to withdraw since I saw him.

ed the gentlemen if any of them would be so polite as to give me a room on the second story, and take a room on the third For the honor of the Yankee nation, a Mr. Tattan spoke up first, and said he would give Mrs. R. his room. This was singularly kind in Mr. T. as he had just received a wound from a fall upon the canal, by which he was severely injured; and accordingly, he gave me up his room.

Mr. Tattan knew me at Yale College, though I had no recollection of him. He was from New Haven, and being a man of science, was engaged by the canal company as an engineer. Mr. G. M. T. is a young, small man, and light make. His face is oval, and complexion rather dark: his countenance is grave, and genius is stamped upon every line of his features. His eye has much expression, and his manners are modest and retiring. He had but lately arrived from the Farmington canal, where he was one of the principal engineers. They have been greatly taken in by the round-heads: one of them, Mr. Clark, with an iron countenance, was there at the time.

William H. Morell, Esq. of Cooperstown, Otsego co. N. York, was another engineer, and a most interesting man. He was also engagaged for his superior abilities and experience as an engineer, upon the grand canal. Mr. M. is a stout, fine figure, and about 22 years of age, with a bold, intelligent, oval face, and a pair of briliant black eyes, and high smooth forehead—his complexion is dark, and his countenance noble and manly—his manners are open, gay and satirical.

Thomas Franks, Esq. a son of the Hon Judge Franks of Harrisburg, is a cousin of the Messrs. K-im's of Reading, and he and I were half acquainted of course. He had heard of me through the Keims, and I esteemed him for their sake and for his own. Mr. F. is an assistant of Col. C's, and at once one of the most examplary men breathing. He is humanity itself, and unequalled in generosity, and virture—is of common height, light make, with very delicate oval features.

Mr Morell, as well as Col. Clinton, was forced to leave Lewistown, and Messrs. Tattan, Franks, and Dr. M'Con-

nell, were almost constantly with me, and rendering me all the aid in their power.

J. H. Hickoke, another engineer, was also attentive. Mr. H. is a thin spare figure, fine features, mild countenance, and quite a young man, of pleasing manners.

J. Jeffery, Esq. another of the canal corps, is a tall good sized man, with a round handsome face, open generous countenance, and fine blue eyes, is very engaging, though plain in his manners.

Mr. A. Hinck, was also amongst those who called; he is a small, young looking, pleasant man. And lastly and least, one Twins, did not come to pay his respects, as he had none to pay.

Having got through with the canal folks, (the saucy rogues watched me close enough to see what notes I took.)* But one more before I advert to the citizens.

Dr. M'Connell, a son of my tavern-keeper, the Secedar at Huntingdon. The Dr. had very little of the vinegar about him, and was about the handsomest man in Pennsylvania, frank, gay, familiar and lively in his manners—he said, he despised their hypocritical canting at Huntingdon; so much, that he quit the place The doctor's person and features are without fault; he is a tall handsome figure, and his features and complexion, as handsome as imagination can paint them, and has the softest blue eye in the world; polite, affable and generous, he added much to my amusement at Lewistown. The old maids will yet be the death of me, as I always have a train of young gentlemen after me. Poor souls, they may have the priests.

The society of Lewistown is the best improved and most refined of any town in Pennsylvania. There are a very few blackcoats in Lewistown. The citizens are learned, generous and hospitable, and possessed of considerable wealth and taste. They were perfectly aware of that respect due to a stranger.

The most of them waited upon me at the tavern. And first, Doctor Smith, a man of wealth, who lives on his in-

*They were so anxious to see what I said of old mother Drybones, that one held me while the others looked.

come, and is a gentleman of great elegance of manners and erudition. The doctor lives quite in style, and has a most accomplished wife. He is rather young in appearance, fine size, fair complexion, oval features, with all the kindred virtues beaming in his dark soft eye—he is one of the most amiable of men.

Dr. Ard, also a gentleman of attractive manners, pursues his profession; he is tall, slender, middle aged man, and alike amiable.

Doctor Culbertson, is likewise a very amiable man. I do not recollect any other physicians. The bar is considerable for numbers and talent. The first on my list is Elias W. Hale, Esq. a descendent of the great Hale of England. Mr. H. is a shrewd satirical Yankee, whose fore-fathers landed upon the rock of Plymouth. He is middle aged, of good size, and fair round face, and a very expressive countenance, and is a gentleman of great wit and acuteness, and does every thing with astonishing ease and grace. He is the best reader I ever heard—one would think he had coned the book for a speech.

Saying to him, I wished to procure something characteristic of the state, to grace my travels; he gave me the following names:

Joab Oxenrider, Sinnemahoning, John Nineteenhills, Henry Nautsinger, Valentine Foglesonger, Esq.

Mr. Hale never laughs, though he has the faculty of making every one else laugh. Joe Strickland ought to see them, and Noah Webster ought to put them in his Dictionary. The saucy Yankee—I asked him if he did invent them, but he said they were real, and he knew them all.

Mr. Parker of the bar, is a small man, good figure, and fair face, and of tolerable manners.

One Hall, also of the bar, is a great clown.

Abraham S. Williams, Esq. is a very genteel man, of middling size, good features, and a bright blue eye.

E. L. Benedict, Esq. likewise of the bar, I was not fortunate enough to see, he being absent—so also was Mr. Hulings, whom I met afterwards.

Mr. Watson, (I cannot distinguish the name,) is a thin spare figure, oval fair face, open benevolent countenance, fine eyes, and of very engaging manners.

Of the clergy, I saw but one, Rev. Bennet, he was a methodist, and quite an agreeable man, though he did not help me on my way.

Francis M'Luer, Esq my friend and favorite of whom I could never say enough, is a merchant, and I might with propriety call him brother, for such he has proved himself to me. Mr. M'Luer's unrivalled worth discovered itself to me by an incident, over which neither of us had any control. He is a middle sized man, young, active, and persevering. But so mild, so gentle, like his own Juniata; light, life and joy, beams in his fine countenance. May he reap the fruit of his virtues.

Levy Reynolds, Esq. is the editor of the Mifflin Eagle. He is a young man of fair countenance and pleasant manners, like all the liberal editors, I found in him a friend. He is much respected in Lewistown.

Mr. James Dickson, was another editor, whom I did not see.*

Mr. Wm. Mitchell is a tall very handsome figure, open countenance and the finest eye in the world.

The *Academy* is a handsome building and in a flourishing condition, I found a yankee at the head of this, and the pupils about *seventy*, far advanced in their studies. The teacher, Mr. F. N. (if I do not mistake) is a man of education, polite, affable in his manners and seems to be aware of the correct method of teaching, I examined several of the pupils in grammar and geopraphy, and found them perfect; both boys and girls are taught. It was unfortunate I should have stumbled upon the only religious house in the place, old mother dry-bones, the landlady was religious, illnatured, vulgar, and unfriendly. Finding I was a foe to those Priest loving dames, she said "the young ladies could not love better men." This comes well from a female. She

* I overlooked a Mr. Glyn, whom I must have seen at Huntingdon, a very amiable man.

had a house full of these godley dames and gentlemen were crowed out; I never was more bored by vulgar women, and the engineers were leaving the house.

Lewistown is the capital of Mifflin County, and contains an academy, 4 churches, a court house, and jail. It is situated at the confluence of the Kishacoquillas creek with the Juniata. The canal passes through it. It was incorporated in 1795, and contains 1500 inhabitants. It has several stores and taverns, and is a lively flourishing place, and of all towns, it is the most pleasantly situated. The scenery around Lewistown pertakes largely of the wild, the sublime, and the fanciful, and is unsurpassed in beauty. The views from the academy, which stand upon an eminence, is the most pleasing in Pa The proud Juniata glittering through the rich planes, the sloping hills, the impervious thickets, the encircling mountains, but chiefly the variety of surface, continually rising and falling, waving and winding, the heart saturated with pleasure.

## JOURNEY TO HARRISBURG.

After spending three days at Lewistown I departed down the Juniata to Harrisburg the 9th of Junuary 1829, the coldest day we had during the winter.

The gentlemen of the stage house had put the best stage in requisition, had it neatly painted, stuffed, and lined anew with thick cloth, the stage lanterns were shining and the horses the best in the line, and the driver no way behind, and with a gentleman, a lady and child, I bid my favorite town adieu.

We drove on the bank of the Juniata and sometimes upon steep precipices, and in many places the road actually runs in the river upon a wall. But the woman! yes woman!

There was a pass called the *narrows*. Talk of plagues, a scary affected woman, is plague enough, "Oh! we'll be killed, I wish I had 'nt come. Set still Betsey; an't you scared dear? well, all I wish is I had 'nt come." I wish you had 'nt madam." I always responded.

We passed the defiles in safety—had left the river, and were proceeding rapidly over the even plain when we were suddenly over shadowed with utter darkness, followed by a loud clap of thunder, as though heaven and earth were coming together, attended with a noise like the ringing of bells and rattling of hail stones! This was succeeded by a sudden brightness rushing in from above, and a shower of wooden fragments; the horses going at a quick trot, the whole passed as sudden as a flash of lighting !!! and all unhurt.!! What an engine this would be for the missionaries, they would convert the whole world, were they in possession of such a miracle, it exceeds all their out pourings; they may have it gratis, and they will have what they never had before, a true story, but the reader is impatient.

The top of the stage was off! the canal people are in the habit of building bridges on the surveys—one of those bridges lay across our road, the stage run under it, and had often done so before, but this time by some cause (perhaps a stone got under the wheel) the bridge carried away the top.

The bridge occasioned the darkness, tareing away the top occasioned the noise, the top being off, occasioned the light, the rattling was occasioned by shattering the top to pieces, the bell ringing sound was caused by shivering the lamps. The shower of wooden fragments, I need not explain. Thus the mystery is explained, our escape was miraculous, as ninety-nine times out of a hundred, any set of horses might have taken flight, but particularly ours which were highly pampered, they never altered their gate, however, which was doubtless owing to the presence of mind and superior skill of the driver, for the noise was so sudden and so loud, that it was enough to throw any man off his guard. Another miracle was that our sculls were not pierced by the sharp pieces of wood darting endways so near our heads.

Thus it befel the owner of the stage, who had taken so much paines to render me comfortable.

It now began to snow prodigiously, and stiffened with cold, I arrived at our quarters at 10 o'clock P. M. cover-

ed with snow, but a good fire and a pleasant adventure, soon restored my wanted vigour.

Travelling as I do, I sometimes take it into my head that men, particularly, usurp liberties which I am determined they shall not. Jealous of my rights, perhaps I carry my ideas too far, but who shall decide?

While they were preparing supper, two young men came into my parlor; seating themselves deliberately by the stove, commenced a conversation with each other—not satisfied with this piece of rudeness, they at length addressed themselves to me. As I did not know whom I was amongst—I bore it sometime, but their impudent glances displeased me more than their language. Instead of that ingenuousness which is a universal characteristic of all classes in Pennsylvania, their faces displayed a thorough coat of genuine brass.

Now beside the bar-room, there was a front parlor, with a good fire. Why did they not stay in the bar room? No. They had heard of me, and they must gratify their rude curiosity. This always provokes me, but never from the lowest citizen, if he is introduced.

I told them at length, that I would thank them to withdraw: I was going to sup, and did not wish to be intruded on. But there was too much brass aboard; and sending for the landlord, I told him to invite the gentlemen into another room: that I was not accustomed to such impertinent intrusions—one of them walked off, but the other sat still, till I spoke pretty sharp, and told him that he or I should leave the room. He then sneered and walked off.

Meantime supper was brought in; and while I was sitting at the table another gentleman walked in—he took off his hat, and bowed politely, but did not offer to sit nor speak; nor did I speak to him. I saw he was a gentleman, but was nevertheless displeased, as he ought to have known better.

He continued to walk backwards and forwards at the lower end of the room, and kept his eyes fastened on me. Having finished my supper, I turned my back on him to disappoint his curiosity. He then drew a little nearer,

and asked, if I were travelling. I replied that if it would afford him any gratification, I was; but I did not conceive it any business of his. He then walked out; and as I had to set out again in about three hours, I persuaded the landlord to give me the adjoining parlor, as it was warm and comfortable, and had a large settee, upon which I could repose till the hour of departure.

Shortly after I took possession of the room, a servant pronounced the name of Hulings to some person at the door. Struck by the name, I asked if Mr. Hulings was in town. He is in the bar room, madam. Ask him if he pleases to walk into my room; I wish to see him It will be recollected that Mr. Hulings, an attorney of Lewistown, was absent, and being highly spoken of to me, both in Lewistown and Huntingdon, from which last place I had a letter to him from a friend, my pleasure may be readily imagined.

Mr. Hulings soon entered the room with a smile, and who should it be but the gentleman to whom I had spoken so harshly in the supper room. I laughed as I arose to take his hand, and asked him why he did not make himself known? that he was the only man of all others, I wished most to see. He said, in fact he was afraid—he was not aware he was known to me by report Why did you not get the landlord to introduce you? He tried that, but the landlord was afraid too I tried the landlord, said Mr. H and when he refused, I was determined to see you at any risk. But, oh! Mrs. R. forgive me, I had heard so much of you that I could not help it. I told him if there was any pardon to be asked, I thought it was due to him, but we were both so overjoyed at the rencounter, that for my part I do not remember half what passed—I was in a perfect delirium, to think I had a friend at the very time I most needed one.

I had been told at Lewistown, I missed a great treat in not meeting with Mr. Hulings, the pride of the Juniata.

I was never more gratified and hurt to this moment, that I should have spoken so harshly to so fine a man — His presence confirmed every thing I had heard of him, much more—certainly, has the most engaging exterior of

any human being. He is over common height, his figure fine, face oval, and rather dark, his glossy hair hangs in profuse clusters over his fine polished forehead; his eyes, full, dark, and animated; his features harmony itself, and the graces dwelt in his countenance. But the exterior of the man is nothing; it was swallowed up by the virtues of his heart; we see the one but we feel the other. All else suspended; my comfort and convenience became his peculiar care—the fires were replenished, the servants, the landlord, all had secret orders, as I never saw more obsequiousness Just tell me what you want Mrs. R Pray do not give yourself any trouble, said Mr. H. as I called a servant. Blankets were produced, coffee, bread and butter All placed on the stove, ready for me before my setting out in the morning, my bill settled, and nothing left undone.

Meantime I apprised him of the stage accident, and the very uncomfortable alternative of travelling in a vehicle exposed to the weather, and requested him to procure a cloak, blanket, or something to protect me from the cold, which was intense.

I also mentioned the rencounter of the young men, and as they were to travel with me in the stage, he proposed introducing them. I rather objected, but as one I think, was his relative, I received their apologies. "My friend here," pointing to one of them, "Mrs. R. will be of service to you crossing the Susquehanna, which you will find necessary, as it is frozen over, and you will have to walk on the ice—I will pledge myself for them." I gave them my hand to please my friend, but had my suspicions, nevertheless. When about to take leave, (these are the most trying moments.) Mr. H left his cloak, lest I might be cold in the night, and after asking if he could be of any further service, took leave. Thus I always find friends! (brothers, I might say,) and protectors! What more can mortal wish?

After resting, perhaps three hours, we proceeded, and a colder morning was rare in that part of the country.

### HULING'S ROCK.

About daylight we reached the celebrated Hulings Rock, which over-hangs the Juniata, in a frightful precipice. This rock takes its name from Mr David W. Hulings, the gentleman just mentioned, who at the cost of much expense and enterprise, has cut a road through it to the distance of nearly a mile! A most astonishing effort of industry and enterprise to be accomplished by one man!

I thought of the scary woman, and felt the blood stiring about my heart, as the horses almost flew over a perpendicular wall of several feet in height, literally built in the river.

This rock of amazing height and steepness, jutting into the river—there was no alternative for a passage but to cut through it, which was accomplished by this enterprising man.

Shortly after this, we passed the residence of the Hulings' family, a most charming seat, on an island; while I lamented want of time to visit the family.

A little after sunrise, we reached the Susquehanna, where we took breakfast, at a very genteel tavern.

The gentlemen who accompanied me, were hitherto very attentive, and the landlord was uncommonly kind—we left our broken stage here, and took another on the opposite side of the river.

The landlord furnished a small sleigh, in which he put the baggage, and placing me on one of the seats, sent a very genteel man to draw me across the river—excepting the rail road, this was the most pleasant ride I had on my tour.

The Pennsylvania canal comes in here, and another branches off from this point towards New York, up the Susquehanna. It appears that the whole state of Pennsylvania is to be canalled, and I fear too much of it on hand.

The Susquehanna is very handsome at this place, and the scenery very splendid. The mountain comes in close

to the river on one side, and though the ground rises on the other, there is a narrow strip of land on the river—at this place there is a dam across the Susquehanna to raise the water even with the canal.

Two Irishmen got into the stage here, one was an impudent coxcomb, and the other was a poor old man who seemed ready to expire from some disease he had contracted on the canal.

As he was poor and shabby, he was forced to sit upon the middle seat, which had no back, without extorting the least pitty from the brutish passengers, all young men. I interceded for him, but all in vain! and seeing he was ready to drop, I sat on the middle seat myself and gave him mine! We need not go far to look for heathens! The monsters, to treat an aged sick and poor man thus.

My young gentlemen who had evinced rather an impatient aspect for some time, now broke out in a volley of oaths and threats of an alarming nature—they were both good hands at the bottle, and had taken a deep drink at the breakfasting house, and at every house on the road, until they were completely drunk, and the coxcomb Irishman was not far behind them. Mr. Hulings' friend had poured it in so liberally, that he became beastly stupid and sleepy. But it had a different effect on the other, he grew outrageous—he had only smothered his rage since the preceding night; and the spirit beginning to work on him, he first turned pale and then red, and attacked me personally with oaths, referring to that incident, and my entreaties in favor of the old man.

As I had been particularly consigned to the care of the other, I appealed to his honor—I appealed to the promise I heard him make to his friend Hulings—all I obtained was a stupid grin.

My only chance now was the driver; the poor old man was my friend, but he was too sick to help himself. But the Irishman sitting upon the front seat, whispered to the driver, and gained him to their side. I nevertheless ordered him to stop the coach and let me get out. Drive on, said the Bogtrotter Stop I say. Drive on, said the ruffian. My last resort was to alarm the people on the road,

and accordingly I called aloud to the people of the first house I saw, to stop the coach. Drive on, said the two ruffians—drive on. Whilst I addressed the people with the door open—the people obeyed instantly, and ran with great speed to my assistance. But the driver putting his horses to full speed, also—the man, after running himself nearly to death, had to desist. I then made an attempt to jump out, but the ruffians held me forcibly in the stage. Thus the northern route disgraced itself the last day. The passengers, driver, and proprietor of this line, ought all to be sent to the state prison for this day's work; and the passengers certainly would, but while I was calling for a constable to arrest them at Harrisburg, they disappeared.

It is doubtless, the first time that a female was attacked by four men, in open daylight, in the United States' mail stage.

## HARRISBURG.

I merely passed through Harrisburg on my way to Pittsburg, intending to spend some time in it on my return, as the legislature would then be sitting, and I would have the pleasure of seeing the members.

I arrived about noon. Proceeding down the Juniata first, and the Susquehanna to Harrisburg, through the Blue mountains. The scenery on these two rivers, is not surpassed by any in the Union.

Just at a point designed by nature for the metropolis of this independent state, stands Harrisburg, on the bank of the Susquehanna, in the heart of the finest land in Pennsylvania. The surrounding country is beautifully diversified by rising grounds and fertile plains. The site of the town rises from the river back, until it gains a considerable eminence; on the top of this, the capitol of the state legislature is built—one of the finest buildings in the United States, and beyond dispute, the most convenient.

The summit of the eminence is level, and on each side of the capitol stands three other buildings, for the public offices and arms, and show to great advantage. But the view from the cupola of the capitol, is unrivalled by any

view off the seaboard. The town below, the broad Susquehanna, with its superb bridge; the farms and gardens, and the Blue mountains—it is the most triumphant display of beauty and grandeur to be met with in the states.—The architect of the capitol deserves much credit. There is no hide and go seek holes in it like our capitol at the city of Washington. A handsome gallery runs round the building, equi-distant from the base and the top on the outside; and doors open to this platform, on which you may have a delightful promenade.

The representative Hall, is large and very splendid—the furniture is rich and costly, and the speaker's chair is more superb than that of Congress Hall. The Senate Chamber is larger than that at Washington, and both are well lighted.

They have no galleries—seats for strangers are on the same floor, behind the bar, raised like those of the halls. I was present during the debates, and was much pleased with the good order and plain independence of the members.

I stopped at Mr. Buehler's, and was waited on that evening by a number of the members—also by my old friend Gen. Swift. This being Saturday, I was invited to go to church the next day; a carriage and escort was at my service, after the arrangements, to which I consented, and the gentlemen withdrew.

Next morning Gen. Ogle, the old 76, attended with a barouch and five or six outriders, and thus honored, I was led to the front pew, which had been reserved for the purpose. Next day I was escorted to the Senate, where I found matter enough for my pen.

The first thing I did, was to select those members who voted for chartering the *Sunday School Union*. These were pointed out to me by a friend; and I candidly believe they sincerely repent of the infamous transaction.—The speaker of the Senate, Mr. Sturgeon, one of the voters, is a stout young looking man, with rather coarse features; his face is round and complexion dark, but his countenance is open and artless; his manners are plain and displays great independence and self-possession; though

a farmer-like man, was perfectly unembarrassed; spoke audibly, and never appeared to miss his duties.

They go on very rapidly with business in both houses, sit after dinner, and even until bed time, in committees. But go with the blue-skins.

Hon. Brown, is the hardest *cut* of the whole, he *drinks* ——— *water*. Oh! the sinner. He is of good size, neither old nor young, with a broad red face—he turns all his hair upon the top of his head in narrow braids to hide his bald pate, has a gander eye and sly countenance.

Hon. [this distinction is only due to senators,] King, I have mentioned in my 1st vol.—He has a very heavy brow and a piercing black eye; he voted for the charter.

Hon. Duncan, same corps, is not a bad looking man, and a good speaker The Presbyterian hardness was there. He and the Hon. Sullivan, resemble very much, and the flint does not look harder. They have triangular red faces, high cheek bones and blue eyes. They are cold blooded men.

Hon. Fullerton, same, is an elderly stout man, a little gray, with a large pale face, and the finest eye in mortal head; large, full, soft and black—his countenance is mild and benevolent, and his actions accord therewith. He supports a fair reputation, and nothing but the most besotted bigotry could have led him into the snare of Dr. Ely.

Hon. Hay, is mentioned in 1st Vol. under the head of Philadelphia. He has a keen intelligent face, and could swing off an hundred heretics to the hour

Hon. Logan, (Sunday school too,) is keen for uniting *church and state;* he openly avows it, and is a warm friend of Dr. Ely's. May both their HEADS be severed from their shoulders, before we see the day. The others do not deserve a place in the history of their country.

The liberal men form a great contrast to these—there was the towering Gen. Ogle, grown gray in the senate; reminded one of one of the Roman senators. He is a very bold animated speaker—the tear watered his benevolent cheek as he spoke in favor of the revolutionary soldiers.

Hon. Hare Powell, is also a very independent, manly

speaker, and a fine orator. The United States and the world at large, owe much to this patriot. Had it not been for him and Dr. Burden, most probably American blood would now be running in our streets Pennsylvania has rendered her name immortal, in being the first to oppose those ferocious banditti.

Hon. E. S. Kelly, was rather of a blueish cast, but is a very amiable, worthy man. He is an attorney, of good height and figure, rather light, and young looking, with an oval thin face, dark complexion, and dark hair and eyes—his countenance is keen, at once expressive of shrewdness and good sense. He is affable in his manners, and is said to be one of the most efficient members of the senate.

Hon. John Ryon, is one of my favorite Germans. He is a gentleman of young appearance, middling height, and well made—his face is round, full and fair, with handsome regular features, fair hair, and soft blue eyes; his countenance open and manly, and his manners candid and generous.

Hon. J. Miller, (of Perry,) is also a young man, tall, slender and finely shaped, with an oval, fair, smooth face, and mild dark eye, and his countenance mild and placid; his manners are peculiarly dignified and engaging.

Hon. Jackson, was a poor apology.

Hon. Matthias Morris, is a Yankee from N. H. He represents Bucks—is a tall, fine looking man, keen and actively made, with a good face, dark complexion, and piercing black eye. He is an attorney.

Hon. Krebs, is a middle aged man, rather intelligent and genteel in his appearance.

Hon. Kerling, of Delaware, is also of middle age, and middling height, oval face, with deep blue eyes, and genteel appearance.

Hon M'Clure, of Lycoming, is a handsome light figure, middle aged, redish hair and eyebrows, pleasing countenance, and easy manners.

Hon. Ringland, of Washington, is a keen, fine figure, with a fair face and very engaging appearance.

Hon. Seltzer, one of my Germans, and a good sound man; is middle aged, and respectable appearance.

Hon. John Ray, one of the best men in Pennsylvania, German descent. He and Mr. Ryon, were sitting together; I liked their honest generous faces, and drew my chair, and leaned over the bar, against which they sat, and chatted with them some time. Mr. Ray is of middle age, dark visage, black hair, and a keen sensible black eye—I was much pleased with his generous countenance and frank manners.

J. Hunt, Esq. another senator, is from Chester county, the land of promise—he is a good honest farmer, of middling age, and genteel manly figure, with honesty and independence depicted in his countenance—his complexion is middling, his face round, with good features, and a soft gray eye; his manners familiar and friendly.

Hons. Dr. Burden, of Philadelphia county, and Wise, of Westmoreland, were absent at Philadelphia.

Hon. Leech, of Mercer county, is also of middle age; a tall man; round, fair, small face, sharp nose, and very pleasing countenance.

Of Hon. Houston, I find nothing in my notes but *chin* and *spectacles.*

Hon. Frederick Hambright, is another of my favorites, as generous as a prince, he is from Lancaster. No more may be said of him. Mr. Houston, is also from Lancaster, but he did not happen to strike me.

Hons. Drumheller, Reif, Bertolet, Scott, Hawkins, and Herbert, are all that remain of the senate.

As it is the first time, the body has attracted the pen of the historian, it would have given me pleasure to have described them particularly. But from what cause I know not, they have been overlooked in my haste, or the notes lost. Must wait till next time. It is painful to close the description of this noble body of freemen, with the much lamented J. De Pui, Esq. the life, soul and pride, as well as clerk of the senate. He is no more! Cruel death always culls the fairest flowers. Mr. De Pui was of Green county, and the handsomest man in the chamber; a fine towering figure, noble mien, and the Chesterfield of the senate. Peace to his shade.

When I last saw him, he received from my hand, a set of my works, a present for the state. I shall never forget his modest bow, as he took the books from my hand, and the sweet smile which accompanied his thanks.

Col. W. S. Franklin, assistant clerk, was also an interesting young man, nor must I forget the door-keeper, who is also sergeant at arms, Mr. Robert Dickey, a most worthy and kind man, and a perfect gentleman I never look at the exterior of a man, I always attend to his actions.

For honor of this great state; all possible honor was paid to me by the senate, from the speaker down. They know how to appreciate strangers, and by paying proper respect to their own rights, they know how to respect the rights of others.

### HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

If I was honored in the Senate, I was much more so in the House. These noble warm hearted people received me as though I were a dear parent. It was quite a moving scene. Pennsylvania had heard of me—I was for some time cherished in her bosom, when a child. They had heard it—they had heard I was a brave man's widow—they had heard of my adverse fortune—they had heard of my independence—and the respect paid to me every where.

I was escorted to the house, and met at the door by two representatives; these led me up the front isle—when the speaker descended from his chair and received me with great condescention and kindness. He led me to a seat near the fire and seated himself by my side. The speaker, Mr. Middlesworth, is not a handsome man, but his politeness made him shine like diamonds—I shall ever remember him with gratitude and esteem—he is a middle aged man, and middling height, heavily made, with a round full face, dark complexion, and open benevolent countenance; he is a plain and friendly man.

Mr. L. A. Caldwell, of Lancaster county, was every thing to me—he is of middle age and stoutly built, of fine appearance, and warm easy manners.

Robert A. Miller, of Chester county, is likewise a middle aged sound German, of good size, round face, fair complexion, and mild gray eyes; his countenance steady and unassuming, and a modest independence marks his unsophisticated manners.

I was no less pleased with Mr. Peter Shindle, a low but good staunch firm German. I wish all our citizens were as honest and sound as Mr. Shindle. He is low and square built, and seeing the other members subscribing, he "did not care about reading or buying a book, but he vood kif a vidow somdings," and pulled out fifty cents; more than I would have received from a missionary in an hundred years, unless it was in the price of a halter.

H. Petrekin, Esq. is a fine merry soul; he despises the blues, tracts, and priestcraft. Had seen and read my Black Book, and was delighted to hear I had dispersed the blackcoats, and put the colleges to a stand—he was one of the school committee; he and two or three more, soon made arrangements to introduce a new and liberal mode of teaching; which we in the goodness of our hearts, and wisdom of our heads, declared and decreed, should be general in Pennsylvania, and should not contain a single priest or missionary. We were to pull down all the colleges and erect them anew. I showed them the obscene letters I received from these godly people, with the rules of the colleges. The liberal members are for a general school system.

Mr. P. is a young small man, with a keen eye, and no small share of intelligence; he is an independent and spirited speaker, and guards against innovations with the eye of an eagle.

A. R. Fetterman, Esq is mentioned in the 1st Vol. he is from Bedford, and is also awake and on guard. Both he and Mr. P. are attorneys. Mr. F. is a man of more mildness, but eminent in virtue.

Mr. Roberts, is a young spare man, with rather a clownish look—he speaks well; I do not know what county he is from; as a missionary stole, (I wish this was all they stole,) the paper with the names of the counties.

Mr. A. D. Ker, of Washington county, is a large middle aged man, with an intelligent countenance, fair complexion, and wears spectacles—he is a close attentive member.

Gen. Krepps is a stout, portly young man, with a round, full, ruddy face—good natured open countenance, very jovial and friendly.

Peter Lobach, Esq. of Cumberland, is middle aged, and a fine noble figure, fair full face, and open manly countenance, and the pure cream of human kindness—he is quite a plain farmer looking man, little touched with the blues

Rev. John Dreisbach, a Methodist priest, (I think,) is a slender thin visaged man, sallow complexion, and soft blue eyes; his countenance is mild, staid, and has much sweetness—his manners are easy and amiable. He is from East Buffalo, Union county.

Wm. Alexander, one of the stars, is from Newville.—He is a middling sized man, of very fine appearance; his figure light, and his features of the best Grecian model; his countenance is mildness and intelligence itself, and his manners are equally winning.

Gen Frick, is quite a rustic, with a stout figure, round face and wan countenance; he effects great singularity, and is full of horse play and horse laugh. I should think his heart or his head is unsound.

Mr. B. Champneys, is from Lancaster; he is an attorney, of middling height, and rather light make, with a handsome person; his features are regular and striking, and visage round and fair; his countenance is prepossessing, and he speakes with much fluency and grace; he is quite young, and very promising; his manners are truly engaging.

Dr. Lehman, is from Philadelphia, also a very engaging man; he is tall and keenly made, with a small lynx eye; his face is oval, thin and handsome, and his countenance cool, staid, and contemplative; he is a sensible, shrewd, business-going man, and a very handsome speaker—he is a perfect gentleman in his manners and does honor to those who elected him.

B. S. Bonsall, Esq. is from Philadelphia; he is a tall fine figure, and handsomely featured, with a soft full black eye, ruddy complexion, benevolent countenance, and very genteel interesting manners. He was one of our committee to fix the school plan.

Mr. Fisher, from York, is also a genteel good looking man.

J. R Shannon, is from Beaver all the way; he is one of the finest men on the floor—one of your right down warm hearted men—gets acquainted in a moment, and uses no ceremony. This is however, peculiar to Pennsylvania, excepting Philadelphia; you cannot find a top in the state. Mr. S. is quite a young man, stoutly made, with a round, full, handsome face, and ruddy complexion. His countenance is humanity itself and his manners facinating, in the highest degree, and is the idol of all who know him.

Mr. Blodget is a young looking man, of good appearance, blue eyes and easy manners.

Mr Rohrer is likewise a fine looking young man, good figure, handsome features and open benevolent countenance.

Mr. Bastress, is a portly, elderly man, with a coarse visage, rather blueish, but appears of good sound sense.

Mr. Martin, of Philadelphia, is a good looking man, and fine appearance.

Mr. John Galbraith, of Franklin, is a tall fine figure, with a thin oval fair face, and mild engaging countenance, and pleasant manners, and a young looking man.

Mr D Lawson, is a rough farmer looking man, of middling age and good person; his face is rather dark, with a fine keen intelligent eye, and benevolent countenance. I was much surprised to find him a man of reading, and general knowledge, and one of the most active members of the house.

Mr Geo. Farrell, is an amiable man, of very pleasant manners and feeling heart, middle aged, and very intelligent. I cannot say whether Mr F is a member or not. But this I can say; he is a most valuable man to society. Alas! there is no society! But I mean virtue, innocence,

and liberty. It is astonishing that the very few friends of virtue and humanity, do not unite for the common safety. Masonry, the last prop of society, is attacked by these savages—never was a better bait to take the unwary, and were it not that what little learning, honesty and common sense is left from the ravages of these Tartar hordes, is found amongst the Masons, the curtain of liberty would soon drop forever.

I received a complimentory note from Mr. Farrell, in approbation of the favorable opinions I expressed of Masonry in my writing. The note does honor to the Union; that if all the people in the world were Masons, no such thing as war and blood shed or cruelty, would disgrace the human race. But this is impossible while ignorance and knavery abounds.

Gen J. Ash, of York, is also amongst the respectable members. Likewise, Messrs. Isaac Trimble, of Chester county, Arthur M'Gill, of Pittsburg, Ezra Cope, of West-Chester, John Cox, of Shippensburg, and Samuel White of Petersburg, Adams county—these are all very amiable and independent men.

Messrs. Livingston and Boyd, deserve the fag-end of the house; both hot blue-skins of the first water, and are from Philadelphia; very little to its credit to send men to make laws, who bored their tongues and hung them—I could take a piece of maple and make better men if I had a Yankee carpenter. I heard Livingston say, "we have *beggars* enough." Very true; but if his tract-ship, applied the epithet to me, I throw it back in his face. Boyd had an old maid with him, trying to trade her off.

Mr. Miller, of Philadelphia, is a very fine man, but a little touched with the blues.

These are the principal members, a firm generous independent body of men as America can boast.

It would seem the taste of the assembly centered in the person of its clerk. The clerk of the house is the pride of the Susquehanna, and beyond question, the most perfect model of manliness in the state, or perhaps in America. He is about six feet, five or six inches high, with clear made limbs, perfect symmetry, young, pleasing in his

manners, handsomely featured, and his gate easy and graceful; his name is F. R. Shunk, Esq.

The officers of the state government, are also worthy respectable men—of them, the principal are Gabriel Heister, Esq surveyor-general. and A. Mahon, Esq. treasurer, and the auditor-general, Gen. Heister, is a relation of ex-Governor Heister, and a stout young looking man, with a large round fair face, dark full eyes, and very easy plain manners. His countenance is very interesting.

Mr. Samuel Brenizer, his chief clerk, is one of the finest looking men in the state—he is a tall elegant figure, (these Susquehanna people are giants,) quite a young man, with one of the handsomest faces in the world—his complexion is fair, his eyes full and blue, and the graces revel in his countenace.

Mr. J. D. Rupp, in the secretary's office, is rather a small man, but finely shaped, with a round fair face, and mild blue eyes—he very politely waited on me through the building, and showed me some interesting relict of antiquity, viz: the signature of James the 2d, king of England—this was written in a plain hand, while he was duke of York; signed James, to a deed to Penn. Also the original charter of Charles 2d, to Penn. The colors taken from the Hessians at Princeton—several deeds from the Indians to Penn. The first of these charters was dated in 1692, the other in 1732. I did not see the secretary of state, but found a great boar sitting in his chair.

The auditor-general, David Mann, is a very tall middle aged man, of pleasing manners.

Mr. Mahon, the treasurer, is a stout man, middle aged, full face, with a fine blue eye, and gentlemanly manners. Every thing was in place in his office, and the business appeared to be well conducted.

Gen. David Mann, was however, the flower of the flock.

Amongst the relics of old time, I met with a number of chairs used by the old congress at Philadelphia, from 35 to 40 years ago. They were very large, and newly covered with red morocco.

JUDGES.

But one judge resides in Harrisburg. Judge Franks, he is a relation of my favorites, the Messrs. Kems of Reading, and the greatest wit and humorist of the age.—"Oh, Mrs. R. if you go to Harrisburg, you must see Judge Franks—every body likes Judge Franks, he is the greatest wit in the state."

The Judge having been absent, returned but a few hours previous to my departure, and I had the pleasure of his company but a few minutes, sufficient however, to discover his talent for wit and humor in which he excels.

One of his stories was of a negro woman, a pious methodist. She was a domestic in a merchant's house, and occupied a room adjoining the store. There was an opening in the partition wall, between this room and the storeroom, and a barrel of coffee stood near the opening; she set her heart upon the coffee, and drawing a chair to the spot, spread her apron out on her lap and began to draw the coffee out of the barrel, with both hands into her lap, and to prevent suspicion, began to sing a him, keeping time with her hands. But to see the Judge mimicking, stretching out his hands and drawing them in, singing, "Turn to the Lord and seek salvation, glory be to God that rules on high," Was superior to any comedy—a line for every take. He told several anecdotes with admirable humor, and I was sorry we had to part so soon.

The Judge is a middle aged man, with a stout, handsome person, fine full face, rather of the Grecian shape, and if you can imagine generosity, charity, wit and good nature, assuming a material image, you have a correct idea of his countenance. Nothing can give an idea of his eyes—unlike other eyes, are without any white, and are a sky-blue.

### THE BAR.

The bar of Harrisburg, is about so so. A Yankee, Mr. Wood, was tolerable; they are always fond of books. Mr. W. is a middle sized man, of rather young appearance, handsome round fair face, and full blue eye—he has all the ease and cordial manners of the Yankees, and has a very interesting family.

Mr. Maginness, one of the best of men, is no more. He was a middle aged, stout polished man, and one of the most pleasing, generous men in Pennsylvania. Peace to his shade.

Wm. Ayres, Esq. of the bar, is a fine looking, stout man, very liberal and gay in his manners, and hates the blues—he is very promising, being a young man.

Geo. W. Harris, Esq. is a descendent of Col. Harris. who gave name to Harrisburg. He is a very amiable young man of interesting appearance and genteel manners. These were all of the bar that fell in my way.

The liberal part of the citizens of Harrisburg are rather in the minority; the greatest part being Scotch-Irish.

Messrs. Henry Beader, Jacob Duck, Samuel Haldeman, A. D. Keller, John Cameron, Henry W. Godwin, and H. Alward All gentlemen of generosity and kindness, and with a few others to come yet, keep the body and soul of Harrisburg together. They are plain sensible men, and are friendly to the whole human race.

Governor Shulze, I mentioned in 1st Vol. I found him the same—pleasant and friendly. Also Messrs. Peacock and Stambaugh, first and last, these were amongst the first citizens of Harrisburg. Mr. Stambaugh, especially, is one of the most humane, benevolent men on earth.*

Mr. Wyeth, (mentioned before,) was my bookseller, and a faithful, friendly agent, extremely polite, and rendered me many essential services in Harrisburg, yet I was hurt to find him unfriendly to Masonry. The enemies of Masonry, however are

* Mrs. Stambaugh is an exception of her sex.

"Vapours fashioned by the breeze,
Aspen leaves on brittle trees."

They are strong in Harrisburg. Nor must I forget Master Lewis Wyeth, the most charming youth I ever saw.

Mr. Fahnestock, I think the Prothonotary, one of the finest jolly souls in Harrisburg, a genuine German, and hates the blues—he is a middle aged, stout and handsome, and carries his soul in his body, always ready to relieve the widow and the orphan. I met with Mr. Snyder in his office, another warm hearted gentleman.

Mr. Samuel Shoch, was there too, all kind and glad to see me, (but a shabby lawyer, who ran away,) I could have spent my days with them.

Mr. John H. Foster, cashier of the bank, is the pride of Harrisburg. He as well as the chief clerk, Mr. M'Cormick, are also attornies. Mr. F. is a tall, beautiful figure, middle aged, with a keen gray eye and oval face, and a man of shining manners. It would be almost a sin to add more, though I could without exhausting the subject. Mr. James M'Cormick, his clerk, is another Adonis—a tall, light, neat figure, fair round face, with the fugitive graces dancing over it, and a soft blue eye beaming beneath his mild brow.

But of all wild beasts, the cashier or what you will, of the other bank, exceeded; and what makes him ten times uglier, he has the prettiest wife in the Union.

As we move on the same side, we come to Mr. Wm. H. Doll, a respectable jeweler, an amiable man. I know but one more, Rev. Kay, the Unitarian parson. Mr. K. is of England, is a perfect gentleman, and his family highly accomplished. But this is common to Unitarians, they are greatly ahead of other sects in mental improvement.

Dr. Keagy, I mentioned in 1st Vol. he is still the same amiable and kind man.

I met with several interesting strangers at Harrisburg, amongst these were Dr. Beaumont, of Ontario, New York. Dr. B. is the principal contractor for the Pennsylvania canal. Is a man of science, talent and business—he is rather a small man, of young appearance, and a perfect gentleman in his manners. Pennsylvania is highly indebt-

ed to him for his efficient labors and indefatigable industry—he was one of the contractors for the grand canal, and well acquainted with the business. He is highly respected in Pennsylvania. He is now engaged on the Chesapeake and Ohio canal.

Mr. Welsh, is an editor, and resides in York, and one of the most agreeable friendly men I met with on my tour He is a young man, uncommonly handsome, and pleasing in his address, and the finest black eye in nature.

At Harrisburg also, I met with James C Gallaher, Esq; of Norristown, Montgomery county, Pa. likewise a most interesting man, of highly polished manners and cultivated mind. I was particularly struck by his studied politeness and friendly conversation.

John J. Shuler, of Middletown, is likewise amongst the worthies of Pa. and one of her most facinating sons—he is small, and quite a young man, and if I am not mistaken, appertains to the army. He was grossly misused by Major K of Fort Independence at Boston, and must be known to the War Department at Washington city.

I also had the felicity to see Capt. Elliot, of Carlisle, which I have mentioned.

Also a worthy young man by the name of John Candour, Esq. he is a very accomplished, interesting man, and received with much pleasantry the puns played off with his name.

Gens. Winchester and Swift, adverted to some where back, little need be said of them. Gen S. I have noticed in my Sketches. Gen. Winchester, of Baltimore, is a lofty, noble figure, and amongst the first men in our country—his family is ancient and respectable, and he is a man of first rate talents, nor less so is Gen Swift.

They were sent on by Maryland to unite with the people of York, for permission of the Pennsylvania Legislature, to construct the Baltimore and Susquehanna Rail Road. But it appeared this measure was strongly opposed by the Philadelphia members from motives of selfishness, it is said, lest Baltimore might draw the trade of the Susquehanna. The people of Baltimore could not have sent two more efficient men to negociate the business;

but I saw it was impossible from the hostility of the Philadelphia members—Hare Powell opposed it like a lion.

I overlooked a Mr. Henry Alwood or Alward, (I cannot distinguish,) he is represented as middle aged, and genteel. Also, Mr. William Colder, as one of the worthy men of Harrisburg. Also a bookseller, Mr. M'Gowan, is quite a liberal man.

The weather being unfavorable, I saw but few ladies. A few however called, amongst whom were Mrs. Catlin, Miss Burr and Glenn. The two former, the daughters of the architect who built the bridge at Harrisburg—these were by far the most accomplished females I met with in the state, and reminded me of the Boston ladies. Whoever has seen the one may form some idea of the other; simple, plain and artless, ease and kindness, mark their manners: all nature, no art.

Miss Glenn, is also a very accomplished woman, and at the head of a female seminary in Harrisburg. She is a tall, beautiful figure, and possesses a highly cultivated mind, and is the only seminary worth naming in Harrisburg.

I had much amusement at the house of these ladies with a red headed, good sound Presbyterian; he attempted to expose me by argument—"That those who opposed tracts and missionaries, were enemies to Christ." He repeated this so often I took it up, and asked, "In what part of the bible he found tracts? I never read the bible, I asked for information." "You never read the bible! you ought to read the bible." "But I think for myself." "Every one ought to read the bible" "But sir, I am afraid if I were to read the bible, I might be guilty of the crimes those are who do read it" "Oh, if you deny the bible and the christian religion, I have no more to say, I am done." There was a large party present.—"Now gentlemen, this blue skin just proves what he is? see his hypocrisy; at the very time, agreeably to him, he ought to have the most to do with me, he deserts me."—The company burst into a loud laugh, and the blue-skin picked up his hat and walked off.

I also had a great deal of amusement with aunt Tabby, an old maid, the great grand mother of all the missionary societies in Harrisburg "I hope I have the honor of belonging to the missionaries," said aunt Tabby. Every one knows her.

### THE TOAST.

When my departure drew near, the gentlemen of Harrisburg were pleased to honor me with a dinner. Without flattering Mr. Wilson, at whose tavern the dinner was given; it was the most splendid I ever saw in the western or eastern states.

But the Toast.—I was supported on the right by Gen. Ogle, the oldest general of the revolution, and on the left by Gen. Wise. I was asked whom I would have in front, I replied, the editors, my greatest friends. Accordingly, three editors sat before me, of whom Mr. Stambaugh of the Reporter, was one.

While I was thus honored, Mr. Hay, of the Centinel, came up behind me, and leaning on my chair proposed a reconciliation I always come to the point at once, and taking a glass of wine, proposed he would abjure blue-skinism forever. This was a tough pill, he hummed and hawed some time—Mr. Stambaugh finding he hesitated, filled up a glass and said, "I will pledge you Mrs. Royall, *Blue-skins, may all their throats be cut.*"

Harrisburg contains between three and four thousand inhabitants; and besides the buildings mentioned, has a magnificent Masonic hall, a court-house, prison and several churches.

### HISTORY.

Harrisburg was originally known as Harris' ferry, and was laid out as a town by Mr. Harris' son, about the end of the last century. The same gentleman was late a member of Congress, and still resides in Harrisburg, though I had not the pleasure to see him I saw, however, the famous Mr. Blair, who, though a rank blue-skin, deserves

much credit for making the northern turnpike—he was an old man, and as sour as a crab-apple. I met with several Jews in my tour, very fine men.

About to take leave, I have a word of praise to bestow on Mr. Buehler of the tavern, that in attention, rooms and table, he deserves the patronage of the public: and no less does Mr. Wilson. Harrisburg excels in good taverns and boarding-houses: and as to members of the state, they are not behind any men in America. in courtesy, good sense, and good hearts. Long may they remain the strongest pillar of the Union!

## VISIT TO YORK.

On the coldest, snowy, blustering day I ever felt, about one o'clock, P. M. I took the stage for York with my friend and favorite, Mr. Welsh of that town. We passed through the same beautiful country, I travelled upon my route to Pittsburg, viz. through Middletown, and over Swatara river—but the snow poured down to such a degree that we could not see ten steps before us, and I became so chilled with the cold that Mr. Welsh, one of the humane fraternity, pulled off his upper cloak and put it round me. The Susquehanna, we crossed little a above Columbia. But the sight of the river was terrific; the waves rolling high, the ice running, and a demi-flood from the melting of the snow, and nothing but a skiff to cross in. My trunks were piled up in the bow, and wrapped up in Mr. Welsh's cloak, which he held round me, and laid across his lap that the wind might not blow me overboard, we stood for the opposite shore, contending with ice, snow, wind, and flood, one mile—no other woman, excepting a *squaw*, would have crossed the river this day.

We had now a long way to go after sunset, and as cold as Greenland. About nine o'clock we arrived at

## YORK,

When I was met at the door of the tavern by five or six gentlemen, who expected me in that evening's stage, and who literally carried me into the house.

Here was great joy. Mr. Barthee, a French gentleman, and several others whom I had seen in Harrisburg, apprised of my intended arrival, were at the tavern ready to receive me. Thus carressed, as I was, on all sides, a warm room and a hot cup of tea soon restored my spirits and converse. They had heard every thing about me from the papers and from my friends. I was perfectly acquainted. We laughed at the missionaries, tracts, and bible societies; and the house rang with mirth and glee till a late hour, when Mr. Welsh, who never yet left my side, took leave and I retired to my chamber.

York is situated in a rich plain, on a stream called the Codorus, and used to be called Little York in the time of the revolution, and is famous in the history of the war. It is an old town and contains nearly 5,000 inhabitants; and is the capital of York county. It is about 80 miles south-west from Philadelphia, and about a days journey north of Baltimore. It contains a court-house, prison, an academy, several churches, and does much business; though it is about stationary, as it is cut off from all advantages of trade in the canalling business. It appears that Philadelphia is determined to sacrifice York to its own selfishness, lest by extending navigation to the latter, Baltimore would be benefited. I cannot say I feel much interested for the tongue boring Baltimore, as they encourage missionaries rather too much for me. But I do think it is hard on York; the legislature will not consent to its making a rail-road, even at its own expense, so that they are held as slaves to the caprice of Philadelphia, consequently York must go down.

York is regularly laid out like Philadelphia, and some of the houses are well built of brick, some of wood, and a few of stone. The court house is an ancient and respectable pile, built by Penn in 1749. In this building the

sword presented to General Lafayette by the state, was delivered to him; I was in the room, it is on the second story to the left. The court sits in the lower story on a plain unpainted bench—every thing plain; nor has the bar, box, or bench, ever been painted.

Court was in session at the time, and whom think you, was the presiding judge? Even the wooden nutmeg man, mentioned in the 1st Vol. who travelled with me from Lancaster.

It would actually appear that mankind was not intended to be free—here is a race of men as brave as Cæsar, fought and bled, and suffered untold hardships. Who fought harder for liberty than Pennsylvania? I never read of their bleeding feet, but I shed tears. This is forgot! A new race has sprung up, unworthy as they are ignorant of the blessing.

What under Heaven, but their inability to govern themselves, could possess them to make this blue skin Yankee a judge over liberal, honest men? Could they not find a native Pennsylvanian? They are guilty of treason to themselves.

His honor had not taken his seat, and a number of good honest farmers being assembled in the court-house—I made them a speech upon the subject, which was received with great approbation. I told them of the danger of encouraging these blue-skin pedlers, and how they would peddle themselves into favor with the women, and then into their money chests. They gazed at me in astonishment—never came into their heads that Pennsylvanians would make as good judges as Yankees.

My pursuits left me but one day to spend at York, and my parlor was thronged during the time, the crowd was formidable, the house could not contain them; the street and back-yards were covered. But my guardian angels formed a phalanx around me; look behind when I would, Barthee, or some of the faternity was always at my back. Mr. Barthee, is a light figure, dark complexion, thin oval face, with a soft black eye, and a countenance of uncommon sweetness; his manners, what we might suppose, candid and genteel.

Gen. Ash, is a tall, slender, middle aged man, of fine appearance, and elegant manners

Gen. Jacob Spangler, is likewise a noble figure, and a most excellent man.

Gen. Michael Daudel, Col. James A. Connelly, Messrs. James B. Webb, David Ducky, Henry Snyder, and Mr. Porter, with those who have gone before; are the cream of York, and are some of our best men. The tavern-keeper, M'Grath, was very attentive and keeps a good house.

I met with Mr. Charles G. A. Barnetz and Mr. Farel-er, (I cannot distinguish the last name,) and Mr. William Harry. The latter lived ten miles from York, a most gentleman-like man I am under great obligations to this gentleman, and hope we may meet again. Mr Barnetz, lives about a mile from York, and is one of the most useful men in the state. He is one of the best farmers in the first place, and in the second place, he employs a larger capital in the improvement of stock of all sorts, from the horse down to the goose He is said to have the best breed of cattle in Pennsylvania; he has sold $4,000 worth of cattle in one year, of his own raising! independently of other stock. John Bull may boast as he pleases about his fine farms—Germany may boast of her princes and Scotland of her lairds and her kail; but give me a Pennsylvania German farmer.

The Germans are the foundation and the top-stone of the wealth, strength, and independence of Pennsylvania.

I have just heard from Congress and the Sunday mail men, the amount of which is, whether we will surrender our liberties or not! There ought to be a decided negative given to such an insolent request at once, and put the matter at rest forever. If Congress has not the power to do so, warranted as they are by the constitution, then they are like the "Indian's knife, a great gew-gaw handle without a blade." They certainly have the power to declare all public enemies, who are such

I had the pleasure of meeting with Mr. John Smith and his lady, at York. Mr. Smith is mentioned in 1st Vol. of the Black Book; he is a citizen of N. York, and has a summer residence at Sing-Sing, on the Hudson river.

I had often met with Mr. Smith, but never saw his lady until now; she is the handsomest and at once the most accomplished female I ever saw from that city. They were returning from Washington city, where they had been on a visit.

I had intended to visit Gettysburg and Emmitsburg—my heart was particularly set on these two places, especially, as I had known one of the proprietors of the former. I was furnished with letters to Rev. P. Egan, president of "Mount St. Mary's Seminary," of whom I had heard the highest commendation. But unfortunately there was no regular stage, and I hastened to Washington.

either with or without my consent. To this end holy mobs of boys (black and white) would beset my house with showers of stones—yel—blow horns, and call me holy names.

This was usuall yat night, when the "out-pouring of divine goodness" is most powerful. All this has been published.

Meanwhile, as I still testified a stubborn spirit, Holy Willy, moved with compassion for my lost state, would often be seen under my window with his hands and eyes raised to heaven in silent prayer for the convertion of my soul. In this, however, I might be mistaken as there was another lost sinner under my room. She had strayed from the path of rectitude and had two *douce* colored children; and whether the holy man's prayers were designed for her or me, I am not able to say. But it is clear he could have nothing but the good of our souls in view. What else could bring so pious a man there?

But I was a hardened sinner. Neither the praying in the Engine house, or the pious stone throwings—Holy Willy's visits, nor even Preacher Thunder (who has returned with a large recruit of twenty-four pounders) was likely to have any effect, and I was lost if some more pious method was not resorted to.

About this time a council was held to which all the good *pious* men of Capitol Hill repaired.

Amongst these were some mighty good pious souls who were turned out of office, and others who expected to be turned out. This revived good holy pious feelings in their bosoms, and glorious were the out-pouring of the divine grace.—"Oh that we had our holy religion established," said Mucklewrath, "we would bring this heretic to a speedy repentance. "Yes," said Hallelujah, holding forth, "the inquisition is the thing: it would open her eyes to the light of our holy and precious religion."

Simon Sulpher who had been closely engaged with the Lord, breathing pious ejaculations, beged leave to be heard. My friend Coldkail, who had been chosen moderator, said "Speak on brother, for, Lord be thankit, I hae nae ill will against the leddy, gude though she hae call'd us names, and 'has set the world in a roar o' laughing at us.'"

"I think, for my part," said Simon Sulpher, "this woman is beyond grace, and if we can fall on some plan to *remove* her, that we might serve the Lord in peace, it would be best and never mind her soul, a civil prosecution is our only hope."

"I second the motion," said Holy Willy, "a little coertion is sometimes attended with salutary effects. Our holy meetings yeilds no refreshment to my soul so long as this heretic eats, drinks and sleeps, in peace." He spoke this with power and great boldness in the Lord—took a drink of water from a glass which stood before him, wiped his mouth, and sat down. Mucklewrath spoke next: not being a gifted man, he said but little. One of the Raws spoke next:—"Gentlemen, if we let this woman alone, I mean if we suffer her, gentlemen to write more Black Books, she will Black Book us all out of the office, I can swear to that. I suppose you've heard of —— being turned out to-day, and I'm of opinion she ought to be had up, that is I think, she ought not to be let alone for writing these Black Books. They say she is writing one now that's as bold as Beelzebub, and all them members of Congress bleevs every word that's in them books, [quite probable] and I'm sure there's not a word of truth in them to my sartin knowledge. I can swear that any day." "Well well," said Holy Willy, "we'll see about that very good idea, Mr. Raw." Mr. Love Lady rose next—"Gentlemen, I am partly of your opinion, yet I would rather recommend mild measures. Love overcomes all things you know, and you'll admit that I have been a useful member in the church. I have

brought many a wandering sister to a true sense of the love of God; and if I may express myself, I must say my bowels yearns over this poor lost sinner. Let me try what can be done.* Holy Willy shook his head, and a murmur ran through the assembly, and no one seconded the motion, as my friend (who was present) informed me. For some time there was a dead silence, when counsellor Raw took the floor. He began by saying—"He was clearly of opinion that I might be prosecuted on various grounds. She is a disturber of the peace. Even cats could not mew for her. She wished to stop good pious boys from throwing stones on the Sabbath, and objects to mobs parading the streets at night, or pulling down houses, carrying off carts and steps, and other pious things; she even refused to let Justice Young and Judge Throwstones' sons play ball against her room door. Why it is only the other day she had the assurance to go to our corporation for a warrant to turn some mighty good pious ladies of Capitol Hill out of her own house. This you'll all admit is not to be suffered amongst us good pious people of Capitol Hill. This, gentlemen, will support an action of itself: only put the law on her, and she'll soon leave our good pious neighborhood, so that cats may mew in peace, and our pious young ladies and girls may walk the streets—ay, did she not say in the hearing of some very good people of Capitol Hill. that it was audacious for parents to let girls walk the pavements with colored boys.—Now, gentlemen, you all know that she is a heretic by this.".

Counsellor Raw's speech was received with great

* It was about this time that Love Lady's son-in-law, *Johnney Raw*, walking with several gentlemen and ladies through the Capitol, came suddenly upon this shining light of the gospel, while he was in the act of converting a colored woman. They were both in a state of nature, so that it seems even our Capitol is also appropriated to holy purposes. It was his daughter that liked to have fainted when I drove the cats away.

applause. Some praised his wisdom, while all applauded his piety.

Holy Willy seemed rather doubtful—"Statutes" said he "some old laws for slight crimes, and our business is to find evidence. For instance, drunkenness—let us take up that—you know—all the ladies—you understand; that will put her in the Work-house. Can any of you say."

Had I been a drunkard, a street-walker or a missionary, I should have been safe enough; for it is well ascertained I was the only woman on the Hill who was clear of those virtues.

"No," replied Hallelujah, holding forth, "I have enquired the whole city over, and all those who knew her, says she never drinks even a glass of wine."

It appears my godly friends had been at great trouble enquiring over the whole country wherever I had travelled, and corresponding with pious good men to pick some hole in my reputation for the good of my soul. Which of them could sustain such a trial?

"Weel, weel," said Coldkail, "we'll mack nae bustle aboot it noo. Let's a' meet this day eight days, and I'll hae a few cannie books. I'll con them owre wi muckle care at hame. She's as douce a hereteek as e're was stretch'd on eeron spike, prying into a' focks business. For, by myself, then, honest Toby and holy Nurse mon be turned oot o' house and hame by her glibe pen; and she'll ne're stop, I ken her weel freends, till she clears us a' oot o' office; and gin ye find eveedence I'll find law: so gude een' freends: a' must meet here as we at first decreed.

The assembly broke up for that time, and every one was engaged in prayer and supplication to heaven during the interval, that the Lord would come down in his power and aid them in converting so obdurate a sinner.

Love Lady would carry loads of tracts by my

door, and crying out, in the fervency of his heart "who wants to go to heaven? here is your passport: read this." His soul seemed as though it had wings. One night, after praying amongst those mighty good *pious* ladies—"Ah," said he, smacking his lips, "I'de rather spend on hour in this way than to be at the greatest feast in the world." For the best of reasons.

Meantime the day of adjournment came round, and a larger party than before assembled. Coldkail in his researches had succeeded beyond his wishes, and counsellor Raw had not been idle.

"Oh I have it freends, (taking a bundle from under his arm) I have seen his honor, and he is oors. He has a right gude will to oor side, de ye know. I stepid ower to his Honor's for a book, ye'll mind, and there I lights on the vara thing itsell; and, for by that, I larend this hereteek has offered a great indeegnity to his honor. All the better, ye mind—so gin ye'll mack oot the *ae* thing, I'll mack oot the tither. To be plain wi ye; gin ye'll find witnesses I'll find law. But why do I talk, here's the books."

Coldkail now opened a large book, while the assembly drew up in breathless impatience. Many places were marked in the book, which were pointed out to the pious ssembly. Some were read, and others merely pointed to with the finger of christian love and evangelical exultation. The scene that followed was a complete REVIVAL. The house rang with praises to ——, and all present *felt* the worth of the Bible and *evangelical* tracts. It was a complete out-pouring.

My friend, being elbowed out, could only distinguish broken sentences, such as "Cart-tail—Ducking-stool—Sabbath-School—Fine and imprisonment—Outpouring—Nuisance—Lord Mansfield—We'll tie her neck and heels—Glorious gospel—Virago—Only let us get hold of her—Vital religion—I wish we could hang her—The Holy Bi-

ble—Drowning will do as well—Judge Holt, page 326—Revealed religion—Statute, Henry the VIII. —Refreshing revivals."

All the statutes of England were read or searched down to George III. in the true christian spirit. I was pleased that the gospel spreaders were so deeply interested for my soul [my body was to go to pot] that the *evangelical*-tractical-biblical-sabbath school-prayer meeting, good, honest, pious, sound Presbyterians of Capitol Hill, had come to a resolution to convert me.

After uniting in solemn prayer and thanksgiving, the meeting broke up. Meantime a number of drunken characters came to my house daily—sometimes in the dead of night to buy *sweet drams*. Some would want one thing, some another.

One of these fellows stole in one day without knocking I lived in the second story, and hearing footsteps. I walked to the head of the stairs and beheld a shabby man with a woman's checked apron in his hand. He continued to advance. "Stop, sir," said I, "what do you want?" "I came to buy some meal." "Who sent you to me for meal?"—"The people at that blue house," meaning Captain Coyle's, to which he pointed. Every one may guess what this was done for. While these were sent to my door, a holy shoemaker, opposite, kept watch. He could swear that this kind of company visited my house. The good pious shoemaker, however, discovered too many coaches, &c. stoping at my door. This was cold iron to the party.

It may as well be explained here, that the good pious people of Capitol Hill were only the cat-paws of Dr. Ely and Pope Duffield, the agents of the General Assembly* But these would never have *dared* to make the attempt but for the *items* in first

* Thank God Dickinson College is broke up, and Miss S., the old maid, and the professors turned into a comedy I just saw a copy of the play, lately printed at Carlilse. Gen. Gibson and Col. Towson, it is said, is to have a place in the next edition.

volume of my Pennsylvanian. These items raised the wind; and all the discarded officers, and those that expected to be turned out, offered their services. I had long thwarted the godly people. Now was their time to measure their strength, if ever. Many weighty state matters were at stake—the new Congress was soon to meet—I had influence there—I would be infavor of *turn out*—I would unite with my friends in Congress to oppose the Sunday-mail-bill—I was a bar to all their out-pourings—I even foretold the swindling of Nurse and Watkins—I told too many truths—I must be put down—but how was it to be done? I had powerful friends—Who can they be? She must have powerful friends or she would never dare to attack the first people in the government. She must have some secret friend. She has thrown off the mask and came out a Jackson man. It must be some of these. A prosecution is the thing to draw them from their hiding places. We will then attack them separately, and may finally overcome." Of all this, I was apprised; and to save trouble, if Dr. Ely, Duffield, and their tools of Capitol Hill wish to know my friends, their names are at their service, viz:—*Truth* and *Independence*. It is needless to name my enemies. Had they not been fools as well as knaves, they might have known my friends. Those who vindicate truth have the whole world for their friends. "Law, law, law, is the thing. [The gospel was taking a nap.] Put her in jeopardy, you will soon find her friends. This will show how far the administration is with us. It will prove whether the President is of the true evangelical faith or not." The party prayed again and had a precious out-pouring. All who opposed reform flocked to the holy standard. These were backed by the good sound Presbyterians throughout the union, with oaths and money at their service. So that my convertion might be called a law-full convention and full of law. Thus armed the crusade be-

gan against an old woman. It was David and Goliah.

Meantime, as success was doubtful, desparate attempts were made to dislodge me from my strong hold—my house tormented them—I could see all their out-pouring—It overlooked the whole city—"yea even unto Dan," and as darkness favors villainy, these mobs always came in the night.—But I was firm as a rock, and to the Grand Jury they went; and not being agreed on the crime, resolved to trust to the Lord and a good conscience. But such another indictment [it ought to have been in the play] was never upon record—"I being an evil disposed person, abused the mighty good pious people of Capitol Hill, in such things as saying, the child found in the canal was the fruits of their catter-walling, as she is pleased to call prayer meeting," and here we had [drawn up by Justice Young] "such as saying" in every sentence. The paper was copied and handed about, and laughed at for a week, and I was summoned to appear, to the disgrace of America, on this paper. I burst into a laugh in the face of the Court, and was dismissed. But they sought the Lord, day and night, and by his help the Grand Jury, in about eight days writing, found another bill, for simple misdemeanor only; and upon this, I was tried. The indictment contained three charges, viz:—"A public nuisance, a common brawler and a common scold." Every legal man will be astonished, that the Grand Jury of our metropolis, should be so ignorant as not to know these charges could not be brought before them. A drunkard, or an abandoned woman infesting the streets can be committed to the workhouse as a common nuisance; but no such thing is cognizable by a Grand Jury; and had I been one of those characters, I should have been safe enough, as they are too popular on Capitol Hill or any other hill in the city.*

* Every one recollects Doctor May's pulling a tooth for Mrs. Coyle.

Meanwhile the pious prosecutors, wishing to feel the pulse of public opinion before the Grand Jury found (what no one else would find,) a true bill, circulated through the city, that I had fled from prosecution—that I was in prison, and various other out-pourings of the gospel. One man says to me, "Why, when did you return to the city? I have a letter for you several days, but did not know where to send it." Another, "When did you get out of prison?" I do not blame the holy people for lieing, but I blame others for believing them.

At length the trial came on. Two of the counts were quashed by the Court, and that of a common scold was sustained, and I made my courtesy before their honors, Judges Cranch, Thruston and the sweet Morsel.

Judge C. was described formerly as resembling Judge Marshall. This is incorrect, owing to my having seen him but once in the dusk of the evening. He is younger than the Chief Justice; has a longer face, with a good deal of the pumpkin in it, [though my friend said the pumpkin was in his head.] Let this be as it may, I was always partial to Judge C. because he was a *Yankee*—a *Unitarian*, and a near relation of my friend the ex-president Adams, whom I shall always remember with gratitude and esteem. Let my Jackson friends say what they please, I never blamed him for the corruption that has crept into the government. I blamed Mr. Madison and Mr. Monroe for putting such people into office, and why Mr. Adams should be saddled with other people's faults, I confess I have not sense enough to discover. In short the government, upon its first trial, is like any other machine, some parts proved unsound, others not fitted to the place intended.—This being ascertained upon trial, the people resolved to new moddle it. They have the best right to do so. Let them go on. But to return. Judge Thruston is about the same age as Judge Cranch, and harder featured. He is laughing proof. He

looks as though he had sat upon the rack all his life, and lived upon crab-apples They are both about fifty years of age. The sweet Morsel, who seems to sit for his picture, is the same age, his face round and wrinkled, and resembles the road on Giandott, after the passage of a troop of hogs. He is thick and short. They all have a worn look, and never was three judges better matched in faces. This was the court called the long parliment by whom I was to be tried. I did not know for what. The Bar of Washington I have mentioned, but it was the first time I had the pleasure of seeing Mr. *Cox*; also Mr. *Key*, the author of "The Star Spangled Banner," Mr. Hall, of the city, and a few from Alexandria. Mr. Cox and Mr. Jones undertook my defence, though Mr. Jones was called away before the trial was over and the whole of it fell upon Mr. Cox. Mr. Cox is a young looking man—a tall, erect figure—an oval, fair face and sparkling blue eyes. His features are fine and his countenance is defused with an engaging softness. His manners are elevated and prepossesing. He acted gentlemanly throughout the whole trial, and made an able defence. Mr. Smith, his partner, was also my friend, and is at once one of the handsomest men in Washington. The Court House was crowded, as the trial was the first of the sort ever tried in the United States, and excited much interest. I was seated in the midst of the Lawyers, who with the Marshal, Clerks, &c. paid me all possible attention and respect. The Jury sat to the right of the Bench. I did not challenge any as I hoped to be out when they were sworn; but I would suppose twelve more ignorant men could not have been picked out in the District. There was George *Upper Leather*, Will *Chissel*, Overdone *Carr*, Jack *Pill Box*, John *Stirrup Leather*, Phill *Yardstick*, Tom *Lapstone*, Dick *Tape*, Bob *Bouncer*, Hall *Saucepan*, and the others I did not know: but it would puzzle Hogarth to paint them; and as to

the witnesses, there was an out-pouring of them.—Fifteen were summoned against me: only eleven of these attended, viz:—Captain Coyle, son, and son-in-law, two Dunns, some of the McCormacks, Mr. Watterston, Messrs. Frost and Harry Hedgehog, an insane man, and Machen.

I shall make a proposition to my friends in Congress to have the whole painted and put in the Rotunda with our national paintings, reserving a conspicuous place for myself. "Hear, O Isreal," the testimony of Captain Coyle. He began to place his feet as though he had set in for a four hour's sermon. It was quite an out-pouring of christian love; but I have only room for a short extract. He said "I called him a d——d old bald headed son of a b——h;" not only once but *three* times! I thought his platter face grew broarder.

Now it is unnecessary for me to make any remark upon this, as I am personally known to more people than any one person, perhaps, in the Union. This was the identity of conscience. It was double distilled. He is the only person in the world that ever heard me sware. Mr. John Coyle, Jr. and a son-in-law followed. Their testimony was nothing but a long tale of labored nonsense of no weight. But I was too much diverted with their long faces to attend to what they said. They had seated themselves together, flat on the carpet several hours—held down their heads, and seemed to be seeking the Lord. But such another hideous pair of doleful faces never faced a Court. They drew the eyes of every one in the Court House. They had sat so long they appeared to be hipshot when they got up. I think my friend Watterston followed. He being a learned man in Isreal, paid me many compliments, alike honorable to himself and me. He said "I called all the Presbyterians cut-throats." I suppose he learned his speech out of the Sunday-School-Union-books.

Mr. Metchen of the Senate, came next. He

looked like Satan's walking staff. His long face, roached hair, and affected gaiety had complete stage-effect. His testimony amounted to nothing but a history of *our* acquaintance, of no consequence. In short there was neither sense nor weight in the whole of it, excepting Captain Coyle's. "I came into the office one day, and I said so and so." A perfect burlesque.

But they were frightened to death. They shook like aspins.

But one of the McCormacks set the house in a roar. He was a good natured simpleton: his very countenance was the talisman to mirth. This was sport for the lawyers: they saw at once he was their man, and set him down for the *butt*.

When he was through the testimony (a silly jargon.) He said "I sat in my window, one sunday, with a book in my hand, which he supposed was my Black Book." Mr. Swann (U. States Attorney) asked—"If that was all?" "Why he could say more, but he did not like to do it in that place.—He'd rather not." We must have it, sir: it is important that you tell the whole truth." "I was walking with some ladies, one day, and she asked me if I was not ashamed to walk with them old maids." "Well may be they were old maids."—"No they wasn't, for one of them was my sister." Poor Swann was seized with such a fit of laughter, there was an end to asking questions.* In the course of his testimony he mentioned Tom Oystertongs, some clerk. My lawyer asked him "how he knew that was Tom Oystertongs?" "Why by the description, he knew it must be him. "It was so exact, was it? "Yes, I knew him by the description." He was asked, what he thought I sat in the window for?—"Why he supposed to see what was going on in the Engine House at the prayer meetings." "She could see in then?" "O yes, she could see every thing that passed."

* Those who have the laugh upon their side have the victory.

"When ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise."

Another of the McCormacks, if I am not mistaken, the Postmaster of Congress, *that* one who looks as though his face were stung by hornets—another Solomon—being sworn, he steped forth, and hemed and hawed, and seemed to be turning his words over and over in his mouth by way of cooking them. At length——

"———————— silence broke
"And with so grum an aspect spoke,
"Those people that the circle stood in
"Fancied his mouth was full of pudding."

One of the Dunn's was also amusing. Every one may guess what raised the wind with them—they oppose reform. I went to Mrs. Dunn's boarding house,* last winter, to see a friend, the hon. Mr. Holmes of N. C., when lo! I met an old snap-dragon, who had like to have devoured me, and certainly would with the aid of this flourishing Fill, if I had not been rescued by Secretary Branch.

But on my way to the Court, a letter was put into my hand containing a caricature of a ducking car, accompanied with a letter suited to the occasion. In this picture I was drawn, chained hard and fast in the car. The car drawn by a horse—drove by Tench Ringgold, naked with a tail like a monkey. [This is the good people of Capitol Hill.] And that he might show to advantage, he was standing up. I had a hint it was one of the Dunn's, [It is time for reform, and I hope Congress will not insult their constituents by retaining such officers.] I showed the picture to the gentlemen, who were much amused at Mr. Ringgold, but he by no means relished the joke. But Dunn is another walking-staff—his hair mackarony—his arms over six feet extended—his face pale—nose hooked, with a grey goggle eye, Shakespeare's smile. His

* I hope no decent member of Congress will patronize such a house. Poor Tyler—the hounds have drove him out of the pack.

testimony was about my rencounter with the snap-dragon, of no import; but had you seen his swells. He has seen some gentlemen pick their teeth and extend their arms. Finding the picture excited a good deal of laughter, and he often pointed at, he rolled his goggle eyes upon the company—

" With a science most profound,"

Which proved he could

" Distinguish rotten eggs from sound."

He went, crying, home to his mama

" She saw he'd almost broke his heart,
And like a good mother took his part.
" My son I'm vexed to hear thee cry:
Come tell mama the reason why."
From the bottom of his wame he sighed,
And to his mama thus replied—
" Oh—that Alligator"—the rest was lost in sobs.

There was another of these Bobby Dills—but Harry Hedge Hog—his voice was like " the dieing notes of a saw under the hands of the butcher." My friends advised me to take out a " writ de lunatico inquirendo" against him. I had a notion of taking out one against the whole of them. This was all worth naming.

I had but few witnesses, knowing how it would end—Secretary Eaten and a few ladies. Their testimony was clear and unequivocal, and directly opposed to the testimony of the prosecution. But, as I understood, several of the officers of Congress were summoned on the part of the District, I summoned a few too, particularly General Bailey, to rebut the testimony of Machen. The General took sick upon the strength of it, and did not appear.—The next day, walking round the Capitol Square, I saw the General walking toward me, and as soon as he turned the corner he began to limp, and seemed ill. Mr. Hickey did attend, but unfortunately he was deaf in one ear [hope Congress will find a clerk that can hear out of both ears] and the good

ear was always turned to my house and the deaf one to the Blue skins.

But Mr. Tims, was pure gold, he never flinched. I hope the Senate may keep *him* in office as a reward for his honesty. He ought to have a statue to perpetuate the fact that one honest man was found in the government. He said "he never knew me to slander but two people in his life, and that was himself and Mr. Watterston, and that was when she said we were the cleverest men in the city." This, we may say, put an end to the business for that day, as the whole were convulsed with laughter, except Judge T. In fact the whole of the examination kept the house in a roar. Such another ludicrous farce was never played before a judicial tribunal.

Mr. Swann being worn out by his long attendance upon the long parliament, proposed to let the cause go to the jury without argument to which my counsel agreed, and after a short address by myself, the jury retired, but soon returned with a verdict of guilty. It was said they were all Bladensburg men!

This was *pumpkin pie* to Judge Cranch—the sweet Morsel licked out his tongue, and Judge Thrust-on looked as fiery as Mount Ætna, so displeased with the verdict. The sound Presbyterians returned thanks, and I requested the Marshal, the next time I was tried, to summon twelve Tom Cats instead of Bladensburg-men.

One would have thought Overton Carr would have hung the jury forever, as he knew the prosecution was contrary to the laws of the United States. Thus we see the danger of not changing the officers of the government. See how all hung together—the chivalrous Bailey and Hickey—every soul of them but Tims, though they hated each other. Such another instance of corruption is not surpassed by any department in the government. Had I, or any other innocent person, been

tried for murder, it would have been the same thing. Are these men fit to be retained in government? But the blackness of the plot is yet to unfold. Meantime, I hope Congress will see to this, as one of their wives or even themselves (as I see they have the insolence to talk of impeaching the President) may be the next person brought up.

Mr. Cox arrested the judgment, and another laughable scene took place. As soon as I was called on for security, my friends (sunshine friends I mean) were all seized with the epidemic, and flew out of the Court House. Somebody said "there is your friend General Van Ness, Mr. Royal." Not with a view of asking him to be my security but to enquire after Mrs. Van Ness, I advanced towards him. He walked off in the opposite direction. I soon overtook him—"How do you do, General?" but he, like Mr. Hickey, was deaf on that side; but he had the use of *both* legs, and so they eat up the hog amongst them.

The sun was now down, and I steped over to the other end of the Hall, with a view of sending to apprize my friends; but they had heard what was wanting, and I met them in the door, and they went my security. These were two young gentlemen, attached to the office of the National Intelligencer, Messrs. *Thomas Dowling* and *Donohoo.*—Mr. Dowling* I never saw before, and never spoke to the other! and though these gentlemen have done themselves and the noble fraternity to which they belong, immortal honor by this generous act, yet all the water of the Potomac will never wash out the foul stain of this infamous prosecution.

Counsellor Jones, it has been said, was compelled to go to Annapolis to attend the Supreme Court; but before he left the city, he sent me word by a friend, there was no law to convict me upon the indictment, and that not only the bill of rights of

* I would put those corrupt clerks out and put these honest men in their places, if I had a vote.

Maryland, but the constitution protected me—that the statutes of England was done away by the bill of rights—that the common law only of England was in force in this country, and my case did not come under the common law, and the constitution protected the citizen from all cruel and unusual punishments.

After he went away, however, Judge Cranch hunted up an old statute of England, which was never in force in this country and was even obsolute in England, since the reign of Queen Anne.

It had been enacted when England was in a barbarous state, and was only then in force against pick pockets and lude characters!!! and the punishment was ducking* An eminent lawyer, in a neighboring city, apprized me of this also, and Mr. Cox himself said "there was no law to punish you yesterday, madam, but it appears the Court has found one to day!"

Now I wish to know, if instead of hunting up old obsolete statutes, it be not the duty of every Judge to support the constitution and the bill of rights which are in force in this District? I wish to know if every act of a Judge is not upon oath, and if it be not their duty to tell the jury what is law and what is not law? This they are sworn to do! This the Court did not do on this trial. Why did the Court not sum up the evidence, and tell the jury what it was? I trust the Senate of the United States will seek into this matter, and if the Judges have violated the constitution, put it out of their power to do it a second time. Since our Judiciary unites with the good sound Presbyterians, it is time for honest men to unite too, if there be any. No man's life is safe now, as I shall show more clearly before I have done. But to go on: all this was done, *observe*, to discover my friends. Now

* I understand that Cambridge University has rewarded him by L. L. D. I had a better opinion of Cambridge. Oh fie! They expect another visitation from the witches.

see the piety of these hypocrites. This was late on Saturday evening. The next, day on the blessed Sabbath, those wretches circulated a report through the city that I was in prison. This report was carefully forwarded to Secretary Eaton's. From the testimony he gave in Court he was suspected to be one of those secret friends. General Eaton not knowing them as well then as he does now,* immediately signed a bond together with the Postmaster General and others who where at his house, and sent a messenger off with it to the Marshal to release me:—And any man who would not have done so, must have had the heart of a beast. But Secretary Eaton had not the honor of being my security, though doubtless he would have considered it so.

In a few days the case was argued, and Mr. Swann was beset by the parties, night and day, for his tenets. He acted the gentleman throughout. His address to the Court was marked with great mildness, delicacy and tenderness. He had dressed himself uncommonly neat that morning, and seemed to court the graces; nor did he court them in vain. He deserves much credit for the gentlemanly manner he conducted the prosecution, though he very innocently raised a great laugh, by saying "he did not wish to press me too hard."

Whilst he was speaking, I amused myself looking over the hard names in the old English statute. It was equal to Obediah's knots.

Mr. Cox had collected all the law in the city, and proved in the clearest manner I was NOT a common scold† as both the Coyle's swore this scolding should have been in the Treasury Department! and Watterston swore it was in the Library! and never once in the streets! whereas a common scold is one who infests the streets‡—

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* These men, as I expected, discovering Secretary E. was not a brute like themselves, immediately attacked Mrs. E (whose worth they cannot immitate) with charges as foul as they were false and malicious. The dastardly cowards! thus to make war upon women! One Whiteside, now in the pay of the government (to its disgrace) said "he was glad Mrs. J——n was dead, as she was not fit to keep company with the ladies of Washington." The members of Congress may judge of that. But Mrs. E. being very popular from the elegance of her manners and her superior understanding, stands in their way. Thus the people can see these Sunday-mail-men are for moving every obstacle that opposes them. Another falsehood—"I am in possession of some SECRETS of Secretary E's and lest I might disclose them, he is compelled to do every think I ask him." I ask no favors of Secretary E!—I want none! nor have I but one fault to find with him, and that is no secret—which is keeping such knaves as they are in office.

† One who writes as much as I do has not much time to scold. From 23d January to 15th May, I wrote and published 3,500 vols.

‡ Even Webster's Dictionary was appealed to. By the way, I have a crow to pick with my friend the North American, for lending his paper to some idiot to puff off this twenty years labored nonsense. Does the North American think his paper can change dross into pure metal? The North American well knows that Webster and his Dictionary too, are nothing but a laughing stock for the whole country.

Capitol Hill being deserted by every thing but copper heads and cats, the cats have taken possession of the empty houses: these have increased till they are formidable. Meeting a troop of these cats one evening at my door with a few Toms at their head, I told them the next news would be the c——d's drowned in the canal.

It appears some of the holy people were going to pray in the Engine House, and heard me (so they said on the trial) and took it to themselves. How could I help that? I saw some people standing near my house at the time, but it being dark I could not tell whether they were black or white In justice to the witness, he said I mentioned no names I am sorry, however, I spoke to the cats, as I have since been told there are a class of females in Washington called CATS. A singular name for a woman. This was all the scolding sworn to be in the street!

Much to the honor of Mr. Cox, his defence was able, clear and pointed. He adverted to the bill of rights! to the constitution!—and proved this savage statute had never been in force in this country; and deprecated the disgrace of introducing such an inhuman law into our country—too shocking for men much more an aged and respectable female, whose husband had fought for our independence. He appealed to the justice and humanity of the Court, in a style of feeling, energy and pathos, that would have touched the heart of the most untameable savage, and urged the illegibility of the law in toto. Being thrown so many ages back, Mr. Cox was compelled to use the phrases of those barbarous ages, which was a mixture of Saxton, Roman, and Norman. While he was pleading, I was amused with my sweet Morsel. He kept his eyes shut, and looked as though he was peeping into rat holes.—There was not much amusement in the looks of the other two.—Whether it was Coke upon Littleton or Littleton upon Coke, I am at a loss to say. Their faces grew as black as the hour they were appointed; and seemed to be taking different shapes. It was complete stage effect—nothing wanting but the rack, which was at that moment actually secreted in some part of the building, of which I shall speak shortly!

As it was a case of much importance, the Court took several days to make up their opinion It was surmised this interval was to ascertain the public voice—"Whether the punishment of ducking would be suffered to be carried into execution" What the object was I know not. It would have been a serious business, to say the least; and no doubt the Court had a hint of this. One RED JACKET, at least, was in readiness for them. The judgment was a fine of ten dollars—the cost fifty—but who paid it, or whether it was ever paid or not, I never heard. I was bound to keep the peace one year!!! No one hereafter will be surprised at the Bladensburg Races, when they are afraid of an old woman!!! Every one recollects the drunkards of Capitol Hill, in the Black Book—Why were they not bound over to keep the peace? But the main plot is yet to unfold. Between the pleading and the decision of the Court, Mr. Swann was harrassed to death by the Black-coats and every effort was made to incense him against me, and was even threatened (this is gospel) for being too lenient. Finding appearances against them, old Mr. Coyle, generally sculking round my house, made affidavit that "I met him in the street and abus-

ed him, and called him perjured " " Oh, dear sir," to Mr. Swann, " wrap* the mantle of the law around me, and save me from this woman." A great beast like him How could so small a woman as I, hurt him? If he was afraid, why did he not keep away from my house? What brought him there? Now the fact was this:—running down my steps in a great hurry, one evening, I ran plump upon Mr. Coyle. I laughed as usual, and said " we wou'd have the pleasure of walking together " " Ah, old woman," said he "your time is short." What do you you threaten, sir? Take care—don't go too far " He either wrote or went to Judge Cranch, (can't tell which, though I heard the Judge tell it) to complain, and the Judge told him the substance must be in the form of an affidavit, and he produced the affidavit in Court, which I immediately contradicted by another. Now I should like to know, whether Judges, consistent with their oaths, can give advice in matters pending before them?

This rash effort was made to induce the court to condemn me to the punishment of ducking, so it is thought.

To be prepared for this event, they had a machine made at the Navy Yard, so constructed, that I could not have survived the operation! The model was at the City Hall, and consisted of a shaft, which, was to be from eleven to fifteen feet in length, and at the extremity of this, I was to be fastened—this shaft was to be worked by a windlass, by a great number of people, and was to go round like a windmill, with such rapidity, that, from the circumferance of the sweep, thirty six or perhaps an hundred feet, first in the river and then in the air—it was said, I could not have survived one sweep of the machine! The model* was made at the Navy Yard, and brought to the holy people for their approbation, and being approved, every thing was to be in readiness at a moments warning; when I was to be instantly seized and carried off before my friends could fly to my aid—all the boys and negroes, and holy people were to be there, and shout and make a great noise; and my death, which would have been inevitable, would have been ascribed to the coldness of the water! Mr. Coyle could have easily sworn to that. Now these men are (three months since,) still in the pay of the government!! Old Mr Coyle and his son, both hold an office under Mr. Ingham at $2,300 per annum, and the son in law holds an office, I think, in the General Post Office * So goes on reform—I do not say they are to blame, but I do say Mr. Ingham ought to be displaced for not ridding his office of every knave he found in it.

These are the pious people of Capitol Hill, who convert the heathen—if all the world was like them, how long would it stand?

The odium of this infamous persecution, blackens the very face of humanity, and will remain an eternal blot on the American character—and as to the Navy, I hope Congress will regulate that—This confirms my suspicions of that department. It is high time to dispense with a set of men, who has nothing to do but to make machines of death for those who feed and cloath them! The Se-

* His holy cloak droped off.

* The inventor ought to have a patent right.

* Old Mr. Coyle has been in nineteen years.

cretary of the Navy, had better hire these fellows out to work on the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal Secretary Branch, an upright, honest man, doubtless, was ignorant of this treachery; but I trust he will investigate the matter, and bring the man to that punishment he merits, and as to the Marine Barracks, it is a den of pirates and it is no longer safe to enter the enclosure.

It is due to Mr Ringgold, to say, he treated me throughout with kindness and decorum, and Col Brent watched over me night and day, though I had a strong party doing the same, of which the Colonel was ignorant But of all the human beings, Master Wallack was the most attentive This amiable youth hung over my chair the whole time, with the affection of a son, and with his head bent to my ear, "What can I do for you Mrs. R, tell me what you want, I will do it for you." The bar was also, perfectly respectful, while the holy people were treated with scorn and contempt.

Having got through with the trial, I have only room to touch on a few leading considerations for the people in their instructions to their Representatives in Congress. These thoughts are the more readily offered to the people, as they must be convinced I am under the influence of no party—I have no office to hope for, nor any reward separate from the common good The subject which calls for serious attention, is the efforts making to renew the Sundy Mail business next session—their efforts are to be double this winter, and their point is to be carried if possible—fearful and dangerous combinations are forming over the whole country, to effect their purpose. Should they fail, Congress and the nation are to be pronounced infidels, of whom Hon R. M Johnston is the principal, and of course a holy crusade will be preached up—and what many have expected a civil war must ensue. To reason on such a case, would be madness—it is time to act—they are powerful in numbers and wealth, and absolute power is their aim.

If they succeed in stopping the mail on Sunday, they have gained their point and our liberty is done. They have lost ground in Pennsylvania, but have gained a most alarming ascendency at the seat of government. They have succeeded in gaining the Secretary of the Treasury, indirectly on their side, through their vice-general, St. Clark, clerk of the H R. Whose fault is this? Some will say the President's—I say it is the fault of Congress for keeping that sly Presbyterian in office Clark knew their weak side, and the weak side of Mr I. and expecting to be dismissed next session, he has played a capital game—he slipped over to a house next door to Mr Ingham, and the first we knew, was no two men so thick as Mr. I. and Mr C.—one could not walk or ride, or take tea without the other. This accounts for Secretary Ingham retaining the Coyles and several others of this dangerous sect in the department. Here they are as spies, and communicate every thing to their friends. If the venerable President happens to step into the department, or speak a word, even his manner of walking is turned into a subject of ridicule. His house is filled with spies under various pretenses—the city is full of them, and Dr. Ely often amongst them.* They have also, a fearful ascendency in our courts.

* Dr Ely and Chaplain Post, is very thick—hope Congress may change their Chaplain, the people want no traitors encouraged.

Many severe and shocking prosecutions have lately taken place, under charges of blasphemy, all tried by obsolete laws. They have but one step to make—may they fall to rise no more

Reform goes on quite too slow, though it does require time, and to tell the truth, though some very judicious removals have been made, I think our new Cabinet is rather cowardly—as one of the sovereign people it is just my opinion. I think the fine champaign causes the whole of them to forget what they were designed for

On the other hand this reform has taught the people a lesson, which I trust they will improve substantially for their good. They have discovered that the want of rotation in office has created a host of nobility in fact, who consider their fellow-citizens born their vassals and bound to maintain them, and that because Lord John has succeeded to the place and title of his father—his son, the young Count, ought to succeed him, and so on—and though they are not called by their titles, they assume the pomp, receive the revenue, and exercise uncontrolled insolence over their fellow citizens—the very source from whence they received their power.

They have also learned that because one of these Lords has a pauper relation who may have six or eight children, these servants, the People, must maintain him too. Nor it is not enough that he be maintained himself, but his whole kindred is clapped into office, not because they are capable, but because they are akin to the Lord. I know several families of these Lords now at this moment in office upon no other terms ! ! ! But the recommendation is a large family of children; so that the Government is turned into a noble Poor's House, and one class of citizens have nothing to do but "to beget sons and daughters" for the other class to maintain. The People have learned this, though some perhaps may not. I will cite a case —Congress found more clerks in the Land Office than necessary sometime back, and dismissed a part of them by lot, and amongst others the lot fell on one Lord Henson. Sometime after this, Lord H. being a kinsman of the nobility, gets their vouchers that he has six children, and of course the vulgar people ought to maintain them, and he was accordingly taken back, and receives $15,00 per annum. These young Lords are fed and clothed by the hard working people, and in their turn lord it over them; and should one of those same people presume to enter one of their Lordship's palaces, a black negro would slam the door in his face "But why do members of Congress and the Cabinet select mean, unprincipled men for office ?" This has led me to the root of the evil in our Government—because these unprincipled dependents will not tell what they do.

Now, I would advise Col. Graham as a friend (which he is assured I am) to discharge Lord Henson, and if he cannot maintain his own children, let him send them to the Poor's House. Is Government to maintain every pauper? I can pick out a dozen superanuated old men, perhaps double the number, not worth one

cent—old Baker, McCormack and others, and a dozen in Col. Anderson's office, that are cheating the Government, and have these twenty years. Let Congress give them a pension if they must have the People's money, and not keep them stuck up there, by which the People are double loosers These old codgers have been in since I have known Washington, not worth one cent. This is a shameful imposition, and the blackcoats too, the traitors, I can not tell how many there are, for they always run and hide when I go into the Departments. Another thing, the people complain of, is keeping negroes in office They will, however, soon have no other sort, as they outnumber the white—In short Congress ought to appoint a sharp eyed committee, and scour out these offices, and fill them (if we are to pay them 14 to 1500$ is the least,) with men of principle, and who know how to do the business. The Cabinet have no right to support paupers on the people's money.

These are the fellows who cry out, "unwarrantable stretches of power." "It has created sentiments [a wise sentence] of universal disapprobation." You may see they are knaves by the way they write. "Desolating policy." Was there ever such impudence. They see like my judges, all on one side. Now the people have maintained these fellows, (besides what they filched,) say twenty years, without a murmur.—Now what provokes me, is that the President is blamed for this, which I known to be false, as he was elected for this very purpose.

And here we have his Grace St Clark, Lord Burch. Lord Sprig, Viscount Dunn and fifty others whom his Grace has taken under his gracious protection. He is said to have secured the Pennsylvania delegation to keep him and his tenantry in office. They have pilfered the people this thirty years. But his Grace will find there are other members who are not blind to the designs of his Bible sip and his pilfering rabble. If you drop a dollar, it is gone—your handkerchief the same. A fine marino shawl was sliped of a lady last session. Wood, candles, and stationery goes daily from the Capitol. Will the people bear this any longer? I fancy not. Thousands of dollars are filched from the people in this way. The Senate too!" It is hoped the nation may be no longer insulted by Lowry and Machen, thorough going Presbyterians. I have just seen a piece on the subject of Sunday-mail, which must fill every one with horror. "We will let Congress know that our rulers shall obey us." This is from the Maine Christian Intelligencer. It would be treason to cherish such vipers in the government; and as for Gen. Baily, Gen. Burch, and General Tobias who appears to be kept in office upon the ground of charity. Let Congress give them a pension, if they can make so free with the people's money, and put officers in who are capable of doing their duty. Please let the people no longer be burdened with the paupers of Washington.

I should like to know why old Love-Lady, usurps the control of a part of the Capitol. He has taken possession of some part of it, and turned it into an engine-house to convert negro women—suppose viscount Dunn gave him liberty—hope Congress will ferrit him out.

And there is the Prince Regent Elgar, he has had the caps put on the railings at last. Why was this not done five years ago? The men carrying a spade full of earth at a time, and too hands sweeping the pavement at fifty cents per day, took them a week to sweep from the east to the west end of the square.

He hires by the day to spin out the time, and pulling down work this year, put up last, and this is to be pulled down the ensuing year, and whilst he is receiving 18 or 2,000$ per annum. I fancy if the people saw his spleudid corriage and horses, they would instruct their representatives to put an end to his regency.

The army and navy wants a thorough overhauling, particularly as the great struggle is at hand. There appears to be a christian party in politics in both, and we may judge to what side the navy will lean; for the machine made at the navy yard, and Gen. Gibson, Gen. Towson and Maj. Hook are at the head of the CHRISTIAN party in POLITICS in the Army This is the work of Dr. Ely and Pope Duffield of Carlisle.

NOTE.—I deeply lament that the inauguration of the President—the balance of the members of congress—the cabinet, the new clerks, and chiefs—many new and interesting acquaintances of Washington—several respectable strangers—arrears of New York—with sundry complaints from abroad, Georgetown and Alexandria, are unavoidably postponed for want of room—but will soon appear.

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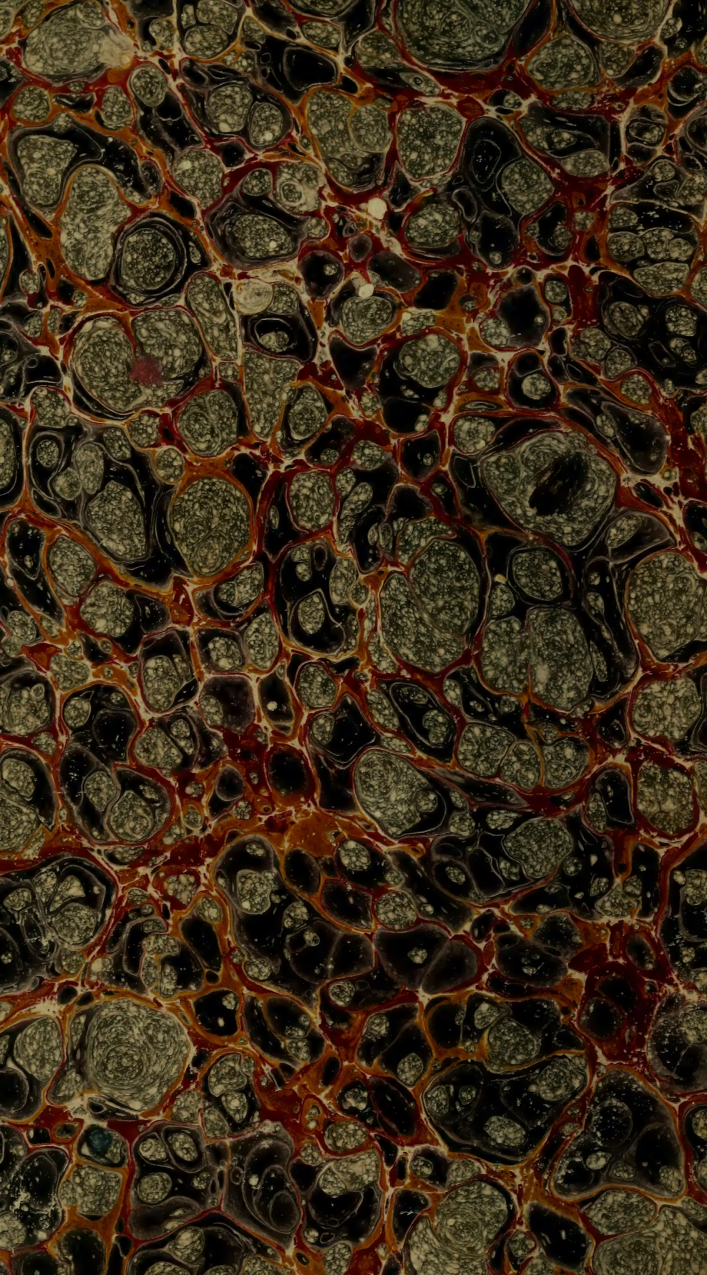
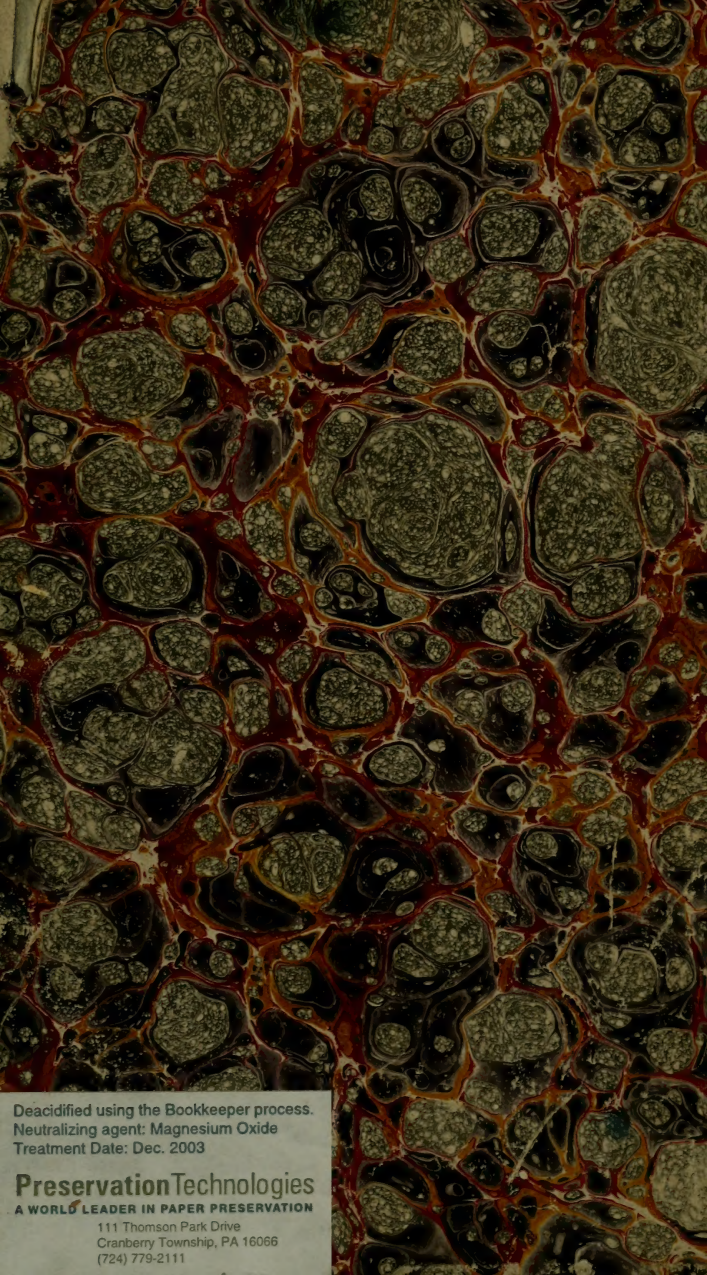
Fletcher's the only clerk I would praise.





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